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"I BACKED OUT ON THE BOMB"

FRANKY PANKY
THE WOMAN WHO SACKED KATHIE LEE'S HUBBY

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SEX IN THE FORTIES
PATRIOTISM AND PROMISCUITY

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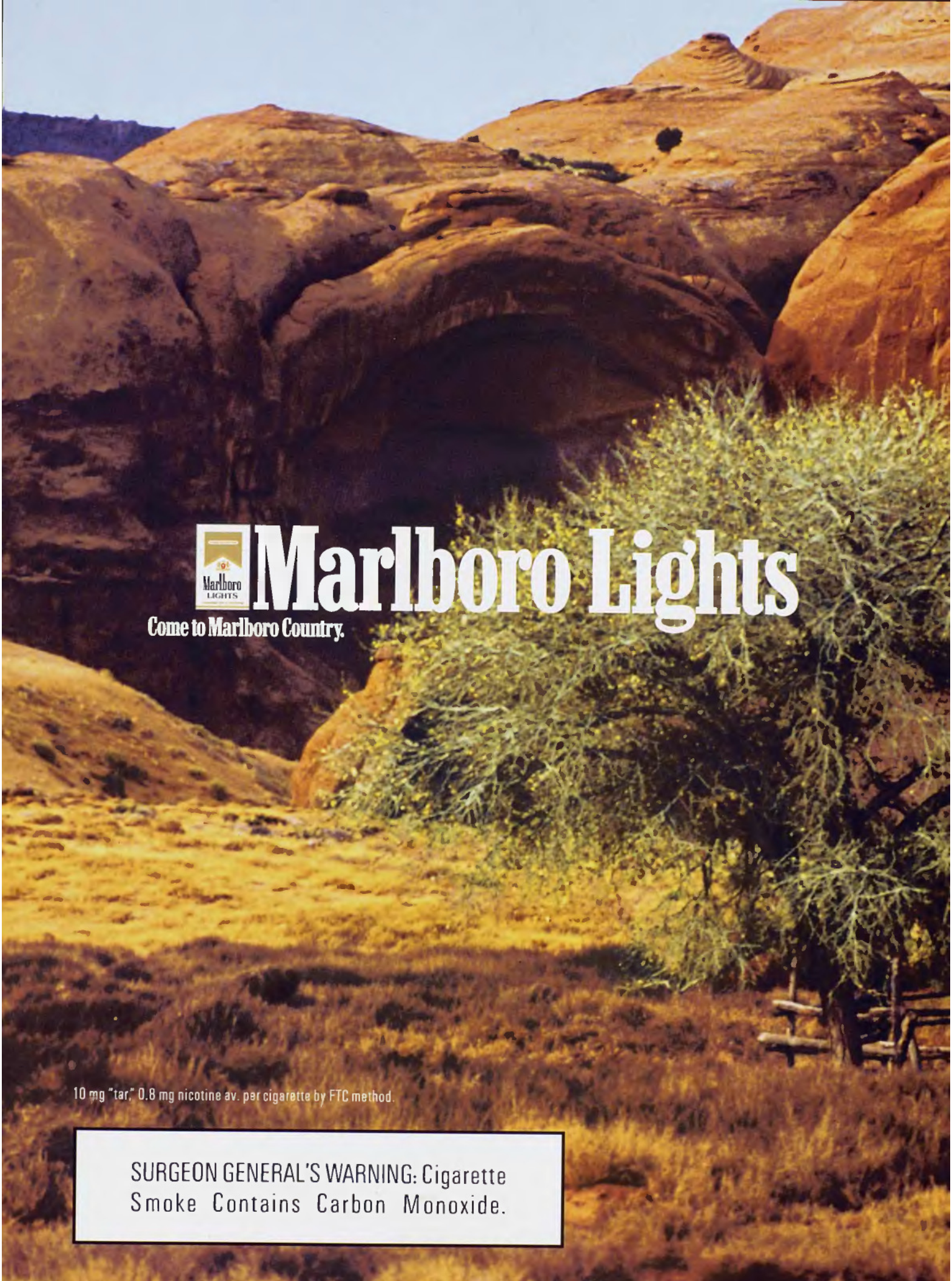
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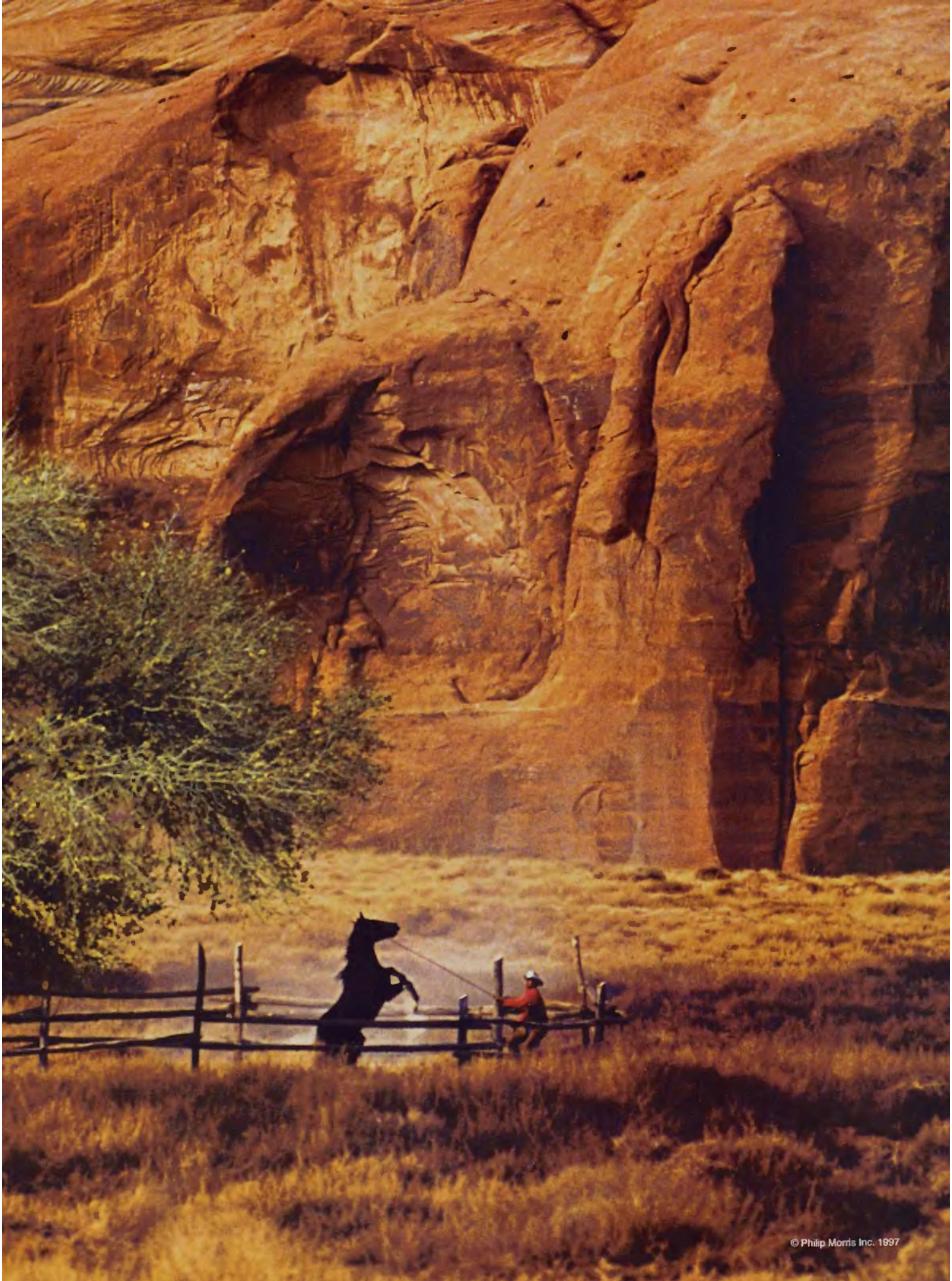
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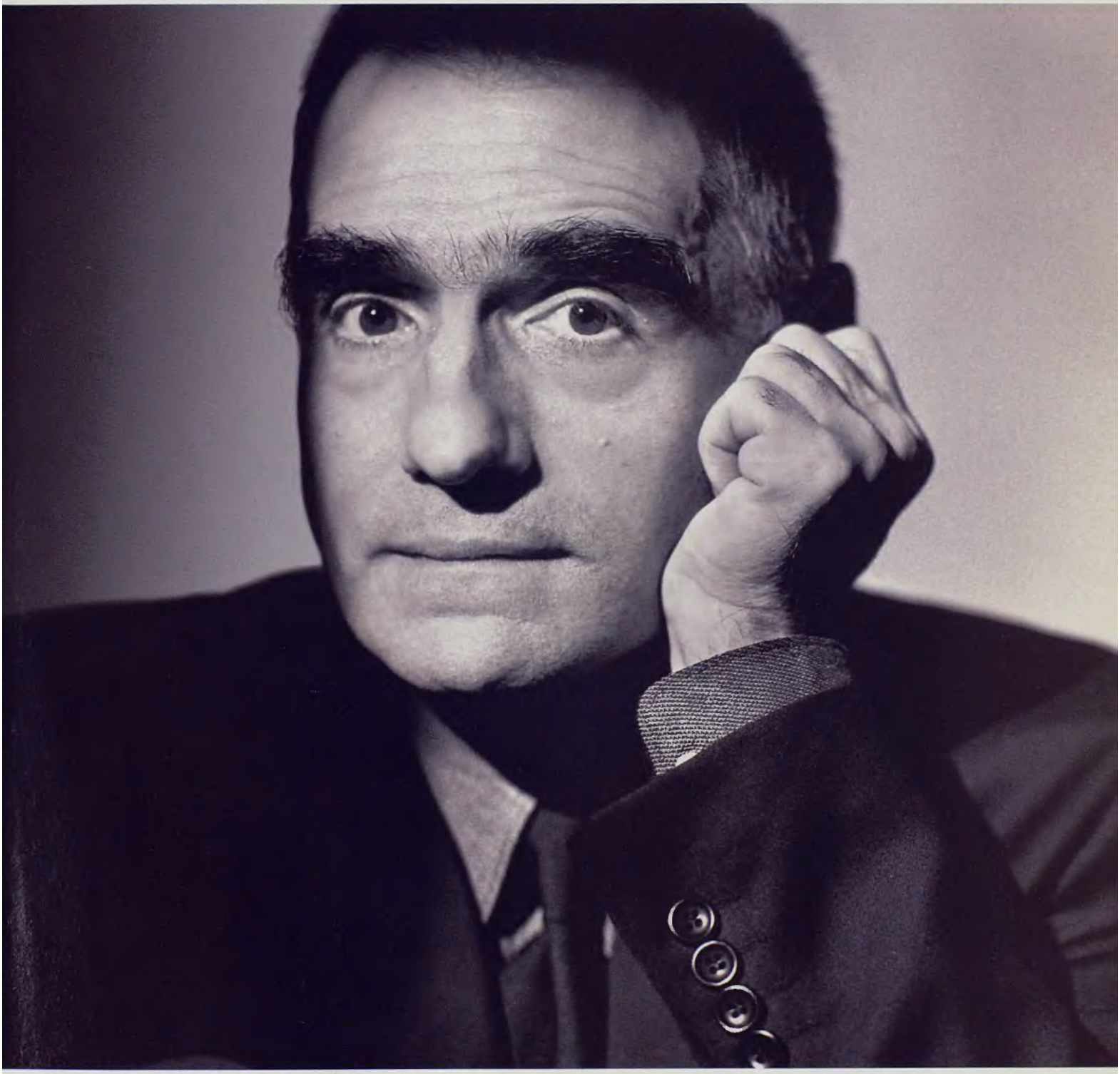

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CALL IT A TALE of a cheesehead and a knucklehead. Though the game may look the same, **Brett Favre** plays under a different set of rules than when **Frank Gifford** ruled the gridiron. Sports today are more personal than ever, and the cajun QB for the Green Bay Packers knows what it's like to live under scrutiny. The franchise player in our sports-crazy issue, Favre goes deep in a West Coast–style *Playboy Interview* with **Kevin Cook.** Favre talks about how he beat the painkiller Vicodin, won the Super Bowl and, in the same year, saw his brother go to jail for felony DUI. Earlier this year, flight attendant **Suzen Johnson** found herself on the receiving end of a pass from Frank Gifford, husband to perkier-than-thou Kathie Lee. Now Johnson tells writer **Pat Booth** how Frank tried to set her backfield in motion and shows off the moves that snared him. We have an exclusive pictorial—you're not surprised.

After seeing a guy jump out of an airplane with his skyboard during ESPN's X Games, we wondered how they did it. In a word: marketing. It's the biggest stunt of all. In *Inside the Extreme Machine*, writer **Michael Angeli** tracks the money and adrenaline flowing through such extreme sports as street luge and barefoot jumping. So far everybody's buying it—except the poor athletes. Sounds like a plot for *Arliss*, the worldly HBO series about the business of sports. Thanks to the unadulterated satire of writer, producer and actor **Robert Wuhl,** the show has won admirers ranging from Shaquille O'Neal to Julian Schnabel. Wuhl is the subject of this month's *20 Questions* by **David Rensin** and **Julie Bain.** Schuss do it: Our snow-season package, *Winter: Deal With It!* by gear-happy **Charles Plueddeman,** tackles a mountain of good stuff, from clap skates and snowboards to upscale resorts. We're also unveiling our new up-front section, *Mantrack*. It's three pages of advice, innovations and toys that will help serve your manimal instincts.

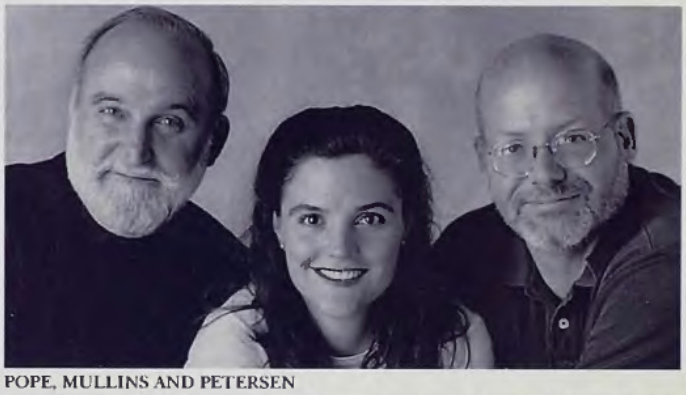
The Bunny, the Playmate, the Playboy Philosophy: We've stamped our imprimatur on the 20th century before, and we're at it again. *Playboy's History of the Sexual Revolution* by **James R. Petersen** is on track to become a monumental achievement. In this month's installment on the Forties, *Male Call*, Petersen recounts how GIs fought to defend their way of life and their women. For victory girls and soldiers seeking one last fling before the front, sexual consciousness was raised by film noir, Rita Hayworth pin-ups and nose art. Managing Art Director **Kerig Pope** and Assistant Photo Editor **Beth Mullins** assembled the most arresting images from the period, while **Martin Hoffman** and **Gregory Manchess** provided great original artwork. You'd think we were still at war by the ratio of on-screen explosions to orgasms this year. But there is plenty of Love (Courtney, that is) for *Sex in Cinema*. Our man in black, **Bruce Williamson,** wrote the text.

When we published portions of *The Road to Oklahoma City* by **Ben Fenwick** (June 1997) on our Web site in March, it became the most significant story ever to break on the Internet. Drawing on the same legal documents he used to trace Timothy McVeigh's activities, Fenwick is back on the trail of alleged co-conspirator Terry Nichols. On the eve of his trial, read *Loser*—it's gripping stuff. The taciturn hit man of **Lawrence Block's** mysteries is more clever than the bumbling bombers. In *Keller on the Spot* (illustrated by **Kent Williams**), Keller's ability to befriend his victim will make your skin crawl. Our Playmate, **Inga Drozdova,** is also a danger to your health—especially for those with fragile hearts. Inga lives in Moscow but posed for Contributing Photographer **Arny Freytag** in Los Angeles and Russia. Time to think of some international date lines.

COOK

BOOTH

ANGELI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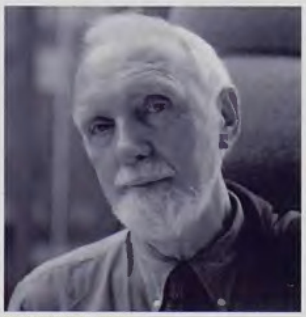
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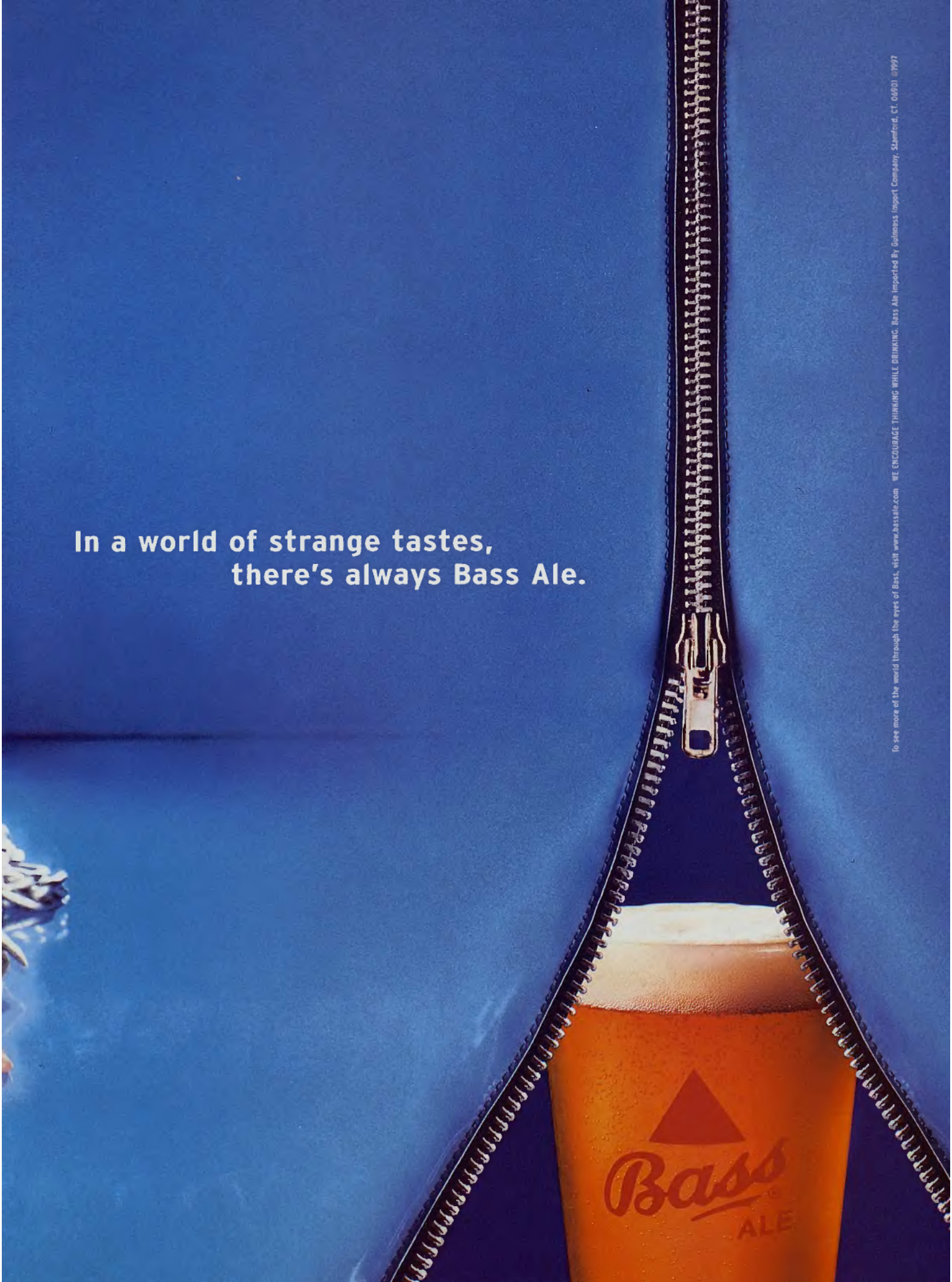
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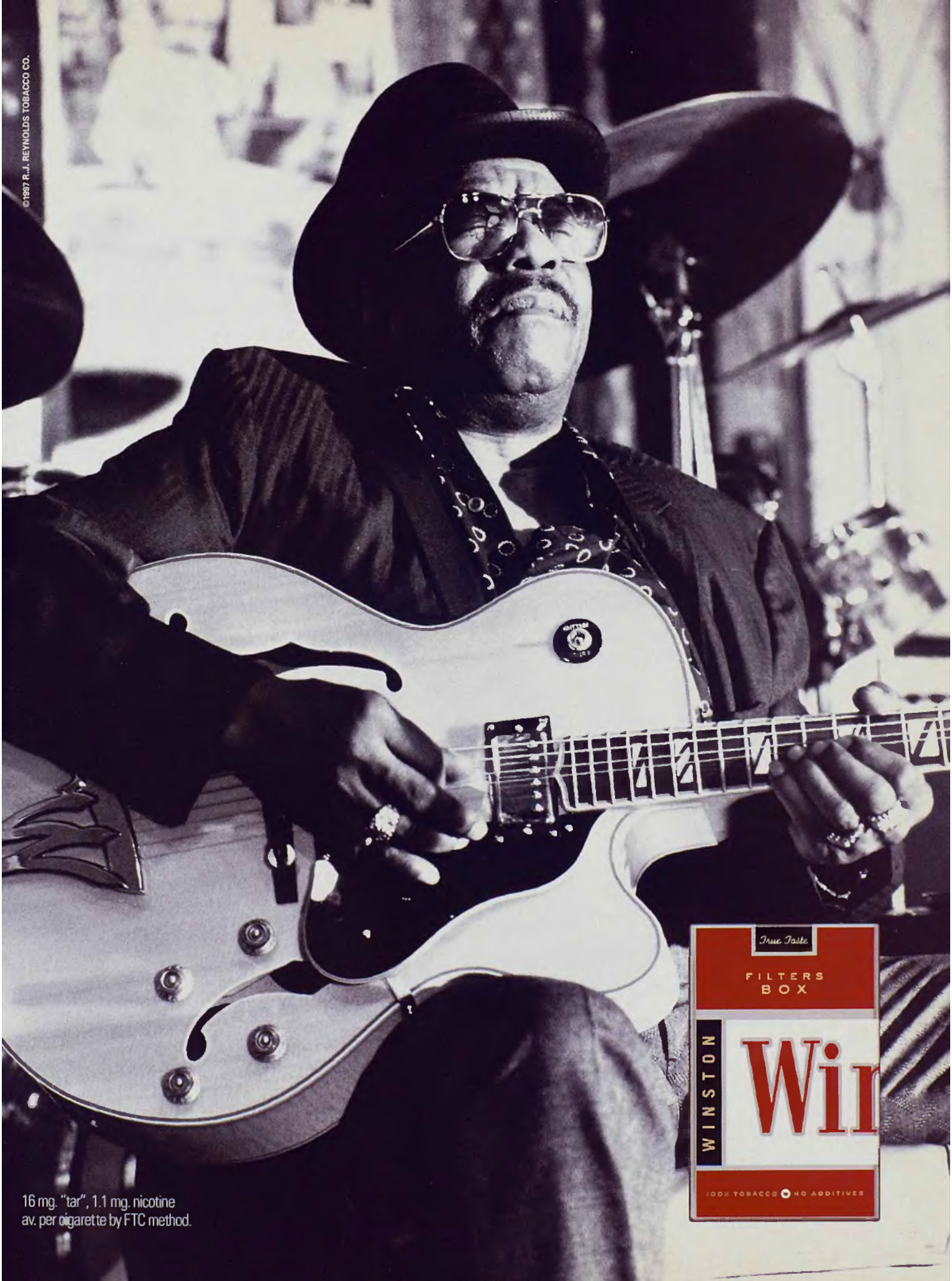

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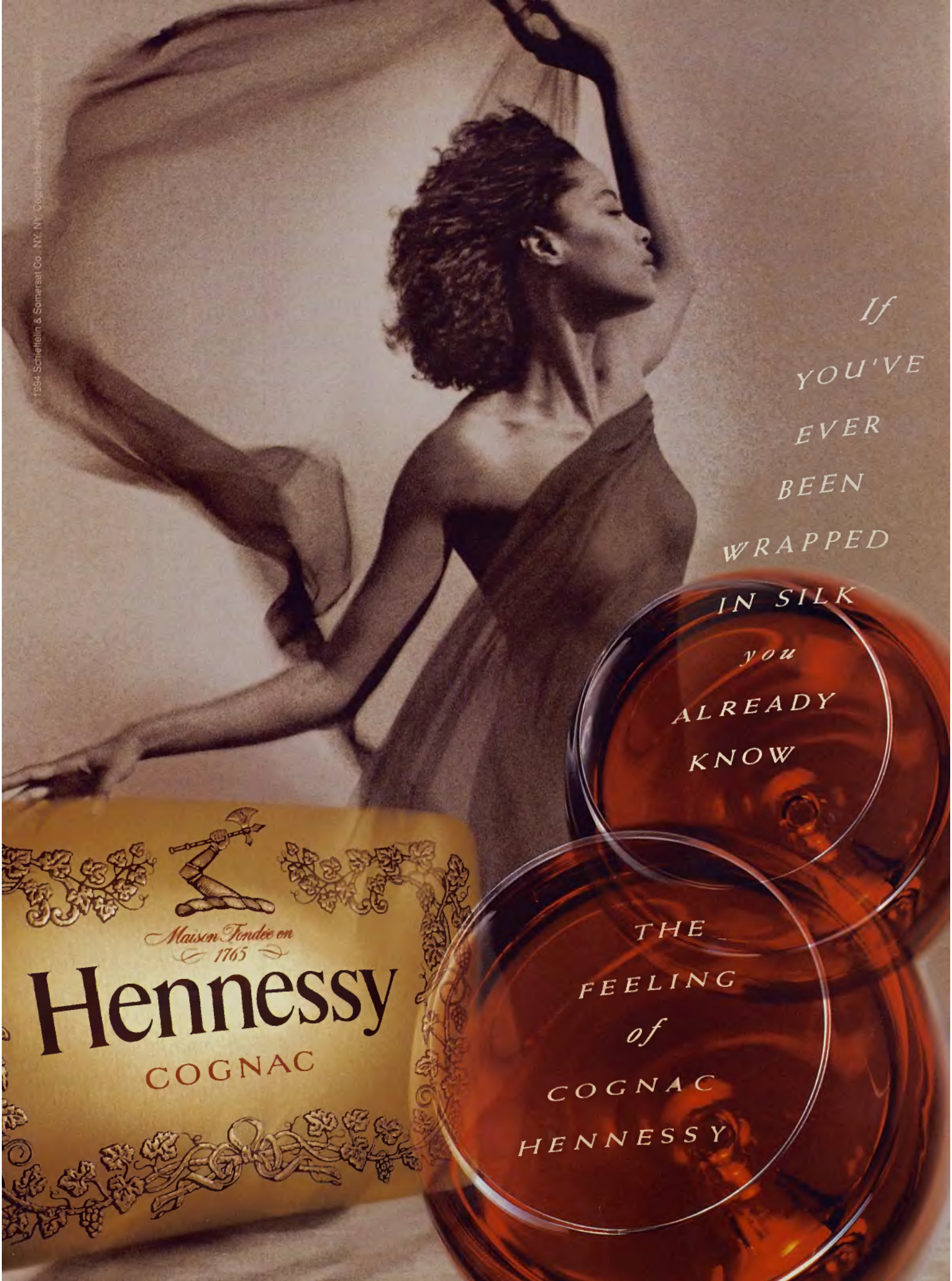
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PLAYBOY®

vol. 44, no. 11—november 1997

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COVER STORY

Suzen Johnson is being far too modest when she describes herself as just a regular Florido girl. Earlier this yeor, she made headlines in the tabloids when she was videotaped in a New York City hotel suite while huddling with football Holl of Fomer Frank Gifford. Whot reolly happened? We'll fill you in while our Rabbit gets a leg up on Suzen. Our postgame coverage starts on page 74.

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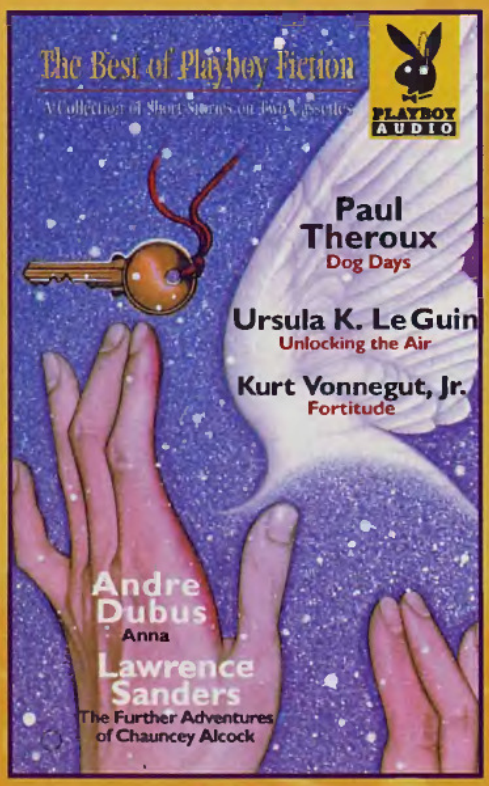

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BILL MAHER

No one can weave the threads of politics, humor, entertainment and commentary into a half-hour tapestry as well as Bill Maher (*Playboy Interview*, August) does on *Politically Incorrect*. He's brilliant, funny, charming and incredibly sexy. After years of catering to men's fantasies, this time PLAYBOY has catered to mine.

Mari-Viola Bocchetto
Frederick, Maryland

Now that Bill Maher has scratched a big itch in show business, perhaps he should channel his energy into doing something about our problems instead of just talking about them. "I'm not interested in problems," an executive once told me, "just solutions." Maher needs to climb a higher mountain.

Ron Fent
Bisbee, Arizona

Bill Maher is a conscience with comedy. Your interview cleaned my spleen.

G. Mailender
Wyoming, Ohio

OPIATE PHOBIA

As a full-time board-certified pain management specialist who treats a large number of chronic-pain patients and terminal cancer patients, I face the fear of government intervention every day. I trained in Los Angeles and recall the arduous task of using triplicate prescriptions in treating legitimate chronic-pain patients in my office. Some physicians avoid treating patients because they don't want to deal with the system. I'm glad to see this problem (*Deadly Morals*, August) discussed by Katherine Eban Finkelstein in PLAYBOY.

Dr. Patrick Couch
Mobile, Alabama

Fewer than half of one percent of all pain patients get addicted to drugs, yet we're treated like addicts. Annually, 7000 patients commit suicide because they can't deal with the pain that doctors do nothing about. Pain patients are not looking for a high from their medication. We just want to be able to function like normal people.

Sheryl Dowell
SDowellAK@aol.com
Dyess A.F.B., Texas

As a physician trained in pain management, I can verify that what is described in *Deadly Morals* happens on a daily basis. Doctors are terrified to prescribe pain medications, and when they do, they prescribe them in insufficient amounts. The medical profession has no right to criticize Dr. Jack Kevorkian unless we do a better job at managing pain.

Rafael Cabrales
cabralitos@sprintmail.com
Cleveland, Ohio

MORNING-AFTER PILL

Kudos to the *Health & Fitness* editor for including information on 888-NOT-2-LATE, the 24-hour hotline for emergency contraceptive service, in your August issue. Several months ago, my girlfriend and I became worried that she was pregnant. Between 36 and 48 hours after intercourse, we contacted a women's clinic (which turned out to be little more than a pro-life counseling center), two hospital emergency rooms, my girlfriend's family doctor and her gynecologist. The responses ranged from "you should be more careful" to "there are no emergency contraceptives effective after 24 hours." The morning-after pill was the only method anyone suggested. So we were told to wait and see what developed in the coming weeks. Fortunately, my girlfriend wasn't pregnant. But this situation brought to light the fact that there is a serious deficiency in the health care community. I think 888-NOT-2-LATE provides a much needed service.

Victor Fiorillo
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

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David Johansen and Brian Koonin

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IS THERE LIFE ON MARS?

As a longtime supporter of the manned space program, I'm thrilled to see a rebirth in planetary exploration (*Houston, We Have Landed on Mars*, August). The global economy is improving, technology is growing by leaps and bounds and today's young people are yearning to see their generation produce a new breed of heroic explorers. The time is right to commit NASA's resources to human exploration of the red planet.

R. Holmes
daffy@vaxxine.com
St. Catharines, Ontario

Mark Bowden's take on Mars is out of this world. It makes me proud to be an American.

Earl Loughner
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Bowden's article is a fine account of the indomitable human spirit in facing obstacles that seem insurmountable.

Roger Brincker
Fort MacLeod, Alberta

NIKKI TRIUMPHS

As an art director and graphic designer, I enjoy a beautiful page as much as I enjoy a beautiful woman. Your August cover is a knockout. Using metallic ink for the background was a truly brilliant idea. Cover model Nikki Ziering is pretty amazing, too.

Bob King
Palmer, Alaska

One look at the August cover had me racing through the *Biker Babes* pictorial, but there were no photos of Nikki. Are you teasing us for what I hope will be a breathtaking pictorial in a future issue?

Robert Fisher
Hamilton, Ontario

Robert, we weren't seriously teasing you, and Nikki Ziering's Miss September photos prove it.

PLAYBOY has had some great covers, and August's is spectacular. I'm a motorcycle enthusiast and the owner of two bikes, but I've never cared for the standard girl-on-a-motorcycle poster. However, Nikki Ziering could bring the Buddhist monks out of the Himalayas and into the cruiser shops.

Pat Foley
Peachtree City, Georgia

ENGLAND SWINGS

I love the *London Calling* feature (August), especially Dean Kuipers' *Rubber Soul*. Where can I get the sexy rubber fashions in your photo? They would make a great gift for my girlfriend.

John Ford
Chicago, Illinois

The latex dresses, body suits and bustiers are available from the House of Whacks, in Chicago at 3514 N. Pulaski. If you can, stop by the showroom—it's definitely worth a visit. If not, give HOW a call at 773-761-6969 or check out its catalog on the World Wide Web at www.whacks.com.

It's about time Americans realized that Britain is hip. Does that mean we can look forward to seeing more British models in PLAYBOY? If that's the case, I'd

like to suggest the babe du jour, Melinda Messenger.

Michael Churchill
Lordswood, Southhampton
U.K.

MEN'S TIME OF THE MONTH?

Asa Baber's column ("Those Blue Car Days," August) bemoans his friend Strawberry's menstrual moodiness. It's been my experience that during this time in a woman's cycle, vaginal tissue is supersensitive, making intercourse extremely pleasurable.

Jack Foster
retsofj@northlink.com
Prescott, Arizona

MORE HELP

My wife and I loved *Men's Help!* (August). We both agree that it's the most humorous article we've ever read in the magazine. In fact, we're looking forward to PLAYBOY's next installment.

David Mitchell
davemitch@ardmore.net
McBurg, Tennessee

OH, HELENA

The first time I saw Miss June 1969 Helena Antonaccio (*Playmate Revisited*, August) was when I sneaked a peek at my brother's PLAYBOY. I remember that as though it were yesterday. Helena has returned, looking better than ever, and Bunny Yeager's great photography is an added bonus.

Thomas Given
tgiven@durham.net
Toronto, Ontario

Seeing Helena has not only brought back lots of memories, it's also made me feel young again. Thanks, PLAYBOY.

Dave Hood
shomer@nwlink.com
North Bend, Washington

I was so pleased with the layout of my Helena Antonaccio photographs in *Playmate Revisited*. She has flawless skin, a tight body, an effervescent personality and a great work ethic. Working with Helena felt like play. I wish all my models were like her.

Bunny Yeager
Miami, Florida

TOPLESS

I notice that the July *Playbill* features photos of several handsome men who are balding and have chosen not to waste their money on weaves or hair-raising chemicals. Bald is beautiful.

Fred Rogers
Houston, Texas

AFTER HOURS

According to the item in *After Hours* titled "Pachyderm's Papyrus" (August), artist Mike Bugara used elephant dung in papermaking after being "inspired by the ancient Egyptian process of transforming maize, banana and eucalyptus into papyrus." That's quite an inspiration, considering Egyptians never laid eyes on maize, bananas or eucalyptus until the 17th and 18th centuries.

M.D. Taylor
Redlands, California

Thanks for the poop.

A DOG'S LIFE

I am disheartened by the dog-shooting stats in the *Raw Data* item "Dog Day Afternoons" (August). Why do rottweilers and pit bulls have such horrible reputations? I own a rottweiler with a sweet disposition. If you train a dog to be aggressive, he'll behave that way. If you give your dog lots of love, he will act accordingly.

Rhonda Avins
Port Richey, Florida

HEY, NORM

Norm Macdonald (*20 Questions*, August) says he has no political bias. He says he doesn't do jokes about Newt Gingrich or Hitler, but apparently Bill Clinton jokes are OK. Cut the crap, Norm.

Jody Robert Jones
Thornville, Ohio

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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

NEW YORK STRIP STAKES

Now it will be even tougher to get a reservation at New York's Four Seasons restaurant. This past May, four women who were described as young and beautiful and who had been lunching there for more than four hours suddenly stripped off their clothes in the middle of the Pool Room. Three of the women were completely naked and one wore just a thong, and all were dancing around their table. The wait staff had already left the room, but when the captain noticed what was going on, he begged the women to put on their clothes and even offered them a tablecloth for cover. A restaurant spokeswoman put just the right culinary spin on the incident: "I guess it was a case of spring fever. They had a great meal and wanted to celebrate."

STORM CROWDS

There may be several diagnoses for the one in five viewers of the Weather Channel (which is seen in 67 million homes) who watch it for at least three hours at a sitting. Our favorite comes from Michael Eckert, an executive at the channel, who calls such people "weather involved."

LOVE HURTS (STINGS, TOO)

From the damp and sticky Northwest comes the following headline, as seen in *The Seattle Post-Intelligencer*: ADULTERY CASE ENDS WITH A DISCHARGE. Isn't that always the way?

THEY PAVED PARADISE (AND PUT UP A PODIUM)

President Clinton likes to assure us that he is ecology friendly. His trip last spring to Costa Rica included a stop at the Braulio Carrillo National Park—a government-protected rain forest where the president was to deliver a pro-environment speech that included the line, "We destroy these resources at our own peril." Unfortunately, according to a report in *The American Spectator*, the president's staff determined that the site of the speaking platform was too remote—more than 100 yards from an access road—and the terrain was too challenging for the president, who at the time was walking on crutches. Consequently, part of the rain forest was bulldozed and a 350-foot strip of asphalt was put down to help accommodate the environmentalist-in-chief. Explained a White House staffer: "The Costa Ricans were eager to pave the walkway for the president. They seemed to understand how important a photo op this was for us."

A CLONE OF THEIR OWN

To fight legislation that would outlaw human cloning, gay activists in New York have formed the Clone Rights United Front. "Heterosexuality's historic monopoly on reproduction is now obsolete," declares Randolfe Wicker, the veteran activist who founded CRUF and wrote the group's charter, the Clone Bill of Rights. "For the first time in history, same-sex reproduction is possible; in the future, two men may have their DNA blended. If cloning is banned, it will be done anyway in back alleys, just like abortion." At the group's first demonstration, in Greenwich Village, members carried signs that read KEEP YOUR HANDS OFF MY DNA while singing *Hello, Dolly* in honor of the cloned Scottish sheep of the same name. They also plastered walls with posters depicting the ewe standing in clouds above the caption DOLLY LAMA: OUR NEW SPIRITUAL LEADER. But Wicker rejects the sentiment expressed by one female group member, dubbed the Clone Ranger, whose sign read MALES ARE NO LONGER NECESSARY. "I'm a male homosexual," he says. "I think men will always be necessary."

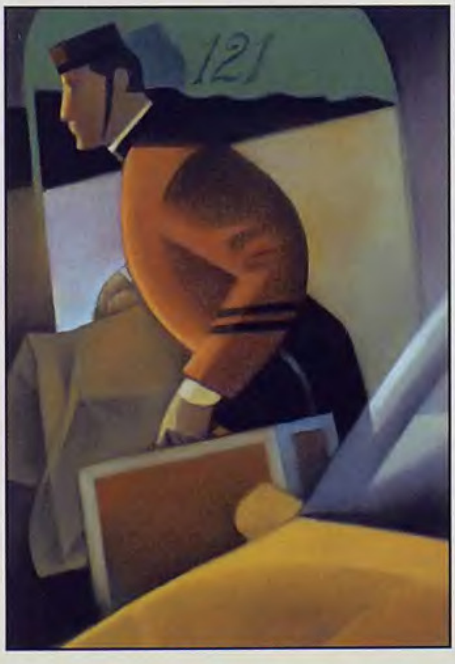

ILLUSTRATION BY GARY KELLEY

FROM EARO TO VILLAIN

Responding to patrons who complained after Mike Tyson's June championship fight with Evander Holyfield that Tyson's statue no longer belonged next to those of Michael Jordan and Larry Bird, the Hollywood Wax Museum moved it from its Sports Hall of Fame to its Chamber of Horrors. The specific placement was particularly inspired: Now Tyson's wax likeness is next to that of the character Hannibal Lecter from *The Silence of the Lambs*.

IRON PEN IN A VELVET GLOVE

These days your signature is an expression of your corporate status, or so VIP Signatures in New York would have you believe. For $25, the company will design a custom John Hancock for you that has top executive written all over it. Of course, since even VIP acknowledges that the signatures of most true VIPs tend to be indecipherable, you may want to skip the expense and just copy the writing of the nearest two-year-old.

ABSOLUTE OZ

So much for drinking to forget. Researchers from the Australian National University in Canberra have conducted a study which concludes that drinking—even heavy drinking—over long periods of time does not impair mental faculties. The study, published in *The British Medical Journal*, focused on 209 World War Two veterans whose daily alcohol consumption ranged from a sip of beer to

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

QUOTE

"When I was in prison, I was wrapped up in all those deep books—that Tolstoy crap. People shouldn't read that stuff. When we read those books, what purpose does it serve in this day and time?"—AURALLY FIXATED BOXER MIKE TYSON

MISSING DIGITS

Total uniform numbers that have been retired by baseball's American and National leagues: 110.

TOUCHING NEWS

In a study of 1410 males by researchers at the University of Chicago, percentage of circumcised men who admitted they masturbated at least once a month: 47. Percentage of uncircumcised men who admitted they masturbated once a month: 34.

HEARTBREAKING NEWS

During the past 15 years, number of men in Thailand whose penises were severed by jealous wives: 42.

UNHEALTHY STATS

In a survey of 5000 U.S. nurses, percentage who would not recommend the medical facility where they worked to a relative: 40.

PARDON?

Of all pardons considered by President Truman, percentage he granted: 42. Percentage of all requests for clemency granted by President Ford: 31. Percentage of all requests for clemency granted by President Clinton: 4.

TIME BANDITS

According to *Time for Life* (Penn State Press) by John Robinson and Geoffrey Godbey, average number of hours Americans feel they spend at work each week: 43. Actual hours worked, according to the workers' own detailed accounts: 36.

VAL TILLEY/HUNGRY DOG STUDIOS

FACT OF THE MONTH

In March, Levi Strauss & Co. paid $25,000 for a vintage pair of Levi's jeans (made between 1886 and 1902) that had been discovered in an old Colorado coal mine.

THE EASTERN FRONT

Number of cars in New York City registered to Russian representatives to the United Nations: 122. In 1996, number of parking tickets received by the Russians per car: 257.

THE FIRST TIME

Number by which women graduate students outnumbered men this past academic year, the first year they have ever done so: 157,000.

SALARIED SPOOKS

Estimated number of informants worldwide on the CIA feed bag: 3000.

PAPER CHASE

Amount American banks lost in 1995 to check-cashing fraud: $615 million. Amount lost to bank robbers: $59 million.

HOT DOGS

Number of pairs of Hush Puppies sold in 1994: 64,000. Pairs sold in 1995: 400,000. In 1996: 1.5 million.

BACKSEAT BOOGIE

According to a BMG Entertainment survey, percentage of Americans aged 16 to 24 who said R&B is the best music for making out: 28. Percentage of men who said rock is best: 27. Percentage of women who agreed: 15. Percentage of women who like country: 14. Percentage of men who chose country: 8.

WE LOVE A MAN IN UNIFORM

Percentage of Americans who say they have confidence in the news media: 20. Who have confidence in Congress: 21. Who have confidence in the military: 57.

—BETTY SCHAAL

eight pints. The good news from the tests, which measured intellectual function and included scans for brain atrophy, is in stark contrast to many studies over the past 75 years that suggest that heavy, long-term drinking can cause brain damage or dementia. The Australian National Guidelines warned that men drinking more than four pints a day were at risk for liver and heart problems and reduced coordination skills. And probably more than a few regrettable choices when it came to spontaneous, late-night romantic involvements.

NOBODY MISSUS VERMONT

Having withered from two contestants last year to just one entrant this year, the Mrs. Vermont Pageant has gone out of business. "No one in Vermont wants to do it. No one in Vermont wants to do anything," complained pageant director Margie Gilbert, who lives in Massachusetts.

COMPUTER LITERATE

The inexorable march of Microsoft has spawned an exclusive breed of longtime employees at its intergalactic headquarters in Redmond, Washington. They gather for drinks every Friday afternoon and they call themselves FY-1FVs. That stands for "Fuck You, I'm Fully Vested."

TOONISIA

Laurent Kabila, who deposed Mobutu Sese Seko and led the overthrow of Zaire, may now be up against a far more formidable opponent: the Walt Disney Co. Without prior approval, the new Democratic Republic of Congo has adopted the cartoon image of Simba, from Disney's *Lion King*, as a national symbol on its official state seals. Other characters who would be symbolically appropriate for certain nations include Dumbo (North Korea), Grumpy (Iran) and Pinocchio, nose fully extended (Switzerland). Of course, the best cartoon match would involve Warner Bros. and Libya: Khadafy Duck.

ISN'T IT IRONIC?

Bohumil Sole, 63, one of the principal inventors of the plastic explosive Semtex—a terrorist's Play-Doh—was recently found blown up in his house, or what's left of it, in Prague.

GHOST IN THE MACHINE

If your computer breaks down all the time, the fault may not lie with the equipment but, rather, with you. According to science writer Patrick Huyghe, parapsychologists claim that people who experience routine equipment breakdowns may be emanating hostile psychokinesis—the vibes from which can cause computer glitches.

MUSIC

ROCK

THIS WAS supposed to have been the year electronic music took over. But instead of becoming a new musical movement, electronica has been a playful experiment by groups such as the Rolling Stones and U2. Is Prodigy the techno Nirvana we've been waiting for? The single, *Firestarter*, created tremendous excitement earlier this year for good reason. The group morphed 20 years of pop history into one four-minute song. Prodigy looks like A Flock of Seagulls, sings like Johnny Lydon of the Sex Pistols and sounds like Public Enemy. The long-anticipated album, ***Fat of the Land*** (Maverick/Warner), is the first real techno-rock album. It's punchy rather than spacy. Guitars and synths growl and thump rather than bleep and hum. The bad news? *Firestarter* is easily the best track on the album. Whenever front man Keith Flint sings, especially on *Breathe* and *Fuel My Fire*, the band is focused. Though titles such as *Smack My Bitch Up* are metaphorical, they're still offensive. Prodigy has succeeded in giving techno a human face. Maybe next it will have a soul. —VIC GARBARINI

BRIAN FUJIMORI

Prodigy's *Fat of the Land*.

Electronica growls, Wu-Tang rumbles and Doc Cheatham blows his horn.

RAP

Wu-Tang Forever (Loud) by the Wu-Tang Clan is the best album of 1997. Not the best hip-hop album, the best album, period. This group of MCs and mixmasters enraptures us with dense sonic textures and compelling lyrics. In its diversity of voices and its commitment to funkiness, Wu-Tang is P-Funk's inheritor. The difference, of course, is musical—mixing, sampling and the precise placement of voice, beat or riff. P-Funk celebrated the possibility of escaping this solar system on a soulful mothership. Wu-Tang insists our salvation lies right here in solidarity and brotherhood. Voices leap at you from all corners while bass lines rumble like tanks in the night. This music is alive. —DAVE MARSH

Cynics say ***Wyclef Jean Presents the Carnival*** (RuffHouse/Columbia) is nothing more than his attempt to get as much attention as Fugee Lauryn Hill. If so, he does the job. This isn't as magical as *The Score*, but with its surprisingly witty skits, Caribbean flavors, Haitian patois, Bee Gees samples and unpreachy social conscience, this celebration stands a good chance of hitting the right audience.
—ROBERT CHRISTGAU

POP

Not that I've always followed the Miss America pageant closely, but I've always thought Vanessa Williams was the only truly talented winner. Her voice is a marvelous instrument and, unlike other pop divas with marvelous instruments, she has terrific interpretive taste. She doesn't do every trick on every note; she does whatever the note calls for. I can listen to her even when her material is second-rate. That's a high compliment, but it's also a criticism of her song selection. Everything sounds as if it were written by the sort of hacks who write ballads for Republican weddings. So I can't give a ringing endorsement to ***Next*** (Mercury), though I can endorse the first song, *Who Were You Thinkin' Bout?* It has a catchy riff, a melody worthy of Williams' voice and a lyric about jealousy that clearly inspires her. And I can endorse the last song, *Oh How the Years Go By*, a study of love with a grand chorus and a hint of mortality. But I won't listen again to the ten songs in between unless I marry a Republican. —CHARLES M. YOUNG

WORLD

Ismaël Lo is a Senegalese musician whose beautiful ***Jammu Africa*** (Triloka) is a gem of blissful melodies, West African harmonies and intricate rhythms. The 13 songs collected here were recorded over a six-year period, yet this compilation doesn't sound dated. Lo's voice is soaring and haunting. On up-tempo songs such as *Dibi Dibi Rek* and *Sofia*, his voice has a plaintive quality. Lo truly shines on slower-tempo songs. *Without Blame*, a duet with Marianne Faithfull, is a beautiful creation brimming with thwarted desire. The title track, with its gorgeous guitar and supple arrangement, is as lovely as it is sad. Lo, who plays guitar and harmonica, is a major talent, and *Jammu Africa* is well worth seeking out. —NELSON GEORGE

JAZZ

Trumpeter and vocalist Doc Cheatham was our last link with the jazz of the Twenties. Before he died in June, he was still gigging weekly. With his quartet, he kept that tradition lively on 1993's *The Eighty-Seven Years of Doc Cheatham*. Then at 91, he and 23-year-old trumpet phenom Nicholas Payton gathered an all-star New Orleans band for ***Doc Cheatham & Nicholas Payton*** (Verve). The players trade swinging choruses on a selection of pop and jazz standards. And the mild-voiced Cheatham, who started singing professionally only in the Sixties, interprets the lyrics with feeling.
—ROBERT CHRISTGAU

Jazz hasn't produced a top-rate woman trumpeter, but Ingrid Jensen may change that. ***Here on Earth*** (Enja) confirms her skill as a clear-thinking soloist and as leader of a tough quintet. She could use a bit more finesse, but Jensen's the real deal. Her music is smart and soulful, and the CD—which stars alto-sax veteran Gary Bartz—is varied, balanced and memorable. —NEIL TESSER

R&B

Earth, Wind and Fire's ***In the Name of Love*** (Pyramid/Rhino) is the great band's first studio album in several years. Maurice White, the group's founder and leader, has been ill, curtailing the band's recording and keeping him off the road. Fans will be reassured by White's return as a producer and vocalist. Equally comforting are the familiar harmonies and chords associated with EW&F. A prime candidate for a comeback single is *When Love Goes Wrong*, a ballad featuring tenor Philip Bailey. —NELSON GEORGE

Having been inundated with slow-jam compilations that promise to bring a romantic evening to a carnal conclusion, I was relieved to receive a copy of the blatant ***Strip Jointz*** (Robbins Entertainment, 30 W. 21st St., New York, NY 10010). *Bump n' Grind*, *Dirty Cash* and *Me So Horny* are R&B to help you remove your clothes, professionally.
—ROBERT CHRISTGAU

FAST TRACKS

ROCKMETER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Doc Cheothom *Doc Cheotham & Nicholas Payton*	9	8	9	8	7
Ismoël Lo *Jommu Africa*	8	7	9	9	8
Prodigy *Fat of the Land*	7	8	4	7	8
Vanessa Willioms *Next*	5	6	7	7	6
Wu-Tang Clan *Wu-Tang Forever*	7	7	7	10	7

POLAR BEACH PARTY DEPARTMENT: Winners of the 1997 Molson Ice Polar Beach Party contest will frolic this month on the beaches of Churchill, an arctic village in Manitoba, with **Collective Soul.** It's a balmy 20 below there, perfect for bears and beer.

REELING AND ROCKING: On ABC's *Wonderful World of Disney*, **Brandy** is playing Cinderella and **Whitney Houston** is her fairy godmother. Also in the cast are **Whoopi Goldberg, Bernadette Peters** and **Jason Alexander.** . . . **Dolly Parton** stars in an HBO comedy about an investment broker who leads a nationwide sex boycott, encouraging women to withhold sex until a wife-beating judge is removed from the bench. . . . Look for the documentary *Zappa: The Man and His Music* next year. It's being made with the cooperation of Frank's family. . . . **Meat Loaf** has a role in the TV movie *Everything That Rises*, directed by **Dennis Quaid.** . . . **Tom Petty** makes his feature film debut in **Kevin Costner's** *The Postman*. He plays the mayor. . . . **Erykah Badu** will appear in *Blues Brothers 2000*, playing a spell-casting jazz diva. . . . **R.E.M.** bassist **Mike Mills** will score *A Cool, Dry Place* and the band will write and record a new song for the soundtrack. The movie stars **Vince Vaughn.**

NEWSBREAKS: Dwight Yoakam will release a Christmas album that includes standards and two original tracks. . . . Look for an early 1998 release of the new **Goo Goo Dolls** CD. . . . **Prince** starred in an October benefit concert in Los Angeles organized by **Muhammad Ali** called the World Healing Honors. His staff is taking phone orders for a three- or four-CD set, *Crystal Ball*, at 800-NEW-FUNK, and is building a database. . . . The next stage of **Tina Turner's** Hanes stockings campaign is under way. Oh those fabulous legs. . . . A study by Jupiter Communications says that by 2002, online sales of prerecorded music will have grown to 7.5 percent of the overall music market, or about $1.6 billion. While record labels have moved aggressively to the Web, they are still struggling to assert their roles as promoters and distributors. . . . In other online news, you can shop 24 hours a day at the cyberstore CDnow (www.cdnow.com), get tour and industry scoops at Musicnews (www.musicnews.com) or go up on the Internet Jukebox (www.interjuke.com) for background music to your Web surfing. . . . Starting in 1998, the London house where **Paul McCartney** lived from the time he was 13 until the **Beatles** became famous will be open to the public. It's where Paul wrote songs and the Beatles practiced. . . . Camel's Back Press in Boise, Idaho has just published *The Garage Band Method*, a step-by-step book for making real music in your garage or anywhere else. It uses the blues as its teaching tool. Call 208-344-4016 for details. . . . If you're in New York before November 6, go to the Thread Waxing Space, 476 Broadway, for *Ascent of Western Civilization*, the visual history of indie rock. . . . **Dylan's** 41st album, *Time Out of Mind*, reunites him with **Daniel Lanois,** who produced *Oh Mercy*. . . . In early 1998 an all-star version of *Rumors* will be out to observe the 20th anniversary of the **Fleetwood Mac** album. **No Doubt,** the **Cranberries** and **Sarah McLachlan** will be featured. . . . Finally, who says art and commerce aren't intertwined? **Sheryl Crow** and **Tommy Hilfiger** are going into business together. Hilfiger will sponsor her tour and put out a line of Crow clothing. Will they call it Scarecrows?

—BARBARA NELLIS

FOLK

On ***Cedar Lane*** (Palmetto) Mindy Jostyn writes songs ranging from hilarious to poignant, sings them with subtle conviction and plays a mean harmonica. She doesn't sing about the ideal lover. She sings about the gap between ideal and reality, which is always enough to break your heart if you aren't laughing. The title song chronicles the escape from and return to the middle class that so many Allen Ginsberg fans have made. Better to have escaped and lost than never to have escaped at all. —CHARLES M. YOUNG

Close to Home: Old-Time Music From Mike Seeger's Collection, 1952–1967 (Smithsonian Folkways) is a treasure chest. Mike Seeger recorded artists such as Dock Boggs, Sara and Maybelle Carter and Elizabeth Cotten out of love and devotion more than out of scholarship. This affection shines through on the 38 luminous, occasionally breathtaking tracks. Together these songs represent one of the greatest folk music documents this side of Harry Smith's *Anthology of American Folk Music*. —DAVE MARSH

COUNTRY

Dana Cooper is one of Nashville's best kept secrets. He's a singer and songwriter with a superb sense of melody and a wry, introspective lyrical bent. In Texas, he's revered almost as much as his buddy Lyle Lovett, and the two sing a duet on ***Miracle Mile,*** Cooper's first album for Compass Records, Nashville's hippest alternative label. Imagine Lovett's loopy sophistication sung with a James Taylor–like voice and you'll get a sense of Cooper's appeal. —VIC GARBARINI

From 1927 until his death in 1933, Jimmie Rodgers warmed America with a quilt of rural blues, jaunty jazz and hobo ballads. So it's natural that a troubadour such as Bob Dylan would connect with Rodgers. ***The Songs of Jimmie Rodgers: A Tribute*** is the debut release on Dylan's new Egyptian Records label. The project commemorates the 100th anniversary of Rodgers' birth. There isn't a clunker among the 14 interpretations of his songs, though one must wonder where Merle Haggard is. On *Mule Skinner Blues*, Van Morrison nails the idea of how Rodgers mixed his melancholy voice within the energy of jazz. Steve Earle and the V-Roys' honky-tonk version of *In the Jailhouse Now* is a hoot, especially since Earle has done time. Dylan himself offers a desperate country rendition of *My Blue-Eyed Jane*. But it's Iris DeMent who really steals the show with her immaculate phrasing and yodeling on *Hobo Bill's Last Ride*. —DAVE HOEKSTRA

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MOUSE TRACKS

The computer mouse may be joining the dodo and the carrier pigeon on the extinction list, thanks to an innovative selection of alternatives. For Web cruisers, Logitech has introduced the Surfman, a $100 wireless PC mouse that resembles a TV remote control and uses infrared technology to let you navigate the Net and other computer documents up to 30 feet from your PC. If you prefer the feel of a trackpad (the type of controller commonly built into notebook computers), the Alps Glidepoint is a Mac and PC accessory that serves the same purpose. You move the cursor by dragging your fingertip across the device's pressure-sensitive surface, tapping once for a single "click" and twice for a double (about $60). The Quick Glance System (about $2500), originally created for those who are handicapped, uses monitor-mounted sensors to track the movement of the eye (a slow blink acts as a "click"). Or, if you're into fancy footwork, the No Hands Mouse ($200) assigns all control to its dual footpads. One pad handles vertical movement, the other horizontal, with quick toe taps as "clicks."

ABBE SENNETT

TV FOR THE TECHNO-CHALLENGED

Need a little techno education? During a week of random channel surfing, we found at least a dozen television programs that will help bring you up to speed. For the latest computer news and reviews, tune into PBS' weekly *Computer Chronicles*, CNN's *Computer Connection* or *C/Net Central* on the USA Network. For a more futuristic, *Popular Science* approach to modern electronics, the Discovery Channel airs four engaging shows—*Next Step*, *Invention*, *Sci-Trek* and *Beyond 2000*. Web surfers should tune to *The Site* on MSNBC, a program that focuses primarily on hot Internet sites and intriguing Net developments. And for some Web-inspired erotica, don't miss HBO's *Sex Bytes* (also available on video). Check your local television listings for showtimes.

SAFE CALLING

Cordless phones have become ubiquitous, but unless yours has advanced 900-megahertz digital technology, you're at the mercy of eavesdroppers or criminals who scan the airwaves for credit card and Social Security numbers. To protect privacy, many telephone manufacturers now incorporate security tech into their cordless phones. Lucent Technologies' 900 MHz digital cordless telephone 9510 ($369) features a frequency-hopping circuit called Eaveslock Security, which digitally encodes the phone signal and randomly hops 200 times per second through 50 of the 173 channels. As a bonus, advanced digital circuits in 900 MHz cordless phones let you roam much farther from the base (about 4000 feet, or nearly a mile, in the case of the 9510).

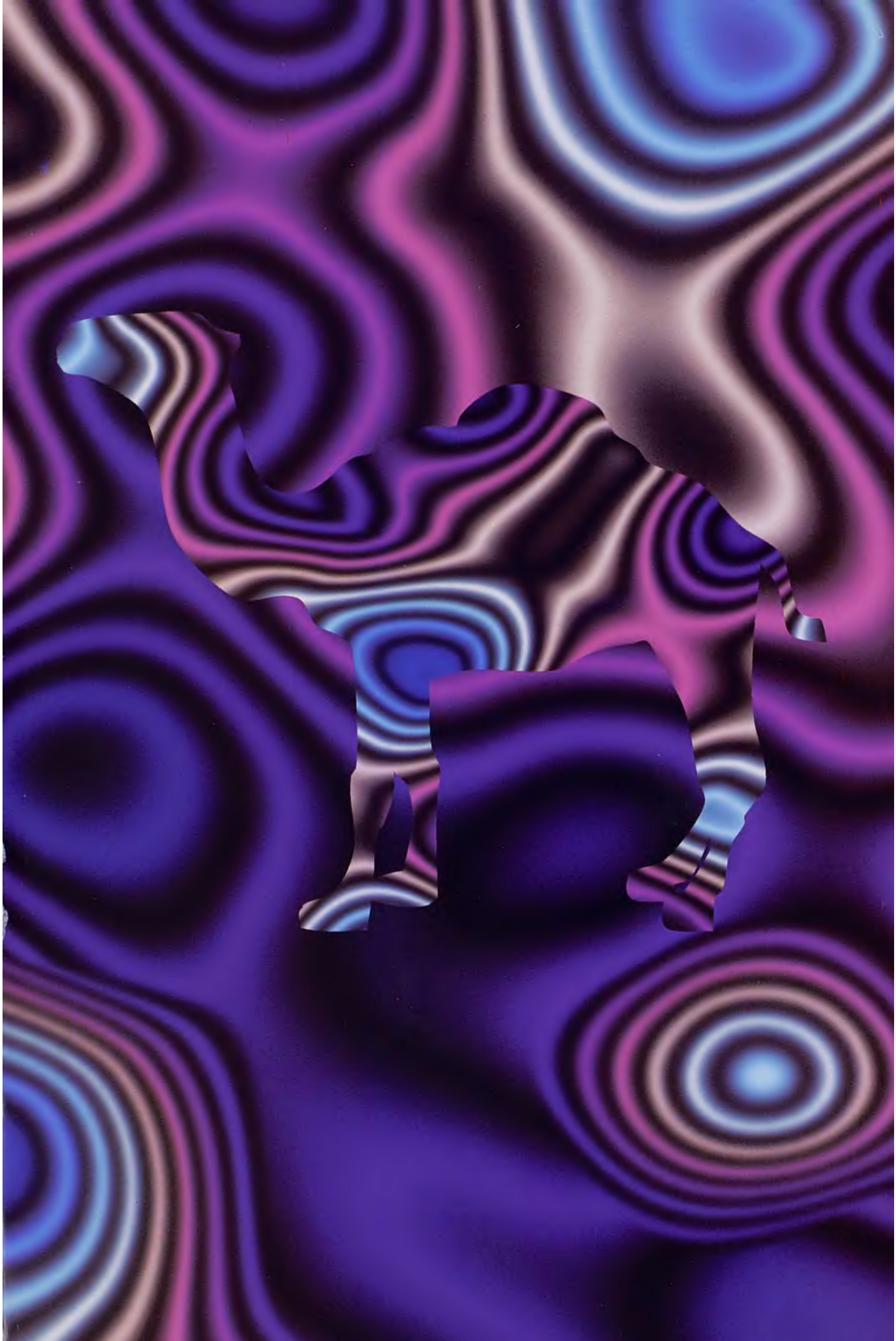
JOHN O'BRIEN

There are also models by Panasonic and Sanyo that include a technology developed for the military called Digital Spread Spectrum. Panasonic's KX-TCS970 flip-phone ($350) claims a range of 3000 to 4000 feet and scans 32 channels, searching for the clearest one. Sanyo's CLT-986 ($300) hits 5200 feet under optimum conditions and has Caller ID built into its handset.

WILD THINGS

The Phone Miser (pictured here) may not be the sexiest-looking gadget we've featured. But its creator, Mediacom, guarantees that the PC peripheral will reduce your domestic and international phone charges by as much as 66 percent. In short, Phone Miser works in conjunction with your computer, modem and special software to act os a telephone switching system. Once it's hooked up, you dial a number and Phone Miser searches through a database of telephone carriers nationwide to come up with the cheapest rate. The call then goes through (with the same fiber-optic quality of AT&T, Sprint and MCI), and charges are consolidated and billed monthly to a credit card. The price: $100, including a monthly phone report from Mediacom that offers details of your calls. • As long as we're talking savings, we've found an easy, inexpensive way to turn a standard television signal into a higher-quality S-video one—Tributaries' C2S Composite to S-Video Convertor. This $100 cable is compatible with current home theater gear, and its function is simple—to ensure that your TV, VCR, DVD player and other video gear work together to offer the best, brightest picture possible. • Leave it to the adult film industry to introduce the most advanced DVDs yet. Vivid's *Bobby Sox* and *Where the Boys Aren't No. 9* let you select different camera angles from which to view the action. Such versatility—and the discs cost only $30 each.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 167.



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Game materials and submissions are subject to validation by a judging orgenization. By taking part in this promotion, participants agree to be bound by these rules and by all decisions of the judging orgenization, whose decisions ara final with regard to all aspects of the Game. You are not a winner of a Grend, 2nd or 3rd Prize until you receive official notification from the judging organization that your prize claim has been validated.

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Prizes Available: 10 Grend Prizes: Deluxe* round trip airfare and 5 nights accommodations for two including $2,000 spending monay to Cairo, Egypt (approximate retail value: $20,000 each). Winners may select a $20,000 cash alternative in lisu of the Grand Prize. 10 2nd Prizes: Deluxe* round trip airfare, 3 nights accommodations for two including $1,000 spending money to winner's choice of one of the following US cities: New York City, Los Angeles, or Miami's South Beach (approximate retail value: $4,000 each). Winners may select a $4,000 cash alternative in lieu of the 2nd Prize. 10,000 3rd Prizes: One Sony CD Discman® portable CD player (approximate retail value: $101 eech). 22,772,665 4th Prizes: One free pack of Camel Cigarettes (approximate retail velue: $2 each). Total approximate retail value of all prizes available: $46,795,330. Prizes will be delivered by 12/31/98. 32,332,380 Game Pieces will be distributed.

* Minimum of coach class, business class if available.

Trevel must be completed by 12/31/98. Restrictions and blackout dates may apply. Accommodations are subject to availability and change without notice. Trip companions must also sign and return a liability/publicity release prior to travel. Taxes, tipa, alcoholic beverages, ground transportation and all other expenses not specified herein are solely the responsibility of winners. Air transportation will originate from major airport nearest winner's home location. All hotal lodging is one-room double occupancy.

Approx. Odds of Winning: Cairo trip for 2 (Pyramid symbol), 1:3,233,238. US City trip for 2 (Gless symbol), 1:3,233,238. Compact CD Player (CD symbol), 1:3,233. Free Pack of Camel (Pack symbol), 1:1.42.

For a list of winners (available after 3/31/98) send name and address by 3/31/98 to Camel Spotting Winners List, PO Box 5609, Norwood, MN 55583-5609.

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MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

A TEENYBOPPER named Wendy (Christina Ricci) puts on a Nixon mask while fooling around with a neighborhood boy in New Canaan, Connecticut. The year is 1973, and the sexual revolution is in full swing in James Schamus' compelling adaptation of ***The Ice Storm*** (Fox Searchlights) from the novel by Rick Moody. In the suburbs, everyone is trying to get with it, especially Wendy's confused parents: Kevin Kline as Ben Hood, whose wife (Joan Allen) is reading *Jonathan Livingston Seagull* and sulking about Ben's affair with Janey Carver (Sigourney Weaver), another friendly neighbor. In their somewhat feverish effort to stay hip and liberated, most of the grown-ups appear at a wife-swapping "key party." If *The Ice Storm* lacks for anything, it's a lighter touch. While everything else—from Watergate to water beds to wide collars—smacks of the Seventies era, there's a mordant humor to the movie that seems to deny the notion that anyone was actually having a good time in 1973. Of course, Moody's morality tale is told from the perspective of youngsters growing up while their privileged parents regress—floundering through life in search of liberation or self-fulfillment. This biting tragicomedy was selected to open the current New York Film Festival and ought to launch the fall season with artistic potency and prestige. ¥¥¥¥

•

Fighting to survive in Alaska's snowy wilderness after their small plane crashes, a fashion photographer (Alec Baldwin), his assistant (Harold Perrineau) and a billionaire tycoon (Anthony Hopkins) face starvation, bitter cold and man-eating grizzlies in ***The Edge*** (Twentieth Century Fox). Written by playwright David Mamet, a master of macho verbal dueling, what might have been just another outdoor adventure epic becomes something more. The attacking grizzlies, both real and animatronic, soon put Perrineau out of the picture. Thereafter, Baldwin and Hopkins are natural foes, not only trying to live but also competing for the rich man's beautiful wife, who's waiting back at the lodge (Elle Macpherson plays it like a mannequin born to make men misbehave). Amid spectacular scenery in the Pacific Northwest, director Lee Tamahori (whose debut feature was the Maori drama *Once Were Warriors*) puts Baldwin and Hopkins face-to-face to give *The Edge* plenty of tension. ¥¥¥

•

Nuclear weapons sold by renegade Soviets after the end of the Cold War are on their way to Iran in ***The Peacemaker*** (Dreamworks). Worse yet, one bomb is earmarked for New York by a deranged Bosnian diplomat seeking revenge for his slain family. Nicole Kidman plays a top nuclear scientist working with a White House antismuggling unit, and George Clooney is a military intelligence man assigned to the case. She's a thinking person, he's a go-to-hell guy whose gut instincts often put them at risk. This results in improbable but exciting chase sequences, from deep in the Middle East to midtown Manhattan, with virtually no time out for romance. *The Peacemaker* is pure crash-bang action, from a screenplay by Michael Schiffer (*Crimson Tide*), and directed deftly by two-time Emmy winner Mimi Leder. If you can believe Kidman as a nuclear know-all, the rest is an explosive piece of cake. ¥¥¥

Kidman, Clooney: Peace work.

Swingers in the suburbs, rivals in the wilderness and doctors in distress.

•

In his auspicious debut feature as writer-director of ***Eye of God*** (Castle Hill Productions/Minnow Pictures), actor Tim Blake Nelson leaves star honors to Martha Plimpton and Kevin Anderson. Their perceptive performances lift an utterly downbeat tale about the relationship between a lonely Oklahoma woman and her pen pal, a prison inmate who shows up to marry her after his release. Although once convicted of a brutal crime he won't discuss, the ex-con declares he has found God. The couple's story comes to a disastrous end, witnessed by a sensitive boy (Nick Stahl) who is already traumatized by his mother's suicide. Hal Holbrook plays the town sheriff who spells out the grim details and solves the case. While the tale is fairly messy, Nelson gets to the heart of it with minimal violence and a cast that makes this small-town tragedy seem to matter. ¥¥½

•

Just when you start to dismiss ***Habit*** (Glass Eye Pix) as another exercise in self-indulgence, director Larry Fessenden grabs you by the throat. Fessenden plays Sam, a New York drifter with a couple of teeth missing and a thirst for alcohol. World-weary, perennially drunk, mourning his recently deceased father and a broken romance, he meets an androgynous girl named Anna (Meredith Snaider) at a Halloween party. Lots of hot-blooded shagging follows, which leaves Sam more wiped out than usual. Ultimately, *Habit* shudders into shape as a downtown vampire story that resonates with urban angst and marks Fessenden as a filmmaker to watch. ¥¥½

•

The right to die and the availability of health insurance are at issue in director Sidney Lumet's ***Critical Care*** (Live Entertainment). Set in a big-city medical center, it's a timely dark comedy depicting the health care system as "collapsed, comatose and near death." While the tone of the piece recalls Lumet's brilliant *Network*, author Steven Schwartz' script is far less incisive and often guilty of overstatement. The point man of the conflict is James Spader, excellent as a horny doctor who is seduced and blackmailed by a dying patient's daughter (Kyra Sedgwick). After she gets the indiscreet medico videotaped in bed, she threatens to ruin him unless he testifies against the hospital. There are subplots involving Helen Mirren—witheringly witty ("I have seen the enemy and he is us," she comments) as a sensitive nurse who helps a terminal young patient end it all—and Albert Brooks, hilariously over the top as the drunken, corrupt hospital chief who will keep any patient on life support as long as the insurance pays off. Despite a couple of expendable fantasy sequences featuring Wallace Shawn (as Satan's helper) and Anne Bancroft (as a philosophical nun), the movie is biting and topical enough to score high. ¥¥¥½

•

The aptly titled ***Soul Food*** (Twentieth Century Fox) is a soap opera, written and directed with unabashed feel-good warmth by George Tillman Jr. Played to the hilt by an expert cast, it's the story of a modern black family headed by

STAY AS
WARM
AND DRY
AS HER
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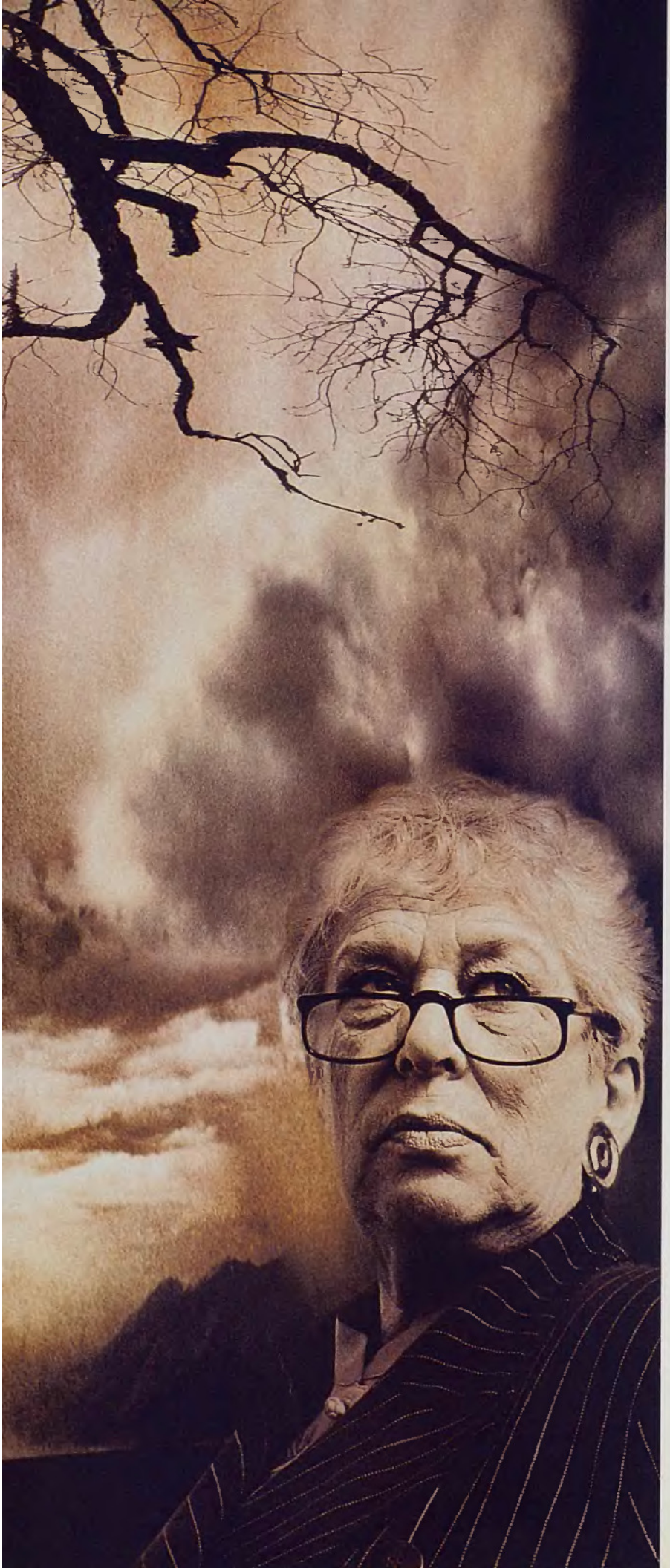

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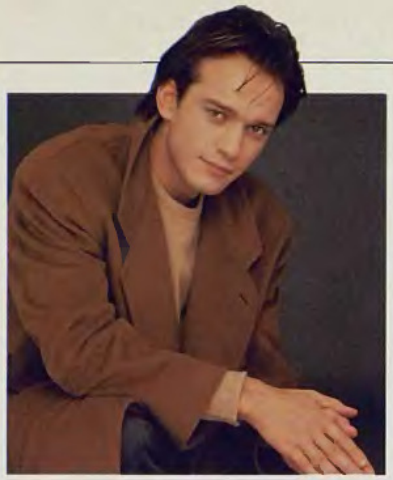

Perez: Ladies' choice.

OFF CAMERA

The Swiss-born golden boy of French cinema, **Vincent Perez,** 33, is on the fast track to international stardom. Already singled out by *Paris Match* and *People* magazines as being sexiest and/or most beautiful, he shrugs off the sex-symbol hype: "It's just fun . . . a game you have to play." Working in America has polished his language since he spoke English in *The Crow: City of Angels*. In the imminent *Swept From the Sea*, based on a Joseph Conrad story, he's a shipwrecked Ukrainian sailor making waves in England with Rachel Weisz. Perez' status as a great screen lover was enhanced when he played the reluctant swain in *Cyrano*, topped by stints opposite some of moviedom's most fabled French and English beauties: Catherine Deneuve in *Indochine*, Polly Walker in *Talk of Angels* and Isabelle Adjani in *Queen Margot*, a worldwide hit which he recalls as "a great time."

Perez, conversant in five languages, had a Spanish father and a German mother. He trained at the Conservatory of Dramatic Art in Paris and honed his talents onstage before movies beckoned. He'd rather not talk about his offscreen relationships with such gorgeous paramours as Jacqueline Bisset and supermodel Carla Bruni. "It was long ago," he says. He also declines to discuss his current involvement with "an unknown." His next gig, starting this fall, is the title role in *Zapata* for Mexican director Alfonso Arau (who made *Like Water for Chocolate*). Perez hopes to direct and appear in "a modern fairy tale" he's been writing for years and would love to co-star with a top American actress. Which one? "All of them," he says, grinning, "though I have a special admiration for Meryl Streep. To work with her one day—that's really my dream."

Mother Joe (Irma Hall), whose traditional Sunday dinners keep her rambunctious family together. When sickness sidetracks Mother Joe, her absence is felt by daughter Teri (Vanessa Williams), a successful lawyer whose marriage is falling apart, and by Teri's feisty kid sisters: Maxine (Vivica Fox), a happily wed mother, and the youngest, Bird (Nia Long), a hairstylist who marries a hard-luck ex-convict. Michael Beach, Jeffrey Sams and Mekhi Phifer stand out as the husbands, each saddled with the burden of having to prove himself in a world where women seem to rule. A new generation is represented by Maxine's young son, Ahmad (Brandon Hammond), who narrates much of the tale and has clearly inherited his grandmother's wisdom. Sibling rivalry, fighting, pride and infidelity erupt all around him, and it falls to Ahmad to keep his family intact. *Soul Food* is the kind of broadly drawn crowd pleaser that sends an audience home happy—and hungry for more. ¥¥¥

•

There's a totally dysfunctional family on display in ***The House of Yes*** (Miramax). Probably the most interesting creature we meet is Parker Posey, playing a slightly deranged character called Jackie O. The Pascal family carries on a kind of Kennedy fantasy in Washington, D.C., where their father vanished or was murdered on the day of JFK's assassination. Jackie O often dresses the part, wearing pink and a pillbox hat, while her eccentric mother (Genevieve Bujold) and her two brothers (Josh Hamilton and Freddie Prinze Jr.) more or less play along. Things go from mad to worse when Jackie O's twin brother, Marty (Hamilton), brings his fiancée (Tori Spelling) home to meet the folks at Thanksgiving. Adapted by director Mark Waters from a play by Wendy MacLeod, *House of Yes* may have been a surreal comic hit onstage, but on-screen, close-up, it's more a maybe. ¥¥

•

More impressive than any other aspect of ***Boogie Nights*** (New Line) is that 26-year-old director Paul Thomas Anderson's down-and-dirty look at the porno industry drew such big names to his cause. Burt Reynolds leads the pack, brilliantly glazed and self-deluded as Jack Horner, a maker of XXX films. His female star and first lady is a coked-up porn queen named Amber Waves (Julianne Moore) who has lost custody of her child. The pivotal star of the piece, though, is Mark Wahlberg, playing an innocent, handsomely endowed dunce. *Boogie Nights* has shock value to spare with its relatively blunt action and frank dialogue. ¥¥¥

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

Air Force One (Reviewed 10/97) As a hijacked president, Ford is A1. ¥¥¥½
Boogie Nights (See review) The rise and fall of a porn stud. ¥¥¥
Critical Care (See review) Bloody hell and blackmail behind the scenes in a modern hospital. ¥¥¥½
Different for Girls (9/97) He's dating a gal who was a guy he knew. ¥¥½
The Edge (See review) Hopkins, Alec Baldwin, a woman and man-hungry bears. ¥¥¥
Eve's Bayou (10/97) Home life of a philandering doctor down South. ¥¥
Eye of God (See review) Mysterious ex-con and the innocent pen pal he winds up marrying. ¥¥½
Fire (10/97) Two Delhi women with bad husbands find a better way. ¥¥
The Full Monty (9/97) Out of work Brits rejuvenated as male strippers. ¥¥¥
Going All the Way (10/97) Back in the Fifties, boys and girls together. ¥¥½
Habit (See review) New York gal is good company, but it turns out she's out for blood. ¥¥½
The House of Yes (See review) Eccentric family with a Kennedy fixation. ¥¥
The Ice Storm (See review) Parents and children growing up in suburban Connecticut circa 1973. ¥¥¥¥
In the Company of Men (9/97) Businessmen seek trouble with women in a misguided macho effort to even the score. ¥¥¥
Kicked in the Head (10/97) A born nerd on the town in Manhattan. ¥¥½
Kiss Me, Guido (10/97) Would-be actor replies to ad for roommate, not suspecting that GWM means "gay white male." ¥¥
L.A. Confidential (10/97) A richly compelling close-up of corrupt Hollywood lawmen. ¥¥¥¥
Men in Black (9/97) Hunting aliens and making it look like fun. ¥¥¥¥
Mimic (10/97) Mutations on the prowl with believable Mira Sorvino. ¥¥½
The Myth of Fingerprints (10/97) Family that stays together, barely, for bleak Thanksgiving in New England. ¥¥¥
The Peacemaker (See review) Kidman and Clooney avoid nuclear mess. ¥¥¥
A Smile Like Yours (10/97) Soapy saga of young marrieds trying hard to get pregnant. ¥¥
Soul Food (See review) Three sisters get more than collard greens and chitterlings from mama. ¥¥¥

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥¥ Good show ¥¥ Worth a look ¥ Forget it

GUEST SHOT

"There never seems to be enough time to watch videos," complains **Leslie Nielsen**, "especially when you're working 14-hour days." Still, when *The Naked Gun*–slinging actor finds a moment to fire up the VCR, he prefers to study the works of his fellow comedy legends, including Carol Burnett, Buddy Hackett and Norm Crosby. Nielsen is also a fan of Tim Conway's *Dorf on Golf* videos, primarily because Nielsen has a few under his own name (*Bad Golf My Way*, *Bad Golf Made Easier* and the forthcoming *Stupid Little Golf Video*). As for nonlinks flicks, Nielsen admits to the occasional rewind of *Airplane* or a *Naked Gun* installment—but never when alone. "It's best to watch those movies with an audience," he says, "because some people catch things that others miss. I even miss things from my own films." —BRENT M. CONKLIN

VIDBITS

It was part of the Golden Age of Hollywood, the era between world wars when such greats as Cary Grant and Jean Harlow lit up the screen. Riding shotgun on the star wave, however, was the musical short subject. Kino on Video has plumbed the vaults of Paramount Pictures to package 31 of them for release. ***Hollywood Rhythm*** is a four-volume set that includes ***Radio Rhythms*** (stylings of Bing Crosby, Rudy Vallee and Mae "Betty Boop" Questel), ***Jazz Cocktails*** (highlighted by Cab Calloway's *Hi-De-Ho*, Fats Waller's *Ain't Misbehavin'* and a swing lesson from Artie Shaw), ***Blue Melodies*** (classic melancholy from Billie Holiday and Duke Ellington, plus Bessie Smith's only film appearance) and ***Rhapsodies in Black and Blue*** (offbeat pre–Production Code offerings, including Louis Armstrong in leopard skin singing [*I'll Be Glad When You're Dead*] *You Rascal You*). Each tape is $24.95; the boxed set is $89.95.

STRANGER THAN FICTION

The unbelievable truth is that sometimes you can't make up this stuff.

Texas Chainsaw Massacre (1974): This saga of a family of cannibals—who also make the best barbecue in the Lone Star State—is inspired by the 1957 tale of Wisconsin handyman Ed Gein. Bon appétit.

Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid (1969): The Hole in the Wall Gang is the real deal, as are Butch (Paul Newman) and Sundance (Robert Redford). But the unstoppable posse—who *are* those guys?

Cool Runnings (1993): A Jamaican bobsled team in the Olympics? Preposterous, but for the most part true. The team members have never even seen snow. They also never see gold.

Dog Day Afternoon (1975): All fumbling Sonny (Al Pacino) wants is a bank haul to pay for his lover's sex change. Instead he winds up on the front pages. Attica! Attica!

M. Butterfly (1993): For two decades French diplomat Rene Gallimard (Jeremy Irons) thinks his lover, a Beijing opera star, is a woman. Then he discovers her dick.

Birdman of Alcatraz (1962): Oscar-nominated Burt Lancaster soars as sensitive inmate Robert Stroud, who spent 54 years in prison becoming a world-renowned bird-watcher.

Glory (1989): The exploits of the first black unit of the Civil War are adapted in part from letters written by its commander, Colonel Robert Shaw (Matthew Broderick). Denzel Washington won an Oscar as a runaway slave turned soldier.

Henry & June (1990): Married eroticist Anaïs Nin writes the sex book on boyfriend Henry Miller, while he documents the loves of his bisexual wife, June (Uma Thurman). Eventually they all get together. Hot stuff.

Midnight Express (1978): The plight of Billy Hayes (Brad Davis), imprisoned in Turkey for attempting to smuggle hashish, remains the best just-say-no argument ever.

Das Boot (1981): You think rush-hour traffic is miserable? Lothar-Günther Buchheim's Nazi sub has to dodge Allied depth charges from the North Atlantic to the Mediterranean.

Communion (1989): Novelist Whitley Strieber (Christopher Walken) is abducted by space aliens time and again. Well, he *says* it's a true story.

My Left Foot (1989): Daniel Day-Lewis is Christy Brown, born with a palsy that immobilizes all but a foot. His writing, typed with a single toe, wins awards. Inspiring. —BUZZ MCCLAIN

LASER FARE

The last thing that you want when you sit down to an X-rated laser is commentary from a director who won't shut up. But you'll appreciate the musings of adult film auteur Andrew Blake, who backs up the searing vignettes in his ***Les Femmes Erotiques*** (Laserdisc Entertainment, $60) with entertaining chat, whether he's telling you the latex masks were courtesy of the designer who made Michelle Pfeiffer's Catwoman headgear, or dropping such bons mots as, "Here's Dolly with the breast pumps and brainwave monitor." The visuals are pretty hot, too. —GREGORY P. FAGAN

VIDEO MOOD METER

MOOD	MOVIE
ACTION	***Volcano*** (Los Angeles swamped by lava as Tommy Lee Jones promotes calm; fine smoke-and-ooze effects, but script fizzles), ***Anaconda*** (intrepid film crew comes between Jon Voight and titular superserpent; call it *Moby Snake*).
INTRIGUE	***The Saint*** (genius thief Val Kilmer nabs cold fusion formula from genius babe Elisabeth Shue; dopey but OK), ***Austin Powers: International Man of Mystery*** (Mike Myers is cryogenic refugee of Sixties Brit spy flicks; groovy fun).
THRILLER	***Breakdown*** (desert desperadoes swipe the wrong yuppie's wife; Kurt Russell shines in tense knockoff of *The Vanishing*), ***Murder at 1600*** (cop Wesley Snipes throws uppercuts to White House murder cover-up; decent support from Dennis Miller).
CLASS OF '87	***Grosse Pointe Blank*** (conflicted hit man Cusack mixes pleasure, work and therapy at ten-year reunion; smart stuff), ***Romy and Michele's High School Reunion*** (Sorvino and Kudrow are dippy duo faking success; more cute than clever).
SLEEPER	***Traveller*** (scheming scion of Southern grifter clan falls in love with his mark; Bill Paxton leads solid cast), ***The Last Time I Committed Suicide*** (moody slice of life based on letter written by Jack Kerouac pal Neal Cassady; Beat lite).

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BOOKS

DELILLO'S HISTORY OF THE UNDERWORLD

You do not read Don DeLillo on an airplane. His newest novel, an 832-page epic called ***Underworld*** (Scribner), explores the last half century of American history in the subterranean zone where life is lived. DeLillo begins his narrative with what is perhaps the most famous baseball game ever—the Dodgers and the Giants at the Polo Grounds in 1951, when Bobby Thomson hit the home run called "the shot heard round the world." In DeLillo's fictional world, J. Edgar Hoover is called away from the game to be informed that the Russians have exploded a nuclear bomb, the shot unheard round the world. Both shots changed lives, even life, as DeLillo illustrates. There are lovely, heartbreaking glimpses of the old New York neighborhoods and wonderfully realized scenes of life in the new suburbanized, cyberized America. The larger the canvas, the better DeLillo paints. He is a novelist of big themes. His work is so ambitious that it tends both to soar and to fall flat, sometimes in the same book. Within the space of a single page, the reader can feel a sudden shock of insight and also find himself wondering, "What in God's drawers does that mean?" Never mind. *Underworld* is a tour de force, a book worth reading despite its failures. —GEOFFREY NORMAN

TAG SALE STARS

In case you hadn't noticed, book publishing has gone Hollywood: Publishers are chasing big-name stars for huge bucks. And why not? Celebrity sells, right? Not quite. Jay Leno's $4 million *Leading With My Chin* tanked. Coincidentally, Leno's publisher, Harper Collins, canceled dozens of existing contracts with authors. Johnnie Cochran and Dick Morris flopped big-time. Returns from book retailers have reached an unprecedented high. "Sure there have been a few flamboyant failures," admits Paul Bresnick, the editor who started the trend a decade ago when he brought Bill Cosby into print. "But that won't dissuade publishers. It's a matter of picking your shots. This is high-stakes gambling and the savviest players will win." Bresnick should know. His company, William Morrow, reportedly paid $6 million and $5 million for the forthcoming books by Whoopi Goldberg and Paul Reiser.

THE FABULOUS FABULISTS

Now that *Pathfinder* has landed on Mars, let's hail the visionaries who first took us there. Walter Miller Jr.'s *A Canticle for Leibowitz* was an instant classic and a Hugo winner in 1961. But in a J.D. Salinger–like act, he disappeared—until now. The posthumous sequel, ***Saint Leibowitz and the Wild Horse Woman*** (Bantam), was completed by Terry Bisson after Miller's death. It continues the saga of a future world searching for spiritual values in the aftermath of a nuclear holocaust. Harlan Ellison's ***Slippage*** (Houghton Mifflin) brings together 21 outrageous, inventive stories (previously uncollected) that celebrate the 40th anniversary of his career. Kurt Vonnegut's first full-length novel in seven years is ***Timequake*** (Putnam), a memoir through the eyes of his old friend Kilgore Trout. It's a biting send-up of the vapid Nineties. —DIGBY DIEHL

CATHY HULL

MAGNIFICENT OBSESSIONS

It's always good to know what you're drinking—and we have a crash course to prepare you for the holidays. Start with the ***Classic*** series (Trafalgar Square) on bottled beers, vodka, bourbon, stouts and porters, Irish whiskey and cocktails. Each small volume contains history, pictures and intriguing details (did you know it takes 24 pounds of potatoes to make a liter of vodka?). If you need to know how to mix a sidecar or make a champagne cocktail, check out ***The Bartender's Deck*** (Chronicle). Its 50 recipe cards in an easy-to-use format are the perfect crib sheet. Are you intimidated by wine stewards? Read Kevin Zraly's new edition of ***Windows on the World Complete Wine Course*** (Sterling) and order with aplomb.—LEOPOLD FROEHLICH

COOL CULTURE

Rhino Records and General Publishing have teamed up to bring out an archival series of books on music. The latest edition, ***Cool, Man: A Swing Through the World of Jazz*** by Bob Blumenthal, begins with Dixieland and wends its way to fusion. Look for it this spring and chill. Or go into the country at Opryland and at down-home Southern festivals, including Rattlesnake Roundup Hillbilly Days and Mule Day, in Rodger Lyle Brown's ***Ghost Dancing on the Cracker Circuit*** (University Press of Mississippi). —HELEN FRANGOULIS

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HEALTH & FITNESS

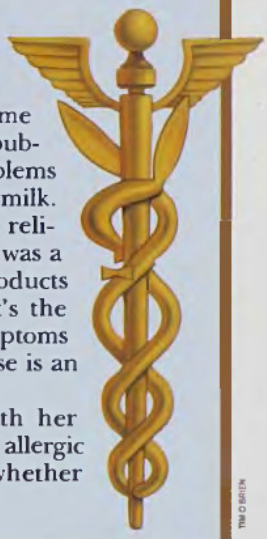
POWER BREAKFAST

If you think all you need in the morning is a cup of strong coffee, you should listen to your mother. Breakfast—food, not caffeine—really is the most important meal of the day. "Within three hours or less of waking, you are running on empty," warns Maudene Nelson from Columbia University's Institute of Human Nutrition. "Because no glucose is available, your body breaks down muscle cells for the glycogen that's stored for emergencies." Caffeine on an empty stomach gives you a brief buzz, but then you crash. "With food, coffee increases mental acuity. On an empty stomach, it's a big mistake. Which foods are best for breakfast? Try a peanut butter–and-jelly sandwich on whole-grain bread and an orange or apple. That's protein, fiber and, best of all, simple and complex carbohydrates that slowly release energy over several hours. These are the things you need at breakfast." Similar benefits come from oatmeal with low-fat milk and raisins, or low-fat cereal and milk with fruit. If you prefer a muffin, make sure it can pass the "paper test"—place it on a napkin and count to five. If the fat in it makes a transparent ring, go back to oatmeal. "And I wouldn't recommend canned meals such as Nutrament or instant breakfasts," says Nelson. "Whole-grain muffins are one of the best breakfast choices."

DR. PLAYBOY

Q: I love milk, but my girlfriend won't drink it. She claims she's allergic to it. What's the deal?

A: Lactose intolerance is a genuine ailment, but it's also the basis for a cult. Members troop to the "alternative" section of supermarket dairy coolers or to health food stores to buy expensive lactose-free milk, cheese, ice cream and yogurt. Dr. Michael Levitt, a skeptic, worried that the cult's zealousness might lead to more calcium deficiency. So, at the VA's Medical Center in Minneapolis, he did a study of 19 people who claimed to be lactose intolerant. The study found that all 19 could tolerate two glasses of milk without suffering any appreciable symptoms. "I blame product manufacturers and general publications for overdramatizing the problems that can result from small amounts of milk. They've made lactose intolerance a religion." Levitt says lactose intolerance was a minor problem until lactose-free products gained extensive publicity. "Now it's the newest fad disease. Humans hate symptoms they can't find a cause for, and lactose is an easy scapegoat."



Your girlfriend should check with her physician to determine if she's really allergic to milk and milk by-products—or whether she's bought into the hype.

BLOODY REAL

If you like your surgery without stars, check out *The Operation*, a voyeur's view from the Learning Channel. The show, which has featured everything from hair transplant to vasectomy reversal to breast reconstruction, can be graphic and compelling. That may be why it has spawned the latest Saturday night–social fad—*Operation* parties. But, according to Bill Hayes, the show's producer, its aim is to enlighten and educate the public. "In real life, patients—and their families—often don't get advance information about the surgical procedures they will undergo." Hayes wants to give medical consumers, subjected to an increasingly dehumanizing health care system, a chance to make informed decisions about elective and emergency procedures, as well as about surgeons. "Each show's tone is set by the type of surgery," says Hayes. Before and after the operation, patients, families and sometimes the doctors are interviewed. Medical students collect and trade tapes of the show. Catch it Saturdays at eight P.M. and 11 P.M., Eastern time.

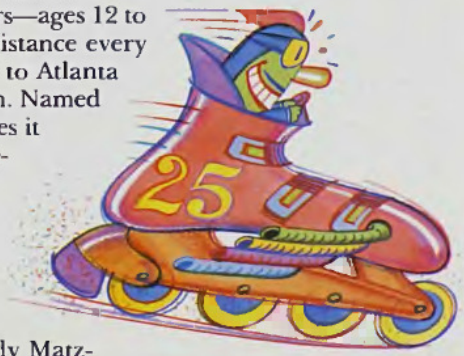
Operating theater

LISTENING TO HERBS?

It's not Prozac, but an herb called St. John's wort seems to take the edge off mild depression and anxiety. Some European studies suggest that the bioactive substances in St. John's wort, especially hypericin, help to reduce feelings of depression, apathy and anxiety by regulating mood-altering neurotransmitters in the brain. Prescription medications, including Prozac, work in similar ways and may be the best choice for those who are clinically depressed. But if you just have the blues and don't want to deal with Prozac's possible side effects—loss of libido and appetite—or would rather not have an antidepression prescription on your insurance record, try 300 milligrams of St. John's wort a day. It's safe, cheap and, in Germany, available like candy.

SWING BLADE

Going six miles is good exercise on in-line skates, but add 80 miles and you have an intense workout. Hundreds of skaters—ages 12 to 61—race the 86-mile distance every October in the Athens to Atlanta Road-Skating Marathon. Named for the two Georgia cities it connects, this is the preeminent point-to-point skate in America. It was started 16 years ago by a group of skaters who used to bar-roll in Atlanta's Buckhead district. Eddy Matzger, the four-time champ who won last year in 4:25:25, says, "It's a question of psyching yourself up." Skating half the course is also an option. Helmets, wrist guards and IDs are required for this year's race, on October 12. For more information, call 404-634-9032.



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MEN

By ASA BABER

So Buddha walks by as I'm watching a televised chart of the Dow as it approached 8300 this past August 7. We are at the health club, and we both start chuckling at the graph on the TV screen. Only last April the Dow was under 6400. Nineteen hundred points straight up in a mere four months is a heady trip and a feat to be admired.

"What I don't understand," Buddha says, "is where all this money is coming from." Buddha, a commodities trader, is no slouch in those matters, but this stock market bothers him.

"It comes from Mr. and Ms. America and all the ships at sea," I joke.

"And many ports unknown around the globe," Buddha chuckles. "But wait until the weather changes. There will be a giant sucking sound from Wall Street sooner or later, so get ready to rumble, Ace. As soon as the public is fully invested, things will turn negative and Mr. and Ms. America will be out of luck. Markets thrive on change. They were made to take your money. But most people forget that fact."

That conversation stays with me for the next week, and credit goes to Buddha for giving me the motivation to write this *Men* column. I'm no fortune-teller, but I know when a market is overripe with risk and should be treated with deference, even cowardice.

I've seen soybeans climb to more than $10 a bushel and corn drop to less than $2 a bushel, priced at the grain bin. But through all the change and chaos of the agricultural market, I have always tried not so much to make a killing as to control my risks. That means I don't chase the market highs, I don't panic at the lows and I always hedge my bets. I am an economically conservative male, in other words, who places survival ahead of glory, covering my ass and never risking too much in a market that seems too volatile for me.

All of which leads me to ask you, good reader: How do you behave in financial markets? Are you a mensch who proceeds with caution? Or are you a child who proceeds with abandon?

FYI, I am writing this column on August 14, 1997. The Dow Jones industrial average closed today at 7942, and we seem to be basking in economically perfect conditions: Inflation is low, corporate earnings are high, consumer prices are steady and there are no threats from the Fed to raise interest rates any time soon. Nothing but net, as the ad says.

STEVE BOSWICK

REAL MEN HEDGE THEIR BETS

But I suggest that the time has come for you to start controlling your risks by taking at least some of your stock-market winnings off the table. Because the stock market, which used to be a more sober and stodgy institution than the commodities markets, seems to have acquired a certain white-powder quality to it these days. You should ask yourself how much more action you need to snort before you're satiated.

Take a look at the history of the Dow Jones industrial average during this century. It is trying to tell us something:

It was not until 1956 that the Dow climbed to the 500 level for the first time. It then took 16 years to double in value, reaching 1000 in 1972. It took another 15 years to double again, reaching the 2000 mark in 1987, but then things began to speed up. The Dow doubled next in only eight years, reaching 4000 in 1995. And then, *two years later* (in July 1997), it doubled again and reached the 8000 mark.

If the Dow follows this pattern, it should hit 16,000 by the end of next year. Will you remain fully invested in the market on the chance that you might wring every last dollar out of the next high? Or will you grow up and take some protection for your portfolio?

Over the past few years, the American stock market has provided fantastic opportunities for profits, and a lot of guys—including some of my rowdy friends—are betting the ranch that the good times will continue unabated.

But I say these guys are dreamers, unable to acknowledge the inevitably brutal nature of all markets, unwilling to face the harsh terms of a zero-sum game where there's a loser for every winner. They are forgetting that, in the long run, markets are not warm and fuzzy places. Markets can kill.

I know men today who have taken out home-equity loans and are investing that money in the market. They are buying stocks on margin, investing all their savings in index funds, maxing out their credit limits, borrowing on their life insurance policies and their children's savings, selling family heirlooms—doing anything and everything to get more of the action. And, like all druggies, they are in a perpetual can't-lose frame of mind.

I'm told that the Securities and Exchange Commission recently conducted a poll of American investors and found that one fifth of them now operate on the assumption that stock prices will always go up. In short, we have a generation of stock-market junkies, guys addicted to the action, just as we had in 1929.

What will damage this market and when will it happen? Those are irrelevant questions to the hedger. "Something is going to happen, but I don't know what or when," would be his answer. "In the meantime, I'm going to take some of my profits and live to invest another day."

It may come as news to some of my coked-up buddies, but the toughest fact to face is this: In every predepression economy, the working public's liquidity is sucked into an exciting spiral of rising valuations and expectations that seem to be headed straight to the halls of heaven. And only after his worldly worth has been collected (and the financial experts who were hyping the market so relentlessly before are now saying that they saw the disaster ahead of time) does John Q. Public come to realize that heaven has no place on earth—and neither does he.

WOMEN

By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

I have run away from home. I threw some clothes into a suitcase, grabbed the dogs, got in my truck and drove to San Francisco. Now I have checked into a hotel. I am really frightened. Whenever I go outside I keep falling, bumping my head on trees and poles. I keep going blank.

The city is too much to cope with. Homeless people frighten me. Dead-eyed rich women madly shopping frighten me more. Victorian houses painted mauve with orange trim make me think I'm in Pennsylvania, hallucinating. I am not myself.

I can't decide what to do about my wedding ring. Put it on, take it off, repeat for an hour. It's such a beautiful ring, from Tiffany's, too expensive, too elegant.

I married one year ago. It was so perfect. My husband and I became friends on the phone first. He led me to believe he was a fat, ugly, soft, pasty computer geek, so I thought, OK then, friends. When I first saw him, in the parking lot in front of the bookstore where we were to meet, I thought, Damn, what a gorgeous, brawny construction worker. If only he had brains.

Three weeks after we met he was to pick me up at the airport. I got off the plane and saw him standing there in the terminal with a huge bouquet of red roses and a tiny blue box. I got dizzy. He led me to a chair in the waiting room, got down on his knees and proposed marriage.

"Yes," I said, yes, oh, absolutely yes, I want to be married to you, my wonderful dream man. No more confusing connections, no more nausea brought on by doomed expectations. You are smart, you are totally hilarious and you are beautiful. Absolutely. There is no doubt about it. Yes.

Today is my birthday. My friend Bev got a party together fast. I wore my wedding ring. All these lovely San Francisco friends, saying, "Happy birthday! Where's that darling husband of yours?" I made up bright chirping lies. I put on a paper tiara.

I didn't marry him for money, or for fear of becoming a lonely old maid. I can't wait until the day I am an old maid, trolling through the Oxfordshire countryside with a pack of dogs and a wicked tongue. I was not only content on my own but often downright festive as well.

ANTHONY RUSSO

BEWARE OF MR. RIGHT

Then I fell in love with this man all the way to my reptilian brain.

We laughed and laughed. We squabbled over shelf space and forced each other to read favorite books. In the supermarket he liked to grab me and start fox-trotting. We each thought the other was madly sexy, even as I was putting on weight, then more weight. And got headaches. My cholesterol count rocketed out of control. And we laughed and laughed.

Yesterday I left the hotel and drove into the country, to a tiny town at the edge of California. A hotel was the marriage counselor's idea. "When it gets like that, pick up your purse, go to a hotel," she said. The driving for seven hours was my own twist.

How do marriage counselors sleep at night, knowing all they know about marriage and not screaming it to the world? They should stand on their rooftops in their pajamas with megaphones, shouting, "Citizens! Heed my words! Never marry! Marriage is bad! Marriage is a bloodbath!"

But no, everyone keeps mum. No one tells you about the sniping in the kitchen, the words like grenades flung across the bed, the radioactive silences in the rose garden. It's a big state secret that the merest ghost of a grimace of disapproval can cause cold-blood rage.

My husband and I looked right into each other's souls and felt the urge to kill each other. I don't know why. I don't know how I ended up locking myself in the bathroom and puking into the toilet for the sake of love.

When I see into a beloved friend's soul, I am full of affection, forgiveness, acceptance. But a beloved friend doesn't shriek with abandonment fear when you start to walk out the door. A beloved friend watches calmly as you go away for days or even months. A beloved friend shows no interest in scrutinizing your every action for a clue to some sort of secret betrayal.

It's the sex, of course. Primordial-ooze sex, the people's choice.

The conspiracies of the selfish gene make the machinations of the military-industrial complex look like a game of tic-tac-toe.

I decided when I was in the cardiologist's office and the technician was pasting electrodes all over my body that perhaps this marriage wasn't working for me. My reptilian brain had come up with a sudden new agenda: Get the fuck out, now.

So I have rented myself a little cabin with a record player and actual 30-year-old vinyl records. Right now I'm listening to the Band sing *The Shape I'm In*. I feel OK. Well, awash with grief, but no longer insane and a danger to myself and others. I have walked on empty beaches, staring at the shark-riddled ocean. I have discussed my life with the ospreys and the night herons, who are good listeners.

Women have, of course, taken over. They're feeding me, massaging me, giving me acupuncture and Chinese herbs, finding me places to stay and telling me to start crying already for God's sake or I'll never feel better.

Men have stayed politely in the background, the pharmacist solicitously filling my prescriptions, the mechanic silently changing a flat tire with a "she could blow at any time" demeanor.

My jeans are looser. I am healing nicely. As soon as I'm better I am going to drive back into the city and get myself a honking huge tattoo of a snarling canine alpha bitch.

I can't wait to show my husband.

Switch down to lower tar and still find smooth, enjoyable taste. Go for it!

You know

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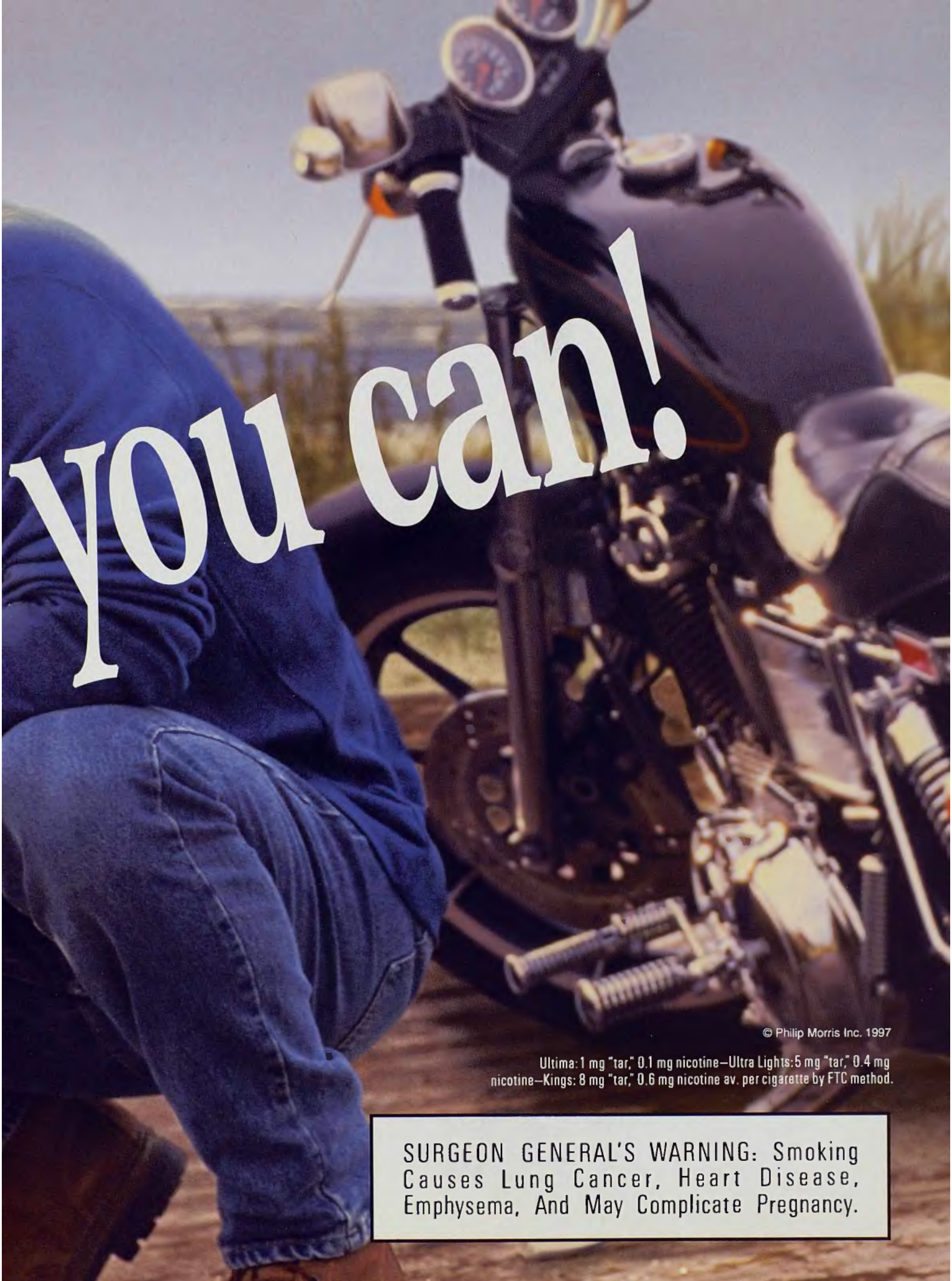

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"Mr. Jenkins thinks if they served Tanqueray in the penalty box perhaps the players would be less hostile to each other."

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The Jacket's Back

Now we're talking retro—the smoking jacket is back. Originally, the garment was designed to keep a Victorian gentleman from smelling like an ashtray when he emerged from his library after brandy and cigars with the boys. But today, the scent of a hand-rolled stogie lingering on the Armani is more an aphrodisiac than a turnoff, and the smoking jacket is strictly ornamental. If you're going to indulge in one, go over the top. You don't smoke cheap cigars—why wear a second-rate smoking jacket? Pictured here: the maroon velvet Il Magnifico model available from New York tobacconist Nat Sherman. Price: $450, in sizes large and extra large. If you want to go way over the top, you can't improve on Brioni, which has a jacket for $1650.

Fire When Ready

Both Prometheus' futuristic Cyber (above left) and the no-nonsense Torch deliver a wind-resistant pinpoint blue flame that's hotter than the devil's ashtray. Apply the business end of either product to your cigar and—voilà—you'll get an even light with no butane backlash. Both sell for about $65 and come in a variety of colors.

The Cocktail Hour

If you like to do your drinking with style, handsome barware is a must. Here's some of the best. From left to right: A sterling silver bottle opener, corkscrew and stirrer are parts of a five-piece set by Asprey ($1250, including a fitted leather case). The crystal rocks glass is by Cartier ($85). The silver cocktail mixer ($595), martini glass with a silver-plated stem ($50) and sterling silver olive pick (six for $90) are from Bergdorf Goodman. The silver-plated ice bucket ($185) and matching tongs ($20) are from Fortunoff.

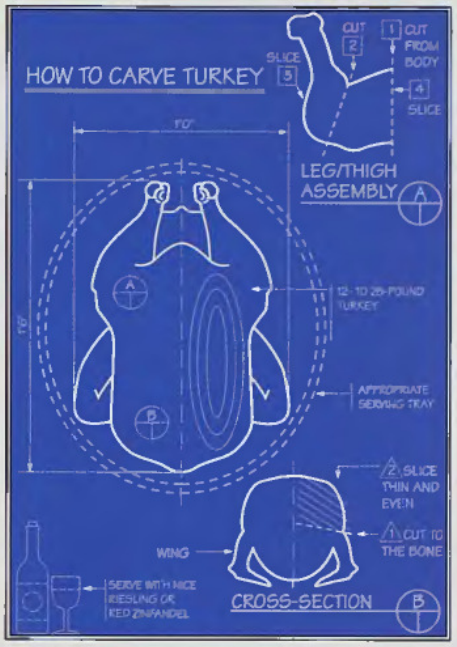
MANTRACK

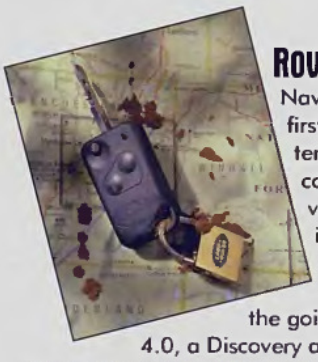
Soft Wheelin'

Maybe you like the idea of adventure bicycling but still prefer luxe accommadatians and gourmet fare. Each of the follawing bike tauring companies affers superb limited-number guided trips with first-rate ladging and meals. One of Backroads' mast luxurious taurs is its Lubéron and Vaucluse, France eight-day trip. It blends 30-miles-per-day excursions with Mediterranean cuisine and fine wine. Land cost: $3095. For globe-trotting further east, contact Backroods about its ten-day Balinese and Indonesian Paradise trip. The $2298 land cost includes a raft ride dawn the Ayung River. Irish Cycling Safaris offers a six-day taur araund the caastal peninsulas af West Cark and Kerry, tapped off by a blowout night an the town in Killarney. Land cost: abaut $425. Same great Stateside vacations are offered by Pacific Crest Mountain Bike Tours. The Best of Bend in Oregon, for example, is an easy-to-moderate four-doy taur that takes yau fram snawcapped valcanaes to sagebrush deserts. Land cost: $595.

Talking Turkey

The Thanksgiving table is set. It's your jab ta carve the bird without making it laok like roadkill. Here's how: Use a steel ta make sure yaur carving knife is shorp. Insert a carving fork where the thigh bane meets the bady. Separate the jaint and bend the leg and thigh downward. (You can also separate the leg fram the thigh if you like.) Carve the meat aff the bone in quarter-inch slices. Arrange the meat an a heated platter. That takes care of the dark meat. Next, begin halfway up the breast and use a steady stroke to cut thin and even slices to the bone. (Switch to a long, serrated knife for smoother cut. If you remove the wishbone, carving the breast will be easy.) Continue slicing, starting at a higher paint each time until the crest of the bone is reached. If you need mare meat, ga ahead and carve the other side. Dan't farget the stuffing, but dan't sweat the little stuff. It's mare impartant ta eat it while it's hot.





Rover Comes Over

Naw that you've baught a Land Rover, check into the company's first Stateside off-road, year-raund driving school, near Manchester, Vermont and learn haw ta drive it. Using a specially built course with boulders, streams and trees piled like jackstraws, visitars are taught the finer points af survival matoring, including "slow, careful route-selection and precise vehicle cantral." This comes in handy when climbing steep hills or driving thraugh the waads. And when there's snow an the ground, the going gets even taugher. A private lesson aboard a Range Rover 4.0, a Discovery ar a Defender 90 is $120 an haur. (Group lessans are available at lower rates.) The Equinax Resort in Manchester, which consists af 2300 acres in the Green Mountains, offers packages with accammodatians and a lessan starting at $554. (Land Raver awners receive a ten percent discount.) The Marsh Tavern is where tall tales are swapped at trail's end. Ta reserve a spot, call the Equinox Resort at 800-362-4747.

The Little Putt-Putt That Could

The Di Blasi folding motorbike may be the most portable means of transportation since the shae. It weighs 68 paunds and unfolds—yes, it does—in three seconds. This is no flimsy tay, though. It's sturdy and reliable. Its fuel tank halds a madest three quarters of a gallan of a 50-to-1 mixture af gasoline and ail. However, since it gets 130 miles per gallan, your driving range is an impressive 97.5 miles. And while it may nat be the vehicle ta impress the bays during the Harley road rally in Sturgis, South Dakota, it is perfectly suited ta throw onbaard your baat or yaur plane ar in the back af yaur truck. Its speed taps aut at 30 miles per haur, which certainly is fast enough to get around the harbor or explore the area near the landing field. The bike falds up as easily and quickly as it apens and stares in a space of five cubic feet. Did we mention that a handy carrying bag is aptianal? As a package, it probably weighs less than yaur girlfriend's luggage.

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MANTRACK

Boss Golf

You're no Tiger an the golf course, but you're playing 18 holes with your boss this weekend. Not ta worry. Even if yaur tee shots wander and you putt with hands of stone, you can carry the day with etiquette. **Fall back:** Let him decide which tees to play from. Call them farward tees, not ladies' tees. If yaur boss is female, give her the farward-tee advantage and get back where you belong. **Do the math:** Offer to keep score and write down whatever is said without questioning it. **Take the wheel:** Offer to drive the cart, but don't make like Jeff Gordon. **Don't talk shap:** Unless he (or she) brings up wark, business is rarely done an the course. **Keep it moving:** If yau're not a good golfer, don't be afraid ta pick up to move things along. **Bring a stash:** Cigars and golf go hand in hand. Bring extras; don't light up alone. **Pick up the tab:** Offer to pay far drinks ar lunch after the round. If there are other business associates present, don't preempt the senior person. **Who wins?** Whoever. Don't wuss out.

Retail Heaven

Holland & Holland, the British firm that has supplied expensive and extravagantly good shotguns and rifles to the royal family since 1835, has brought its clothing and accessories business to Manhattan. It's all on display at its new stare at 50 East 57th Street, and the company is planning to open ane in Beverly Hills. Here yau can find shooting vests, safari jackets and gear, footwear, sweaters, silks, ties, leather gaods and other necessities for urban survivalists, in a setting that Ralph Lauren will envy. It's a place you can spend time in, the way yau can in a baakstore—brawsing, finding the unexpected. And there are also women's gaods at Holland & Holland, so you may go in with your girlfriend, but she'll have to find her own way around.

Jeep Breed

It's tough to update an icon, but Jeep felt it was time. The latest and best Wrangler has returned with round headlights and has become softer and more luxurious. But it still leaves Honda CRVs and Toyota RAV4s in the dust when the trail is challenging. A Quadra-Coil suspension system crafted from the Grand Cherokee's, makes highway driving as much a pleasure as it can be when you're in a car with a 93.4" wheelbase, rigid seats, iron-bound shocks and knobby tires. Offroad, it will still climb up a mountain in low-low. Both the soft-tops and optional hardtops are better sealed than in past models, and you can choose from a 120-horsepawer faur ar a 181-hp six (our choice). The windshield naw slants a tad to the rear, but it still folds down. Priced from $13,500 ta $19,000, the Wrangler SE remains a rough-riding bargain.

The Young Men and the Sea

When Hemingway's fisherman caught his once-in-a-lifetime billfish, he had a heck of a time getting it back ta share. Once he did it had been eaten by sharks and people didn't even believe his strike was real in the first place. In short, he got little tangible reward for his trouble. If you, too, have aspirations abaut reeling in a trophy fish, yau may want ta cansider entering next July's 15th Annual Bay Point Invitational Billfish Taurnament centered in Panama City, Florida. If you catch the winning fish, you'll win a check for $100,000 far yaur efforts. Not too shoddy. The tournament is a three-day event in which more than 80 boats participate while thousands of people gather onshore to watch. (The tournament has been called Bay County's party of the year.) Fishermen pay $6300 to enter the event and over the weekend spend an additional $12,000 to $15,000 on equipment, crew, fuel, satellite weather reports and aircraft-scouting services. It's obviously a highly competitive environment, but even if yau don't catch the winning billfish, a sizable tuna, wahoo or dolphin could fetch $40,000.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 167.

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

The most uncomfortable moment on a first date is figuring out how liberated a woman is when it comes to paying the bill. Some become annoyed if you pick up the check. Others get annoyed if you don't. Are there telltale signs that a woman of the Nineties wants you to pay? Why can't it be like the old days, when it wasn't considered sexist if the man took care of everything? It could get expensive, but at least we weren't left guessing.—R.R., Valrico, Florida

Take heart. The rules haven't changed. It's just that now women sometimes do the asking. If you're taking her to dinner, you pay. If she asked you out, she pays. (If she doesn't offer, it's yours.) If she wants to split the check, tell her she can pick it up next time. If there obviously won't be a next time, take care of it anyway. That may not work in every situation. Some women will insist on sharing the bill because they worry about your expectations. Being a man of the Nineties, you have none. The ideal situation, of course, is when she picks up the check and you get laid.

I read the letters in September about women not wanting men to come in their mouths. Exactly what percentage of women perform oral sex to climax? I was married two years before I even put my hand on my husband's penis. It was seven years before he succeeded in having me put my mouth on it. This all changed when some women I know at church were talking sex one Sunday after service. When one said she enjoyed having her husband come in her mouth, the rest of us were aghast! We were told that the taste was not objectionable, and if the come was swallowed immediately you hardly knew it was in your mouth. Reluctantly, I let my husband come in my mouth, making him think I was just too slow to get out of the way. The next time we had oral sex he performed on me until I was aroused beyond comprehension. When I went down on him, I had about half of his penis in my mouth and was pumping the shaft with my hand. I knew he was coming so I pumped faster and let him shoot into my mouth. I continued to suck and he started squirming and said I was killing him, but I was determined to finish the job. It was terrific! At last, after ten years, I had given my husband a real blow job. Now we have more fulfilling sex than ever. I did not know how wonderful it could be until my eyes were opened that Sunday morning after church.—T.L., Denver, Colorado

Now, there's a confession you don't hear every day. Have you come in his mouth yet? According to surveys we've seen, nine in ten people engage in oral sex. It's fun. There has

been much less research into the number of women who allow men to come in their mouths, but we're working on it. In a poll of college students conducted by PLAYBOY *last year, about 60 percent of the female respondents said they let the man come in their mouths. (Of those, a third said they swallow; a third said "it depends." We like to think it depends on if you ask nicely.)*

There are a number of record albums that I would like to convert to cassettes. Many have not yet been released on compact disc, and I can't afford to replace them all with CDs anyway. My equipment is low-end, though adequate for me, but the scratches and clicks picked up by the stylus are annoying and distracting. I've heard there's a liquid you can spread on the surface of the record that's supposedly viscous enough to fill in minor imperfections but thin enough that it doesn't mute the sound. Have you heard of it?—L.T., Mount Dora, Florida

For one-time recordings, you can probably get away with covering the surface of an LP with cleaning fluid and playing it wet. But repeated use of this quick fix will almost certainly ruin your stylus. If the damage to the vinyl isn't too severe, an aerosol called Gruv-Glide ($25) may be what you're looking for. Other options include Kymas Vinyl Restorer ($70) and Nitty Gritty LP cleaning machines ($200 and up). The folks at Jerry Raskin's Needle Doctor (800-229-0644) can give you the lowdown. You should also consider replacing your stylus. A thinner needle can reach deeper into the groove, past surface damage, and extract music from a place that has never been touched. Finally, you could do nothing. Some analog disciples clean their LPs and leave it at that. They say you can train your brain to ignore the sounds of the clicks and scratches.

On a cozy Sunday afternoon a few weekends ago, a girlfriend and I fumbled onto a wonderful sexual technique. I took a hankie and folded it into a triangle. Holding a corner in each hand I slipped the hankie under my scrotum, pulled up the ends and tied them in a knot. The knot was tight enough to cause my testes to jut forward and my penis to become engorged. I tied the loose hankie ends into four more knots. The knots went up toward my belly button. After I slid on top of her, my girlfriend went nuts. The combination of my testes on her anus and the knots rubbing her clitoris gave her an earthshaking orgasm. I too benefited from the experience. Have you heard of this? If so, what's it called?—H.C., Arlington, Virginia

Ingenuity, man. Ingenuity.

I have an original Lava lamp that I received as a gift in 1970 and recently discovered buried in a corner of my attic. It still works, but the liquid has become cloudy and discolored. Do you know where I can purchase new liquid? If not, maybe you know its composition. I work in a biochemistry lab and have access to just about every solvent or chemical that's commercially available.—F.K., Seattle, Washington

The composition is a trade secret, and the Lava gods aren't talking. Years ago the makers of the Lava Lite offered a recharger kit, but now their stock is limited to a prefilled replacement globe or base (phone 800-352-5282). And don't get any bright ideas about buying a new lamp and making a liquid transfer to your antique—it doesn't work. Sad, isn't it? Then again, has a lava lamp actually helped anyone score? If so, we'd love to hear about it.

In July, T.G. of Los Angeles boasted about his remarkable success in seducing and satisfying married women. You pointed him in the right direction, but let an old stud put it more plainly. T.G. needs serious advice before his swelling head, or something else, bursts. Every woman tells every man that he is the best—that's just good manners. What T.G. is hearing is the Nineties version of "Be gentle, I'm a virgin." After he has each of the women in his "harem" 200 or 300 times and nurses them through a couple of hangovers and some PMS, he will see the situation differently. In the meantime, he asks, "Where are these women's husbands?" Well, son, their

ILLUSTRATION BY ISTVAN BANYAI

husbands are out doing and hearing the same things you are.—D.P., Honolulu, Hawaii

We're sure T.G. isn't listening.

My opinion has always been that a lead foil over the cork gives wine a sense of quality. Over the past few years, I've seen more wineries using a plastic disc. Occasionally they are thin enough to pierce with a corkscrew, but more often they seem to be put in place by someone who caps oil wells for a living. What's the best way to remove the thicker plastic discs without chipping the rim of the bottle?—L.M., Mississauga, Ontario

Score around the edge with a lead-foil cutter or small knife. We're always glad to find a bottle that has the newer flange rim and beeswax seal introduced by the Robert Mondavi Winery a few years ago. It's easy to push a corkscrew through the wax, and the bottles are elegant and appealing. Lead symbolizes tradition more than quality. Originally, lead foils kept dirt and rats away from the corks of bottles stored in cellars. These days most wines are opened within a few years of being bottled. Lead foils can contaminate wine, especially older bottles improperly stored on their sides instead of angled slightly upward. The wine makes its way around the cork to the groove at the edge of the rim, where its acids eat away at the foil. When you pour the wine into a glass, it passes over this groove and picks up traces of lead. British researchers who analyzed a bottle of red wine found that the wine itself had an acceptable level of lead (57 parts per billion). But the first glass poured over the rim had almost six times that amount (320 parts per billion). Even after the rim was wiped with a cloth, the reading was 250 parts per billion.

When my girlfriend and I make love, she enjoys it until I have an orgasm. Then she says it starts burning. I'm a Gulf war veteran, and she says she read something about how semen from vets can burn their lovers. Is that true?—R.T., Dallas, Texas

Your girlfriend could be allergic to your semen, which may or may not have something to do with your service in the Persian Gulf war. Earlier this year, the Army allocated $630,000 to study why some Gulf war vets and their partners experience burning, pain and swelling after contact with semen. Dr. Jonathan Bernstein, an immunologist at the University of Cincinnati, will spend the next three years examining whether chemicals or bacteria unleashed during Operation Desert Storm had any effect on vets' semen, or if the condition is similar to the seminal plasma hypersensitivity documented in an earlier study of 1000 civilian women. Besides burning, some women have experienced wheezing, hives, swelling, diarrhea, unconsciousness and even circulatory collapse after intercourse. The immediate solution is to use condoms to prevent contact with semen. If you're a Gulf war vet and you and/or your partner have symptoms of burning semen syndrome, point your Web browser to www.med.uc.edu/semen or phone Dr. Bernstein at 513-558-5533.

Regarding the proper time to throw a millennium New Year's bash (*The Playboy Advisor*, June): First, biblical scholars believe that Jesus was actually born about six years before "year zero," and that calendar revisions over the centuries threw things off. If that's correct, the new century actually began in 1995. Second, once the decade officially begins on January 1, 2001, what is the sophisticated man supposed to call it? The zeroics?—J.L., Castro Valley, California

When you've found an excuse for a great party, don't dissect it. You've had weekend bashes when your birthday fell on Wednesday, right? A tennis partner suggested that the first ten years of the next century be called the love decade. She was cute, so we went with it. But we prefer the aughties. If we're lucky, they'll be the naughties.

The letter in your July issue about whether a man could identify his wife through intercourse without being able to see her prompted my wife and I and two other couples to experiment. First, each of the guys closed his eyes and tried to identify the girls by having each one suck his cock. It was easy, because each girl had a distinct style. Next the girls closed their eyes and we went down on them. This was easy too. Having the girls identify us while sucking our dicks was not that easy. My wife missed naming me twice, and another girl thought I was her husband! Lastly came intercourse. This proved to be the most difficult test and the hardest to keep quiet through. We had sex with each girl, using both front and rear entry. The girls wanted to identify us through rear entry alone. The results were the same: We all missed. No one felt disappointed, since the scientific research was so much fun.—T.J., Raleigh, North Carolina

You call that scientific? Your methods would never pass muster in the PLAYBOY *test bedrooms. First off, where was your control dick? We recommend a no-frills dildo. You also need blindfolds. (You closed your eyes? Yeah, right.) Did everyone bathe with the same brand of soap to cut down on olfactory clues? And much like eating a cracker to cleanse your palate between courses, each woman must be brought to orgasm after each phase of the experiment. Come on, people! Repeat the experiment until you get it right.*

A friend of mine just bought an Audi A8, which has an aluminum frame. He says it drives like a charm, and it did feel more agile the one time he let me behind the wheel (to drive around an empty parking lot). I'm still skeptical. What's the deal with aluminum? Are a lot of automakers using it?—W.R., Tacoma, Washington

Aluminum may be the metal of the future, but don't expect steelmakers to step aside without a fight. Aluminum frames, which you can also find in the Plymouth Prowler and General Motors' electric EV1, are lighter, stiffer and more fuel-efficient than steel ones. The disadvantages are cost (it's four times more expensive than steel) and malleability (it's more difficult to weld and shape). In the long run, less is more. The Audi A8 weighs about 400 pounds less than a comparable BMW.

I'm writing to you because I'm not sure who else to ask. I am easily turned on. I mean, very easily turned on. If I am washing the dishes and touch my clit against the sink, I can have an orgasm. Once I was wearing tight pants and driving, and I had to park and fuck my pants until I came. I've been with the same guy for three years. I sometimes make him park and fuck me. Once, a guy who was walking his dog spotted us. I refused to stop, and the guy got an eyeful. I can't wait for the first big snowfall so my boyfriend can eat me out in the snow (he says it'll be too cold, but I'm going to drag him out there by his jacket collar). Last week at a dinner party I was walking toward him, but before I could say anything he smiled and said sweetly, "No." Later he said he thought I was going to ask him to fuck me under the dinner table. (So I was—is that a crime?) Is there something wrong with me? My sister says I'm sick and need help, but it's not like I'm fucking every Tom, Dick and Harry in town.—M.D., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

You sound fine to us. Horny, but fine. Your sister sounds as if she suffers from what we call the Helms syndrome: She believes that anyone who has more and better sex than she does is a pervert. You should be concerned only if your desires interfere with your life. That is, pulling over to fuck your pants is an impulse. Pulling over every mile to fuck your pants is a compulsion. And it makes you late for work.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a self-addressed, stamped envelope. The most provocative, pertinent questions will be presented in these pages each month. Write the Playboy Advisor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or advisor@playboy.com (because of volume, we cannot respond to all e-mail inquiries). Look for responses to our most frequently asked questions at www.playboy.com/faq, and check out the Advisor's latest collection of sex tricks, "365 Ways to Improve Your Sex Life" (Plume), available in bookstores or by phoning 800-423-9494.*

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THE DESERT INN
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IRRATIONAL PASTIME

what happens when the god squad takes the field?

Oh, somewhere kids hit baseballs,
And somewhere parents shout. But there is no joy in Lillian;
The bluenoses have won out.

There is a Dixie Youth Baseball league (for those under 12 years old) in the small Alabama town of Lillian. The Barracudas were a team sponsored by C&J Video, the local movie rental store. David Bryan, the owner, had been sponsoring the team for four years. His being the only video place in town, you'd think folks would have been reasonably familiar with his business.

But it wasn't until early this past season that the families of four Barracudas players discovered that C&J Video rents X-rated movies. "We are shocked, shocked to learn . . ." they declared (or words to that effect). The parents protested to the league that having their kids become "human billboards" for C&J by wearing its uniforms violated their "sincerely held religious beliefs."

A Dixie league rule says that all players on a team must wear the same official uniform. The offended parents challenged the league by filing a lawsuit. The league said that the children could switch to other teams, perhaps those with ecclesiastically acceptable sponsors. No dice, said the parents. Their position was simple: Nobody should be permitted to wear a C&J uniform.

WAYNE MCLOUGHLIN

Calvin Bartl, a youth pastor of a local evangelical congregation and, somewhat remarkably, the Barracudas' manager, was one of the litigant parents. He summed up their position this way: "A ten-year-old can't buy an X-rated video. Why should a ten-year-old advertise an X-rated video?"

After a brief spree of legalistic snorting and pawing at the ground, a deal was struck (and approved by a circuit court judge). The Barracudas would be disbanded and the players parceled out to the remaining teams.

The plaintiff parents would holster their attorneys, and the games would resume. Hallelujah! Play ball!

But hold those cheers. If this deal doesn't annoy you on principle and several other grounds, perhaps you haven't looked closely enough.

Particularly repellent under scrutiny is the spiteful obliteration of the entire team. It wasn't enough for the plaintiffs' religious sensibilities that their kids would no longer wear C&J uniforms, the same way it's never enough for the aggressively righteous that their kids pray daily, or are denied access to *The Catcher in the Rye*, or are taught that homosexuality is an abomination. Their morality, being "God's morality," must be hewed to by all. And if that means one less kids' baseball team, and thus proportionately less playing time and enjoyment for each kid, so be it.

This is puritanism gone mad. The fact is, C&J isn't the town's "X-rated video store," it's the town's only video store. It's the only place where kids can get copies of such baseball classics as *The Natural* and *Field of Dreams* and *Major League*.

The X-rated tapes are merely a portion of David Bryan's inventory, and a segregated portion at that. They are confined to a trailer that is attached to the store by a corridor that you have to show ID to enter. The youth of Lillian who may hear scalding obscenities from adult fans in the stands are thoroughly insulated from moans of ecstasy at C&J.

Such facts tend to be irrelevant to the remorselessly pious, however. By purists' reckoning, having even one X-rated tape in stock brands you as a pornographer.

And finally, there is the tortured logic that so often results when reason is engulfed by rectitude. In this case that logic has given us, at long last, an explicit and clear-cut rule for commercial exploitation of ten-year-old children: If they can't buy it, they can't be sponsored by it.

What poetic justice if Bryan were to engage the same civil rights lawyer the offended parents hired and go at them with the most potent weapon you can use against militant moralists: their own potholed reasoning.

A ten-year-old can't buy an X-rated video, therefore a baseball team of ten-year-olds can't be sponsored by anyone selling same. With that edict in mind, let's scour the kids' baseball world of all of the inappropriate

By ROBERT S. WIEDER

sponsors. For openers, kids can't buy cars, nor can they legally drive them. So sponsorship by car dealers, mechanics, body shops, gas stations, parts suppliers or even car washes fails to meet the vital "child patronage" criterion and is thus disallowed.

Kids can't buy booze, so eliminate all bars and taverns, as well as restaurants, pizzerias, delis and cafés that serve alcoholic beverages.

Remember: X-rated videos are just a fraction of C&J's trade, which consists mostly of wholesome family-rated movies. But the fact that Bryan sells the hard stuff at all, in whatever amount and however isolated from the main premises, is sufficient to ban him from the sponsorship game.

So too with alcohol: You sell it, you're a sponsor non grata. That includes supermarkets, corner groceries, convenience stores and other sellers of packaged beer or wine.

And what goes for alcohol, of course, goes for tobacco, which removes from the field most drugstores and any establishment with a cigarette machine on the property.

As it happens, the same kids who can't buy X-rated films can't buy tickets to R-rated ones, so we'll have to bar all motion picture theaters and plexes that screen them. Remember, according to the Lillian doctrine, one *Showgirls* nullifies the oeuvre of Hayley Mills.

Also delete from your sponsors list stores that sell sporting goods and outdoor gear, given that most ten-year-olds can't buy firearms or even knives. (Then again, Lillian may be one of those vigilant death-before-disarmament burgs that actually require their citizens, of whatever age, to arm themselves against the threat of assault, robbery, rape, burglary or depictions of human procreation.)

On another front, kids can't enter into legal contracts, so there will be no teams wearing the colors of insurance agents or real estate or law firms. And don't even mention bail bondsmen. (Banks and S&Ls could prove to be a contentious moral gray area.)

Obviously, if you were to carry this imbecilic "Can't buy, can't play for" rule across the board, you would soon eliminate all sponsors, as well as youth baseball itself. That's preposterous—but it's not the real problem.

The real problem is the persistent cadre of moral vigilantes who would be perfectly content with such an outcome, those for whom no sacrifice is too great, especially if it's made by someone they disapprove of.

S C R A

Seems only yesterday that then-Senator James Exon (D–Neb.) was passing around dirty pictures from the Internet to his cronies on Capitol Hill. Those digital downloads inspired the Communications Decency Act—that ill-conceived attempt to clean up cyberspace and make it safe for children, or for childlike minds. A full-blown media panic had created the specter of adults seducing children in chat rooms and exposing youngsters to the vilest pornographic images, thereby creating sexual monsters. The technological revolution, it was said, threatened parents' right to educate their children about sex in their own way. Cyberspace was as insidious as air pollution or secondhand smoke. Even if parents pulled the plug on America Online, the neighbors' kids might still be wired and downloading *Debbie Does Long Dong Silver*.

A panel of three federal judges found the law unconstitutional (see "Freedom on Trial," *The Playboy Forum*, October 1996), but Attorney General Janet Reno and company, fearing charges of being soft on kiddie porn, appealed to the Supreme Court.

On June 26 the Court voted seven-to-two to overturn the CDA. (Now we know which justices got computers for Christmas.) The decision, written by Justice John Paul Stevens, was as excited and technozealous as any dispatch in *Wired*.

"This dynamic, multifaceted category of communication," wrote Justice Stevens, "includes not only traditional print and news services but also audio, video and still images, as well as interactive real-time dialogue. Through the use of chat rooms, any person with a phone line can become a town crier with a voice that resonates farther than it could from any soapbox. Through the use of Web pages, mail exploders and newsgroups, the same individual can become a pamphleteer."

Stevens repeated the finding of the appeals court that "the content on the Internet is as diverse as human thought." The CDA, by targeting topics that were vaguely defined as "indecent" or "patently offensive," would kill chat groups that talked about birth control, abortion, safe sex or prison rape. The price was too high.

Recalling a decision that allowed sexual material to be sent to the home (even though it might be opened by curious children), the Court ruled that regardless of the government's interest in protecting children, "the level of discourse reaching a mailbox simply cannot be limited to that which would be suitable for a sandbox."

Thus, the Court begrudgingly admitted that to be an adult means you have interest in adult activities—sex being the most obvious. Otherwise, what's the point of growing up? And the Court has so far resisted big government's impulse to treat us all as children.

Impose your family values on your own family, not on the Net.

In reaching their decision, the justices distinguished cyberspace from other media that the government patrols. The Internet, they explained, is not so invasive as radio or television. Communication on the Net does not "appear on one's computer screen unbidden." Users seldom encounter sex by accident. And almost all sexually explicit images are preceded by warnings regarding the content.

In the end, what saved the First Amendment were less-restrictive forms of intervention: parental-control software and an anticipated ratings system for the Net.

In other words, impose your family values on your own family, not on the Net. The Court merely held the conservatives to their own demands: "The parent's claim to authority in their own household to direct the rearing of their children is basic in the structure of our society."

It was a terrific victory, except for one thing. While it upheld free speech for the computer literate, the same Court refused to hear a case regarding Section 505 of the Telecommunications Act of 1996, which directly affects adult content presented through cable television lines.

The same politicians who brought you the CDA also passed a bill that sought to protect children from that scourge of cable television: signal bleed. All of the cable companies

M B L E D

the supreme court got its signals crossed

scramble their video signals on premium channels to prevent nonsubscribers from viewing their programming. This includes HBO, Cinemax, Playboy TV and other content providers.

Some 65 million U.S. households have cable television; 3 million households subscribe to or purchase adult programming such as Playboy TV, Adultvision or Spice. Our lawmakers decided that cable outfitters carrying 24-hour adult-content programming had to install blocking equipment in every home—even those without children. Or, as an alternative, the cable companies could choose to "time channel"—that is, restrict their programming to the hours between ten P.M. and six A.M. Playboy was concerned. The law directly affects our bottom line, and indeed, seemed to single out Playboy. Subscribers to Playboy TV were, in effect, being ordered to watch with the lights out, the doors locked and for only one third of the day.

When we first appealed the law, one of the judges seemed to understand the contradiction. The attorney general's office explained that cable companies scrambled only the video portion of their signals, and that children could still encounter suggestive moans and groans.

An alert justice asked if the law would ban the soundtrack of *When Harry Met Sally*. Although the courtroom broke into laughter, the judge later upheld the law.

If the government sincerely believes that the overhearing of the sounds of sex harms children enough to warrant ignoring the First Amendment, then it might as well insist on soundproof bedrooms.

In our appeal Playboy argued that the cost of blocking all homes was an impossible burden. The law was unnecessary—any parent concerned about Playboy TV and signal bleed could request a lockbox from his or her cable company that would be installed at no charge. (They still can.)

To put it another way, the state demands that children ride in car seats, but it does not require auto manufacturers to equip every car with such seats on the chance that a child might be a passenger.

When the circuit court finally ruled, the decision was a mockery of reasoning. The government had presented anecdotal evidence from parents testifying about the dangers of signal bleed. Some said that although their sets had lockboxes, their children were exposed to signal bleed from adult programming at the homes of their friends. One parent had gone to the trouble of taping a scrambled signal—including "the sounds of what appear to be repeated sexual encounters accompanied by assorted orgiastic moans and groans."

The lower court assumed there was sufficient harm to warrant overriding the First Amendment, quoting as evidence the deeply held and deeply biased opinion of the Attorney General's Commission on Pornography.

JOHN LABBÉ

That 1986 panel, known as the Meese Commission, conducted no research (and indeed ignored the research of an earlier presidential commission that had found no harm in exposure to sexual materials) but was still able to conclude that "there are harms to children themselves and to notions of family control over a child's introduction to sexuality if children learn about sex from the kinds of sexually explicit materials that constitute the bulk of this category."

We don't want to interfere with parents' right to control their children's introduction to sexuality. But we also don't buy the conservative position that any glimpse of sex (or, in the case of signal bleed, the sound of sex) is catastrophic. The worst-case scenario: A child visiting a neighborhood friend hears a few hours of signal bleed—orgiastic moans and groans—and develops a sexual preference for scrambled females? The kid can become aroused only if he wears thick glasses with bug-eyed facets? Or if his partner makes orgiastic moans and groans? We can't have that.

You have to ask yourself what kind of child would settle for signal bleed when he or she can get the raw stuff on the Internet or on most soap operas.

Parents used to be concerned about tots wandering in on them when they made love. They had fears of some primal scene, something seen through the keyhole that would lead to years of therapy and antisocial behavior. Psychologists pointed out that for centuries families slept in the same cave, the same bed or the same one-room cabin. Children were exposed to sex in the proper context, without harm. The danger, say the experts, comes not from seeing or hearing the sex act but from the parents' reaction. Take the child out to the woodshed, or act ashamed, and the child will grow up a mess. Explain to the child what he or she saw or heard and you shape his or her values in a healthy way.

The lower-court judges reflected a particular schizophrenia about accidental encounters with sex.

What is interesting is the nonlogic: In 1975 the Supreme Court overturned a law that barred "the exhibition in drive-in theaters of motion pictures in which human male or female bare buttocks, human female bare breasts or human bare pubic areas were shown if the motion picture was visible from any public street or public place."

In 1996 the circuit court ruled that adult cable was different from the occasional glimpse of a bare breast the size of a UFO floating in the night sky beside a highway. The distinguishing factor was the reliability of encountering a scrambled bare breast or an orgiastic

moan on a channel that was 100 percent dedicated to adult programming. The judges argued that had the drive-in shown only hot films, the ruling would have been different. "It is perfectly logical," they wrote, "that Congress would begin its attempt to prevent minors from gaining access to programming intended solely for adults by focusing first on the networks that specialize in adults-only programming. Congress need not deal with every problem at once."

Oddly, some of the same films that run on Playboy TV and Adultvision can run on Showtime or HBO without violating the law—at any time of the day. The court does not require that HBO or Showtime install blocking equipment—after watching cable in Denver for one evening, the government determined that sexual content made up only one sixteenth of the programming on such channels. What the judges feel must be contained within the hours of ten P.M. and six A.M. on our channel can play at any hour of the day on channels that also offer sports or news or old movies. Go figure.

In the end, we have to wonder just how threatening signal bleed is. In one of her few honest moments on the floor, Senator Dianne Feinstein (D–Cal.), the supersensitive legislator who created this menace, said that most parents weren't even aware of the problem.

So for a problem that doesn't exist in anyone's mind except that of Senator Feinstein, the law tries to strangle a legitimate form of adult entertainment. The act is overkill, but think of the alternatives. Perhaps we could interrupt our programming at random intervals with this proclamation at double normal volume: "Mommy-Mommy-Mommy—Come see the nekked people on the TV." A child who encountered that warning would know trouble was a few rooms away. Of course, the kid's father and older brothers might object.

We could create a programming schedule that alternated gratuitous sex with gratuitous violence and beat the law. Feinstein and the judges on the lower court did not object to the senseless slaughter that's fed to children.

We plan to ask the lower court to apply the same logic it used to overturn the CDA to Section 505 of the Telecommunications Act of 1996. We'll keep you posted.

—JAMES R. PETERSEN

E-MAIL ABOUT 505

the public reacts to bad policy

When the Supreme Court failed to overturn the Telecommunications Act of 1996, Section 505, which restricts the hours for televised adult programming, we took the issue to our readers. We posted an explanation on our Web site, along with a request for feedback. Apparently, we weren't the only ones outraged.

People should be allowed to choose what is shown in their homes. The solution is as simple as picking up the remote control and turning off the television rather than letting the government limit our programming choices. Blocking should not affect an entire community.

Kyle Aggen
Tucson, Arizona

The cable company servicing our area, Charter Communications, recently trimmed the time that I can see and hear Playboy TV. This is totally unacceptable. I support free speech, and I am going to install a satellite system and cease doing business with my cable provider.

John Ernest
St. Louis, Missouri

As a parent I too am concerned about children's access to programming such as Playboy TV. However, I use the method provided by the cable company so that the channel is accessible only by code. Those who would like to moralize about societal choices of television programming need to know where their television on/off switch is and monitor their own sets. Moreover, parents who leave children watching TV unattended need to revise their lifestyles, not mine. Best of luck in providing choice to consenting adults.

Michael Kelly
Michaelrkelly@prodigy.com

My subscription to Playboy TV has been canceled. Why? Because the government has decided for me that your programming is offensive. My wife and I do not have small children. We were, however, offended by the HBO broadcast of Mike Tyson's display of cannibalism. Help.

Lance Kelly
ldk@concentric.net

What Einstein thought up this bill? I, a 38-year-old woman, should be allowed to choose which programs I watch. Further, it is more than a little absurd that I am being lectured on the subject of decency by any member of the U.S. Congress. Can you say "Kennedy"? Sure, I knew that you could.

Marsha Brown
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

I am a married 36-year-old man with two children. It's incomprehensible that the government has the time to control what I watch on television. The fact that the government and not the adult consumer makes the choice about what is on during certain hours shows us that America has a way to go in regard to personal freedom. However, I believe this type of censorship will disappear in the not-so-distant future. Our children will become smarter than the folks in today's government and choice will become a way of life.

Thomas Rindt
Orange, California

This is an enormous violation of our constitutional rights. There are more important things the government should do instead of worrying about what adults are watching at home. Let me know what I can do.

Jose Ramirez
JRavishing@aol.com

With all the other adult-oriented programming available, it appears that Playboy has been singled out. This situation brings to mind an old quote: "Thank goodness we don't get all the government we pay for." I wish we could get all the Playboy we pay for. Keep up the struggle.

Chuck Thompson
thompson@charleston.net

THE RETURN OF THE HITLER YOUTH?

uncle sam wants you—for free

By James Bovard

President Clinton is crusading for a national kiddie draft—forcing all teenagers to labor in politically approved community service. In April, at the Summit for America's Future in Philadelphia, Clinton announced that America needs "citizen servants" and asserted that "the era of big government may be over, but the era of big challenges for our country is not. We need an era of big citizenship."

Volunteering is a fine thing—more than 90 million Americans give generously of their time each year. But compulsory volunteerism is simply one more scheme to give politicians total control over your life.

The concept is not new. In 1992 Maryland became the first state to require 75 hours of work in politically approved social activities as a condition for receiving a high school diploma. Maryland state school superintendent Nancy Grasmick hailed the new requirement, known as mandatory volunteerism: "I can't think of a better example of character development than the lesson that what we take from the community we give back to the community." But it is certainly difficult to understand how the students are taking from the community when, in most cases, their parents pay taxes to finance their schooling.

MIKE CRESSY

Kathleen Kennedy Townsend, the Maryland politico who spearheaded the effort to impose mandatory service, declared that the service-and-work requirement would allow young people to become "resources to their communities." If the Maryland board has a right to dictate 75 hours of service, does it have a right to dictate 750 or 7500 hours? School districts in Georgia, North Carolina, Pennsylvania and the District of Columbia also force students to labor in approved social activities before they can receive their diplomas. President Clinton endorses such programs: "It is a very good thing for the states or local school districts to mandate community service for kids. I think every state should include community service as part of the curriculum."

Not surprisingly, school districts are selective about what they approve as community service. Volunteering for Planned Parenthood activities gets credit, but volunteering to teach Sunday school doesn't. Lobbying politicians to increase government spending counts, but teaching self-defense gun safety courses does not count. Many school districts have shown a clear leftward tilt in what they approve. Is this education or indoctrination?

Clinton's advocacy of a kiddie draft is part of his new crusade to shame more Americans into doing social work. The president urging people to volunteer is like a medieval lord telling his serfs to volunteer work on a nearby cathedral after a long day sweating in his fields. According to the Tax Foundation, the average citizen must work two hours and 49 minutes each day merely to pay taxes. The government financially cripples people, then politicians generously opine about how those people should use the remnants of their lives.

Is this education or indoctrination?

Clinton champions the idea of volunteers going into schools to teach children to read. But what the hell do we pay teachers for? Each year, politicians confiscate more than $300 billion from people's paychecks to bankroll education. After lousy public schools numb children's brains, the president urges taxpayers to labor more hours to repair the damage.

Consider that Clinton has his own model for volunteerism, one that amounts to just another handout. In 1993 he created a make-work program called Americorps. The kids who joined Americorps received roughly $16,000 a year in compensation—much more than many of these unskilled "volunteers" could have gotten at a real job. In southern California, Americorps workers busied themselves making a memorial quilt for federal employees killed in the Oklahoma City bombing.

The city of Buffalo used a federal grant to hire Americorps volunteers to dress in uniforms and hand out information to tourists in the downtown area. In San Francisco, 40 Americorps groups lobbied against congressional anticrime legislation. And in Denver, volunteers distributed leaflets attacking a city council member during an election campaign. This is virtue?

The citizen-servant scam is typical of Clinton's efforts to create as much confusion as possible between freedom and compulsion—and thus to weaken people's will to resist the further advance of his power. (As Clinton put it in Philadelphia, "The will to serve has never been stronger.")

The Thirteenth Amendment, enacted in 1865, proclaims that "neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime whereof the party shall have been duly convicted, shall exist within the United States." Apparently, as long as our leaders claim good intentions, servitude borders now on the obligatory. How much servility is in the hearts of the American people?

READER

BOTTLE ROCKETS

Thanks for your article on drug testing ("Message in a Bottle," *The Playboy Forum*, August). I have been employed as a pilot for 13 years. You wouldn't believe how many times I go to work and hear from a fellow pilot who brags about drinking the night before and is consequently suffering an upset stomach and headache as he or she heads for the cockpit. I would much rather fly with an associate who had smoked a joint the night before a flight. Marijuana doesn't have the hangover syndrome that alcohol does, but out of fear of losing their careers, pilots drink instead of smoke. One positive piss test and your career is finished.

I don't advocate drug use, but what you do at home in your spare time ought to be your own business.

Scott Dykstra
Queens, New York

MUNICIPAL PROFITS

Robert S. Wieder's article "Pay as You Go" (*The Playboy Forum*, July) on payment for public services from police and fire departments misses the point of our governor's statement, "If they're alive when we get to them, they will be arrested." How much time and money should South Dakota spend to help the stranded motorist who circumvents closed-highway barricades and puts himself, other motorists and rescue personnel in jeopardy? How many lives should be put at risk? The fines imposed cannot possibly equal the money and time lost. As a police officer, my opinion is that the laws are not tough enough.

William Wainman
Chamberlain, South Dakota

The police and fire personnel Wieder ridicules are dedicated people who do jobs most wouldn't do for any amount of money. I am a firefighter in Oklahoma and am paid $20,000 a year by our city government. I put in 56 hours a week at the fire department and work another job just to survive. Wieder's portrayal is disrespectful. Police officers do not receive a cut of the tickets they write or a bonus for clocking the most arrests. Fire personnel don't get a reward for pulling someone out of a burning building or a pay raise for cutting someone out of a car. It's all in the line of duty. Local governments, not those of us who risk our lives, impose the fees for these services. The next time you need our assistance, don't give money, just say thanks. That's why most of us get into these jobs.

Travis Edmondson
Enid, Oklahoma

As I read Wieder's article, I thought, He's going for tongue in cheek. Instead he achieved head up ass. Police, firefighters and others who put themselves in harm's way in the name of public service should not be lumped in with the bureaucratic dollar watchers who implement these billing practices. The town for which I work as a firefighter and rescuer has begun billing for rescue services. The proceeds are placed into its general fund. The fire department and firefighters receive none of that money, only the misguided animosity of the public. It has been my experience, however, that people never have a complaint when we're rushing to aid them. Remember, Bob, you never miss your water till your well runs dry!

J. Patrick
West Kingston, Rhode Island

Last year my husband and I didn't earn enough to be considered middle class, yet we still owed the government money. Now local municipalities want residents to pay for services performed by workers who are already being paid? If there is a window sticker for my car or house that says "If I have to pay, drive away," please let me know where I can get one. Evidently lives aren't worth saving anymore unless there are potential profits attached. I have to go now: My house alarm is going off, I'm over my limit on false alarms and I can't find my wallet.

Lin Giles
Atlanta, Georgia

As a police officer, I cannot tell you how many false alarms police respond to that are set off by some moron who came home drunk and forgot to reset his security panel, or by a house sitter who was never given the correct reset code. For once the government is

FOR THE RECORD

THE FRONT LINE

"If people are paying me to be a good officer and a leader, I'm confident I'm doing the job they want. If they are paying me to be a perfect person, that's a different matter."

—UNIDENTIFIED GENERAL, *The Washington Post*, JUNE 9, 1997

"What is the military's interest in adultery in the first place? Are they afraid the enemy will find out about it and blackmail the guilty party into divulging secrets or refusing to fight?"

—COLUMNIST WILLIAM RASPBERRY

"There are plenty of rumors around Washington. You have your 'A team' of obvious adulterers, your 'B team' of probable adulterers and your 'C team' of possible adulterers."

—POLITICAL ANALYST STUART ROTHENBERG

RESPONSE

charging the individual responsible instead of taxing the entire community. Would Wieder prefer his significant other's call for help be answered immediately or be put on hold while we clear an alarm set off by a rainstorm?

J.W.
Dallas, Texas

Wieder's discussion of payment for services rendered is partially correct, but he doesn't focus on the real problem: money. As a volunteer in a Pittsburgh-area firehouse, I can tell you that we have talked about charging homeowners (actually, their insurance companies) for our firefighting services. Not because we are greedy or because, as Wieder puts it, we have a "de facto monopoly." Rather, we have considered sending the victims of a fire a bill because we need the money. Equipment upgrades and repairs cost thousands of dollars. This money has to come from somewhere. At present our main source of revenue is a mail drive in which we ask each household for a contribution. About half the letters bring a return. If there is a fire, we do not check the records to see if the resident contributed. We simply answer the call and extinguish the fire.

The companies that sell us hoses and fix our equipment are in business to make a profit. They do not give us a break, but Wieder would ask us to give a break to our customers. We may have a de facto monopoly, but the reality is that if we are unable to pay our bills, there will be no fire department.

Rich Olsen
McKees Rocks,
Pennsylvania

NEW AGE QUEEN

I love Carol Queen's "Dirty Pictures, Moral Outrage and the New Absexuality" (*The Playboy Forum*, August). It's about time someone told those antiporn creeps exactly what and who they are. However, Dworkin, MacKinnon, Meese and Helms are not absexuals, as Queen says. They are full-fledged pornophiles. All of them get off by showing captive audiences graphic pornographic material and screaming about how much harm that material causes the American people. Every one of them has seen more pornography than any of us knew existed. Why don't they give us credit for having enough intelligence to choose what we view? I applaud Queen for exposing them for the frauds they are, but there's one more problem: How do we get them to shut up?

Ronald Serafin
Houston, Texas

I read Carol Queen's article "Porn and the New Age Guy" (*The Playboy Forum*, July) on the same weekend that American Movie Classics aired the uncensored *Tarzan and His Mate*, featuring Maureen O'Sullivan swimming nude with Johnny Weissmuller. It struck me that negative attitudes toward female nudity have been around for a long time. The apologetic men's movement Queen describes is another unnatural attempt to deny human nature. I say we let the Dworkins and Stoltenbergs of the world have a national forum where they can spout their views and lay out the rope that will eventually hang them. I shall follow Queen's example and never apologize for looking at nakedness.

Ian Grey
Livermore, California

JAILBAIT

Your "Jailbait" article (*The Playboy Forum*, January) came to mind when I heard about Kevin Gillson, the 19-year-old Wisconsin man charged with the sexual assault of a child after he got his then-15-year-old girlfriend pregnant. Gillson was ultimately sentenced to two years' probation, rather than the 40-year prison term he possibly faced. But the damage had already been done: He will have to live with a felony on his record and register with police as a sex offender.

The state was clearly out to make an example of him, as evidenced by District Attorney Sandy Williams' statement to the judge that she was unconvinced of Gillson's willingness to take full responsibility (despite the fact that he and his girlfriend attended counseling together).

Calling teenage sex statutory rape is preposterous. At a time when teenagers resort to killing unwanted children, authorities are chasing "morality" cases like these. Get serious.

Jane Lawrence
Madison, Wisconsin

READ ALL ABOUT IT

Dr. Kim Walsh-Childers of the University of Florida studied the prevalence of sexual content in 50 men's and women's magazines, with the following results:

Topic	Women's	Men's
Sexual techniques	34%	47%
Sex appeal	28%	22%
Lack of desire for sex	18%	7%
Sexual fantasies	16%	20%
Extramarital affairs	12%	7%
Sexual dysfunction	9%	14%
Masturbation	8%	16%
Pornography	4%	12%
Prostitution	4%	9%
Cybersex	2%	9%

We would like to hear your point of view. Send questions, opinions and quirky stuff to: The Playboy Forum Reader Response, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Please include a daytime phone number. Fax number: 312-951-2939. E-mail: forum@playboy.com (please include your city and state).*

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

JUSTICE ON HOLO

ST. JOSEPH, MICHIGAN—*Talk about bad judgment calls. A Berrien County judge resigned hours after a newspaper asked him about records showing he had made*

124 calls to phone-sex services. Judge Hugh Black apologized for the calls, which took place over a period of 22 days, but said he was resigning because of "continuing difficulties with my hearing." That might explain why most of the calls lasted only a minute or two.

DIVIDING LINES

WINNIPEG—*The Manitoba Court of Appeals reduced the sentence of a man who had been convicted of having sex with a 13-year-old babysitter. The three-judge panel ruled that the girl could not legally consent to intercourse but was still "a willing participant. She was apparently more sophisticated than many her age." It ordered the man, who had faced a nine-month prison term, to observe a curfew, perform 120 hours of community service, enroll in a sex-offender program and abstain from alcohol. The new sentence outraged women's groups, and the prosecutors have appealed the case to the Canadian Supreme Court.*

WRONGFUL LIFE SUIT

MARTINEZ, CALIFORNIA—*Faced with $100,000 in hospital bills, a 49-year-old woman suffering from a degenerative brain disease sued two doctors who saved her life. The woman apparently signed over to her husband the right to deny treatment, and he claimed he had asked doctors repeatedly to let her die after she fell into a coma. A jury ruled against the couple after the woman testified she was glad to be alive.*

DEADLY KISS

ATLANTA—*The Centers for Disease Control and Prevention reported the first documented case of HIV most likely transmitted through French kissing. The male patient had acquired HIV through intravenous drug use. He and his female partner both had gum disease, and the man's gums often bled after he brushed. This allowed for the transmission of HIV through a small amount of blood in his saliva. The woman's inflamed gums probably made her more susceptible. "We knew it was a theoretical possibility, and now we have better evidence that it has happened," a CDC epidemiologist told "The Washington Post." The agency emphasizes that social kissing on the cheek or with closed lips carries no risk.*

SCREW TAX

SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA—*A state revenue committee rejected a proposal to tax pornographic magazines, phone sex lines, pay TV channels, Internet erotica, strip clubs and the sale and rental of adult videos. According to the bill's sponsor, state senator Charles Calderon, the five percent tax would have generated an estimated $50 million annually to fund rape crisis centers, battered women's shelters and the prosecution of sex crimes. (What's the connection?) Calderon said it had absolutely nothing to do with his aspirations to become state attorney general.*

WHAT'S MY LINE?

ORLANDO, FLORIDA—*As any computer security geek will tell you, a password should be something you can remember and no one else can guess. Case in point: State police arrested a suspected methamphetamine dealer but weren't sure how to access his handheld computer. They knew he was a motorcycle buff, so officer David Donaway played a hunch. "I typed in 'Harley' and we were in," he told "Newsweek." "The suspect's entire drug organization and all the dope he had sold were in there."*

THIN BLUE LINE

MESA, ARIZONA—*The Maricopa County prosecutor declined to file charges against a former sex-crimes detective accused of possessing child porn. The detective had stored porn magazines, explicit Polaroids and dozens of adult videos in a locked filing cabinet in his office, located at the Center Against Family Violence. After viewing the tapes, the prosecutor's office said it could not determine if any of the people depicted were minors. According to his lawyer, lieutenant Larry Lane, who has since resigned, used the material to train other sex-crimes officers. The Mesa police department now forbids investigators to store evidence in their offices.*

NO WAITING

CHICAGO—*The American Medical Association joined the U.S. Conference of Mayors in calling for government support of programs that provide clean needles to addicts. About a third of the people in the U.S. infected with HIV each year are exposed to the virus through dirty needles or sex with drug users. The federal govern-*

ment stopped funding needle exchanges in 1988. The AMA estimates that federal funding for needle exchanges could prevent as many as 11,000 cases of AIDS and save up to $630 million in medical costs by the year 2000.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY KEVIN POPE

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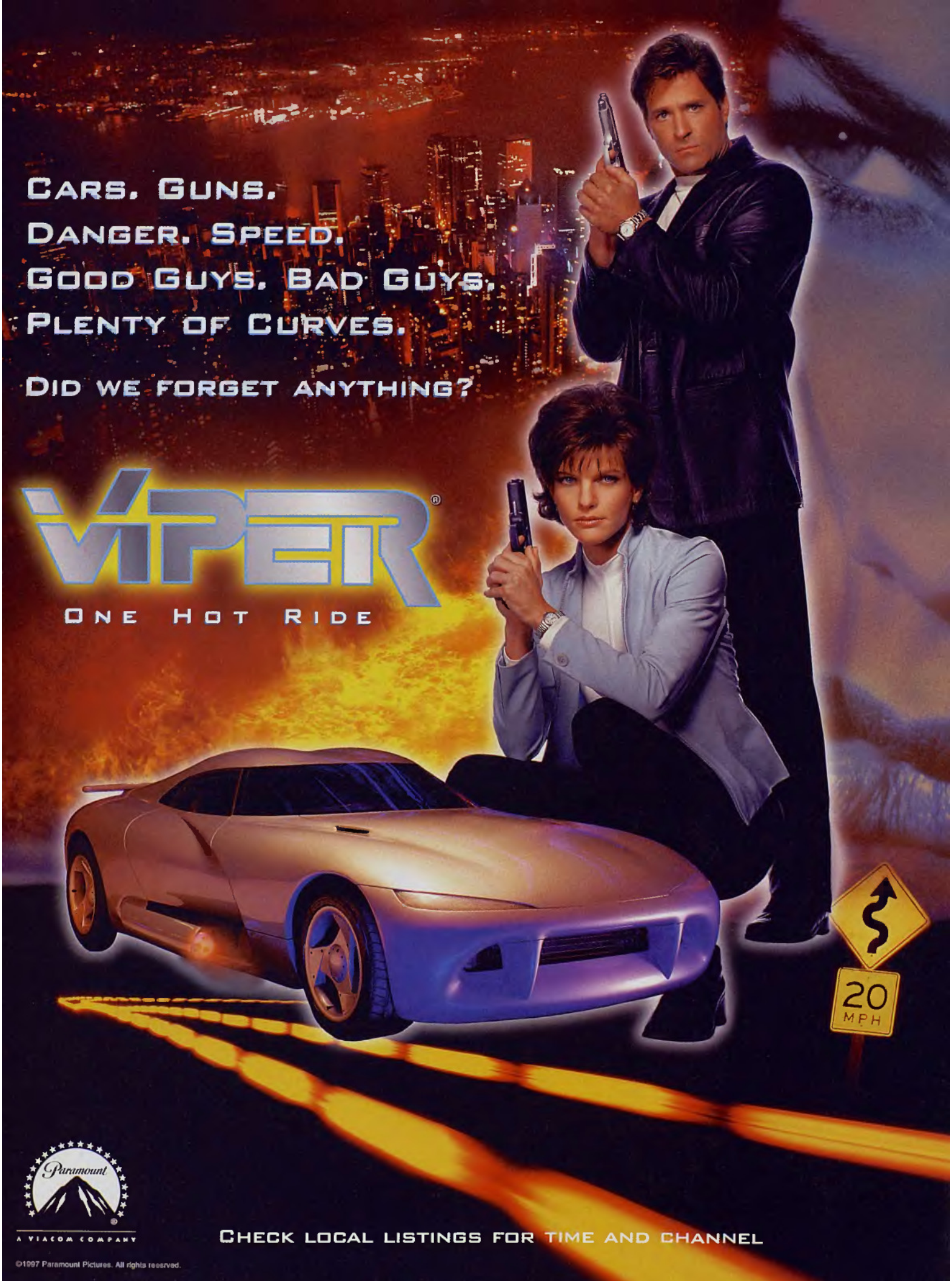

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: BRETT FAVRE

a candid conversation with green bay's mvp about his cajun image, his troubled family, his battle with pills and the art of well-timed flatulence

The National Football League's most valuable player is a freckle-faced prankster. "Just a regular-type guy who can throw a ball," he calls himself. No golden boy like the Cowboys' Troy Aikman or the Broncos' John Elway, Brett Favre (rhymes with carve) is a scrambling improv artist. Last year he was the league's most valuable player for the second straight year. He led the Green Bay Packers to victory in Super Bowl XXXI and celebrated with pranks like putting red-hot ointment in teammates' jockstraps.

Favre, 28, is a throwback to the days when pro football was 22 men beating up one another with 500 people in the stands. From tiny Kiln, Mississippi, this son of a high school football coach would fit right in with Bronko Nagurski and Ray Nitschke. He wrestles teammates and plays practical jokes like the rowdy country boy he is.

Excusing himself to go to the bathroom, he announces, "'Scuse me—gotta go drain the old pipe."

After the Packers' Super Bowl win, Favre went to the White House to meet President Clinton. He wrote a book ("Favre: For the Record" was published by Doubleday in October) and opened a restaurant. He signed a seven-year, $47 million contract with a $12 million signing bonus. But he spent most days relaxing, enjoying a round of golf and a beer with friends back home in Mississippi. Still, he calls it "the worst time ever."

Before the 1996 season Favre announced he was addicted to Vicodin, a potent painkiller used by many NFL players. The league's MVP spent 46 days at the Menninger Clinic in Topeka, Kansas, and the NFL put him on probation for drugs and alcohol. Next came news that Brett's sister, Brandi, a Mississippi beauty queen, had been involved in a drive-by shooting. She was sentenced to a year's probation. Soon their older brother, Scott, was in trouble, convicted of felony DUI. Scott Favre had driven into a railroad crossing; a train killed his passenger, a family friend. Scott was placed under house arrest. As the result of some bureaucratic confusion, Scott was picked up earlier this year for probation violation and served 67 days in jail. "Trouble never seems to be far away," Brett says.

Despite all this, he never appears to lose his humor. Outwardly, at least, Favre is still the cocky rifleman from Hancock North Central High School. In 1987 he chose the University of Southern Mississippi because it was the only Division 1A school to offer him a scholarship—as a defensive back. As the Golden Eagles' seventh-string quarterback, he played defense and even tried punting. No one considered him a top talent. But soon he was starting, pulling off upsets of Alabama and Auburn and, in 1989, top-ranked Florida State. Then came his own car crash. Driving home one night he flipped his vehicle and suffered a concussion, deep cuts and a "mildly" broken back. Five weeks later he pulled off a 27–24 stunner over Alabama.

Drafted by the Atlanta Falcons in 1991, Favre was a backup QB again, a clipboard jockey. "Hated it," he says. But he liked Atlanta. Suddenly rich beyond his dreams, a 22-year-old making $660,000 a year, he spent his nights partying and soon wore out his welcome with the Falcons' coaching staff. In 1992 Atlanta traded him to Green Bay for a draft choice.

Packer general manager Ron Wolf and coach Mike Holmgren loved Favre's raw talent. They wanted to bring him along slowly, to ease his transition to Green Bay's complex offense, which forces a quarterback to make dozens of snap judgments on every play. When starter Don Majkowski got hurt in 1992, Favre trotted in and led the Pack to a 24–23 win. He completed a club record 64.1 percent of his passes that year. At 23, he was the youngest QB ever selected for the Pro Bowl.

His unpredictability drove fans wild, but

"I never took painkillers on game day. People think I was playing on them. I'd like to see anyone take a couple Vicodin and try to play football. They made me a little goofy. Shoot, you can't walk a straight line."

"Want to hear something weird? When I fly commercial airlines by myself, I get scared. But I feel safe on the team plane. Like we could all rescue one another if the plane went down. We're the Green Bay Packers!"

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES SCHNEPF

"I pull guys' pants down in front of everyone. I'll put Heet ointment in your jock. If a guy's taking a dump, I like to go over the stall and pour a five-gallon bucket of ice water on him. Oh, that's miserable."

nothing worried Favre. "My game is getting flipped at the line of scrimmage—running the ball, getting up limping and throwing the next pass for a touchdown," he says.

In 1995 he passed for 38 touchdowns, the third-best total of all time. Last season he topped himself, passing for 39 touchdowns while leading the Packers to their Super Bowl win. It was Green Bay's first title since Super Bowl II in 1967.

We sent Contributing Editor **Kevin Cook** *to huddle with Favre. Cook reports:*

"We met at a golf course in New Jersey. I also spoke with him at a private airport, a hotel and at his humongous new home in Green Bay. Favre lives like a jet-setter, but he's still as down-home as it gets. One night I bought him an Amstel Light and he almost threw his arm out wrestling with the bottle cap. For all his fame and money, he remains a twist-top kind of guy.

"During football season he lives in a mansion by a creek in southwest Green Bay, where Brittany Favre, 9, answered the door and ran away. I also met Brett's wife, Deanna, who is as petite and angular as he is big and meaty.

"We sat in his den and talked for hours. His big-screen TV was blank, but there were reminders of NFL action all around: game balls, player-of-the-week citations, a big photo of a Favre touchdown pass to his buddy Mark Chmura, the Packers tight end.

"His keen eye for detail surprised me until I remembered his history. Favre was nobody until he learned to read NFL defenses, to read the future in the twitch of a cornerback's leg. It is a task he often performs with 280-pound Lions and Bears in his face. How tuned to detail is Favre? He says that he sometimes sees a play unfold in the instant between the snap and his receivers' first steps.

"Favre isn't as famous as he probably should be. Green Bay, population 96,000, is the league's smallest media market. His family's legal problems haven't helped his image, and his own rehab stint surely cost him endorsements. With so much to celebrate and regret, he is a sadder but wiser young man these days.

"Of course, he'll still spray you with shaving cream.

"Shortly before his triumphal visit to the White House, Brett told me he planned to give Bill Clinton 'a few choice words' about taxes. That's where we picked up the next time we met."

PLAYBOY: Did you straighten out the president on taxes?

FAVRE: Aw, what do I know? I let it go. And whoever's in the president's seat, Republican or Democrat, it works out the same. The more you make, the more they take. I know I wouldn't want Bill Clinton's job. Us athletes think we don't have any privacy—that man can't pee without 30 people watching.

PLAYBOY: What did you think of the White House?

FAVRE: Awesome security. It's like an airport; it takes 20 minutes to get the team through the metal detectors. We're getting checked over by security while a crowd of Packers fans is cheering us.

PLAYBOY: Cheeseheads in D.C.?

FAVRE: They're everywhere now. I'll go to New Jersey and see more Packers fans than Giants fans. I try to enjoy it because it could all be out the window next year. When a guy says, "You're my favorite quarterback," sometimes I want to say, "Yeah, right. Where were you two years ago?"

PLAYBOY: Did you hang out with President Clinton?

FAVRE: The team waited around for an hour. Then the handlers showed me and Reggie White, Mike Holmgren and our team president, Bob Harlan, what to do when Clinton came in. Where to stand, how to present him with a Packers jacket. That's when I saw him on the putting green. I looked through the trees and saw the president out there in his suit and tie, with his security guys all around, putting. I'd never seen a man play golf in a suit.

PLAYBOY: Had you met him before?

Football is so violent it is unbelievable. But we choose to play, so I don't bitch if I'm sore the next day.

FAVRE: Last season he gave a talk in Green Bay, then came to Lambeau Field to see us. We had a little take-your-guard-down moment. He called me off to the side and said, "I've kept up with you. I know what you've been through." I'd had some troubles: my brother going to jail, me going to rehab. He said he wished me well. So it was nice going to the White House as Super Bowl winners. I said, "Good seeing you again." He said, "You had a great year, Brett. I was pulling for you."

PLAYBOY: Packers tight end Mark Chmura, a rabid conservative, boycotted the White House trip.

FAVRE: Mark was pissing into the wind. We all got on him for it. We all said, "Right, Chmura, like the White House gives a shit. The president is losing sleep because he won't get to meet Mark Chmura." I think Mark missed something good. We got to see where the president works and putts.

PLAYBOY: What other perks do you get for two MVP awards and a Super Bowl?

FAVRE: Getting treated better by guys I look up to. Now when I meet guys like Dan Marino and Jim Kelly, they treat me like one of them. If I'm in a restaurant with my wife, they'll come over and sit by me. We'll have a drink together. Three years ago those guys probably wouldn't have talked to me. Before 1995 no one really gave a shit. Now it's, "Brett, great year, good to see you."

PLAYBOY: Are they phonies?

FAVRE: That's just how the league works. To have a guy like Marino or John Elway or Steve Young or Joe Montana talk to you, you have to earn it. Now I've done it. It's nice to fit in.

PLAYBOY: Who do you think is the next great quarterback?

FAVRE: I hope I am for a while. I would say that the best young quarterback is still in college: Peyton Manning. In the pros, Drew Bledsoe can be a great one. Mark Brunell, too. Trent Dilfer is a good quarterback. And Ty Detmer—he's my sleeper.

PLAYBOY: Last year's Super Bowl clinched your status. Were you nervous before the game?

FAVRE: I was sick. I caught the flu on Thursday, three days before the game. That night was the worst. Had the hotel room up to 80 degrees, but I was freezing under the covers. Finally the fever broke, though I was still weak on Friday. But I said, "Shit, I am not going to let this flu kill me." Took my brother Scott and some friends to Bourbon Street. We ate oysters and shrimp, drank a few beers and had a big time. It was what I needed. Got up the next day ready to play football.

PLAYBOY: It would have made news if people had seen you with a beer. You were reportedly not allowed to drink as a condition of your rehab.

FAVRE: We had a private room. It cost a few thousand dollars, but it was cheap for the fun I had. Those are the times you realize how much the spotlight takes away from you. You'll pay $5000 for a room where you can be yourself for a while.

PLAYBOY: What was your pulse rate an hour before the Super Bowl?

FAVRE: My heart was going a mile a minute. Then [backup quarterback] Jim McMahon said, "I've got an idea." McMahon had already won his Super Bowl with the Bears and he knows how to stay loose. People say Jim is a dick, but we're similar; we're both who-gives-a-shit guys. I had his poster on my wall when I was little. Before the Super Bowl McMahon starts throwing footballs at the nameplates on the lockers, knocking guys' names off. Pretty soon we're all doing it. Me, McMahon and a bunch of other guys. Balls are flying all over the room. Holmgren comes in and says, "What the hell is this?"

PLAYBOY: When did you know you'd won Super Bowl XXXI?

FAVRE: Second play of the game. After that touchdown pass, I threw the way I wanted all day. The strange thing was

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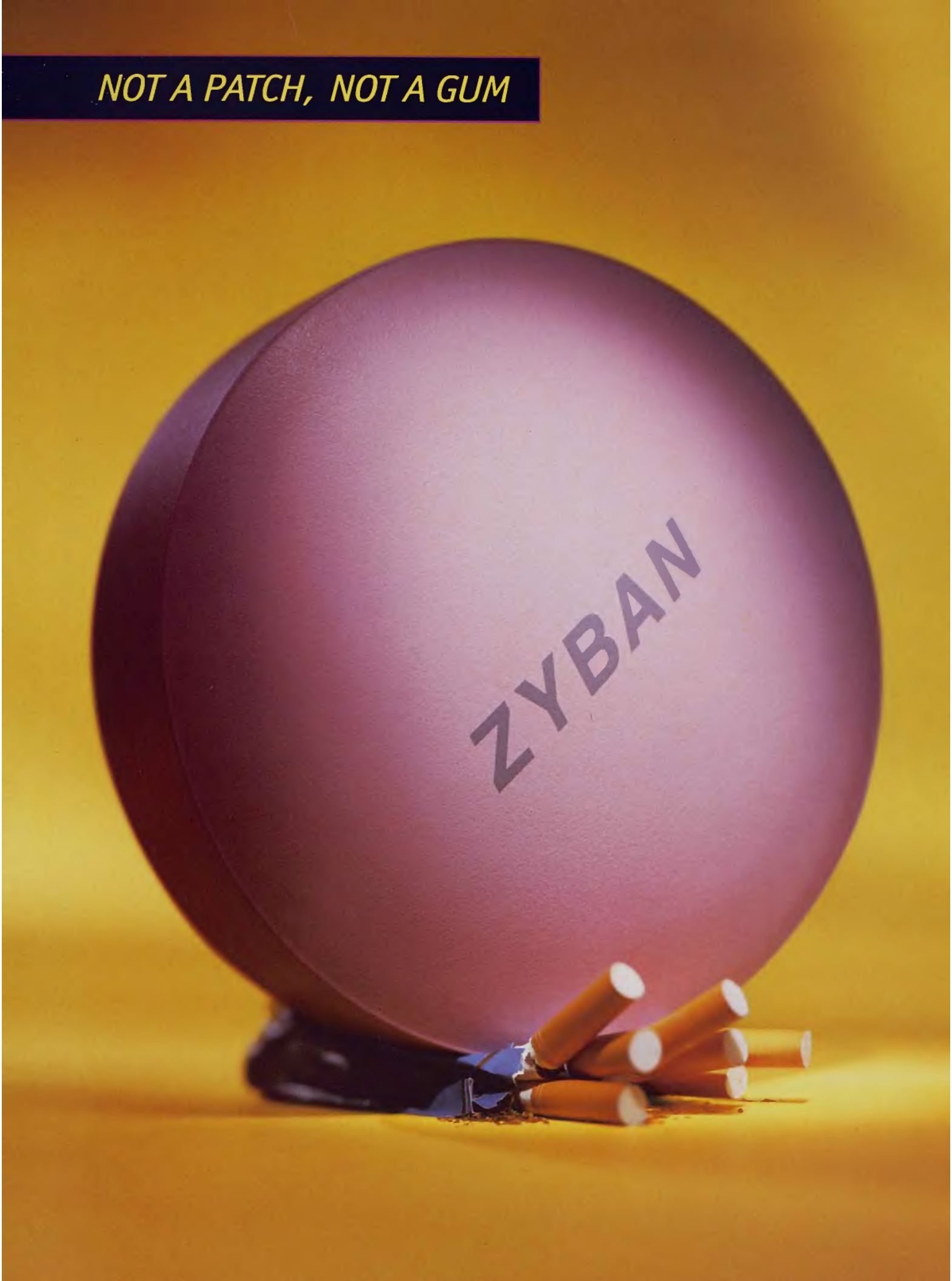

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In a medical study using patient support materials and drug therapy, ZYBAN helped more smokers quit for 4 weeks than Habitrol® (nicotine transdermal system),* a nicotine patch. And unlike the patch and gum, ZYBAN replaces cigarettes with nicotine-free medicine.

What you need to know about ZYBAN

The most common side effects with ZYBAN include dry mouth and difficulty sleeping. There are other risks associated with the use of ZYBAN, so it is important to talk to your health care professional to see whether ZYBAN is right for you. There is a risk of seizure in certain patients (see "Important Warning" section in Information for the Patient on following page). You should not take ZYBAN if you have a seizure disorder; are already taking WELLBUTRIN®, WELLBUTRIN SR®, or any other medicines that contain bupropion HCl; have or have had an eating disorder; or are currently taking or have recently taken a monoamine oxidase (MAO) inhibitor. It is important to let your health care professional know about any other prescription or over-the-counter medications you are taking. ZYBAN is not recommended for women who are pregnant or breast-feeding.

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Information for the Patient

ZYBAN™ (bupropion hydrochloride) Sustained-Release Tablets

Please read this information before you start taking ZYBAN. Also read this leaflet each time you renew your prescription, in case anything has changed. This information is not intended to take the place of discussions between you and your doctor. You and your doctor should discuss ZYBAN as part of your plan to stop smoking. Your doctor has prescribed ZYBAN for your use only. Do not let anyone else use your ZYBAN.

IMPORTANT WARNING:

There is a chance that approximately 1 out of every 1,000 people taking bupropion hydrochloride, the active ingredient in ZYBAN, will have a seizure. The chance of this happening increases if you:

- have a seizure disorder (for example, epilepsy);
- have or have had an eating disorder (for example, bulimia or anorexia nervosa);
- take more than the recommended amount of ZYBAN; or
- take other medicines with the same active ingredient that is in ZYBAN, such as WELLBUTRIN® (bupropion hydrochloride) Tablets and WELLBUTRIN SR® (bupropion hydrochloride) Sustained-Release Tablets. (Both of these medicines are used to treat depression.)

You can reduce the chance of experiencing a seizure by following your doctor's directions on how to take ZYBAN. You should also discuss with your doctor whether ZYBAN is right for you.

1. What is ZYBAN?

ZYBAN is a prescription medicine to help people quit smoking. Studies have shown that more than one third of people quit smoking for at least 1 month while taking ZYBAN and participating in a patient support program. For many patients, ZYBAN reduces withdrawal symptoms and the urge to smoke. ZYBAN should be used with a patient support program. It is important to participate in the behavioral program, counseling, or other support program your health care professional recommends.

2. Who should not take ZYBAN?

You should not take ZYBAN if you:

- have a seizure disorder (for example, epilepsy).
- are already taking WELLBUTRIN, WELLBUTRIN SR, or any other medicines that contain bupropion hydrochloride.
- have or have had an eating disorder (for example, bulimia or anorexia nervosa).
- are currently taking or have recently taken a monoamine oxidase inhibitor (MAOI).
- are allergic to bupropion.

3. Are there special concerns for women?

ZYBAN is not recommended for women who are pregnant or breast-feeding. Women should notify their doctor if they become pregnant or intend to become pregnant while taking ZYBAN.

4. How should I take ZYBAN?

- You should take ZYBAN as directed by your doctor. The usual recommended dosing is to take one 150-mg tablet in the morning for the first 3 days. On the fourth day, begin taking one 150-mg tablet in the morning and one 150-mg tablet in the early evening. Doses should be taken at least 8 hours apart.
- **Never take an "extra" dose of ZYBAN.** If you forget to take a dose, do not take an extra tablet to "catch up" for the dose you forgot. Wait and take your next tablet at the regular time. Do not take more tablets than your doctor prescribed. This is important so you do not increase your chance of having a seizure.
- It is important to swallow ZYBAN Tablets whole. Do not chew, divide, or crush tablets.

5. How long should I take ZYBAN?

Most people should take ZYBAN for 7 to 12 weeks. Follow your doctor's instructions.

6. When should I stop smoking?

It takes about 1 week for ZYBAN™ (bupropion hydrochloride) Sustained-Release Tablets to reach the right levels in your body to be effective. So, to maximize your chance of quitting, you should not stop smoking until you have been taking ZYBAN for 1 week. You should set a date to stop smoking during the second week you're taking ZYBAN.

7. Can I smoke while taking ZYBAN?

It is not physically dangerous to smoke and use ZYBAN at the same time. However, continuing to smoke after the date you set to stop smoking will seriously reduce your chance of breaking your smoking habit.

8. Can ZYBAN be used at the same time as nicotine patches?

Yes, ZYBAN and nicotine patches can be used at the same time but should only be used together under the supervision of your doctor. Using ZYBAN and nicotine patches together may raise your blood pressure. Your doctor will probably want to check your blood pressure regularly to make sure that it stays within acceptable levels.

DO NOT SMOKE AT ANY TIME if you are using a nicotine patch or any other nicotine product along with ZYBAN. It is possible to get too much nicotine and have serious side effects.

9. What are possible side effects of ZYBAN?

Like all medicines, ZYBAN may cause side effects.

- The most common side effects include dry mouth and difficulty sleeping. These side effects are generally mild and often disappear after a few weeks. If you have difficulty sleeping, avoid taking your medicine too close to bedtime.
- The most common side effects that caused people to stop taking ZYBAN during clinical studies were shakiness and skin rash.
- Contact your doctor or health care professional if you have a rash or other troublesome side effects.
- Use caution before driving a car or operating complex, hazardous machinery until you know if ZYBAN affects your ability to perform these tasks.

10. Can I drink alcohol while I am taking ZYBAN?

It is best to not drink alcohol at all or to drink very little while taking ZYBAN. If you drink a lot of alcohol and suddenly stop, you may increase your chance of having a seizure. Therefore, it is important to discuss your use of alcohol with your doctor before you begin taking ZYBAN.

11. Will ZYBAN affect other medicines I am taking?

ZYBAN may affect other medicines you're taking. It is important not to take medicines that may increase the chance for you to have a seizure. Therefore, you should make sure that your doctor knows about all medicines—prescription or over-the-counter—you are taking or plan to take.

12. Do ZYBAN Tablets have a characteristic odor?

ZYBAN Tablets may have a characteristic odor. If present, this odor is normal.

13. How should I store ZYBAN?

- Store ZYBAN at room temperature, out of direct sunlight.
- Keep ZYBAN in a tightly closed container.
- Keep ZYBAN out of the reach of children.

This summary provides important information about ZYBAN. This summary cannot replace the more detailed information that you need from your doctor. If you have any questions or concerns about either ZYBAN or smoking cessation, talk to your doctor or other health care professional.

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Research Triangle Park, NC 27709

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RL-425

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how it wasn't as vivid as I expected. No disrespect to New England, but I knew we were better and would win. So the Super Bowl was anticlimactic. I tried to work up some emotion, but I guess I'd let it all out during the season. Now it was just *phew!*—relief.

PLAYBOY: Did you dream about Super Bowls as a kid?

FAVRE: My brothers and I did. Sundays we'd watch pro football on TV, then go out and pretend we were Archie Manning or Roger Staubach. My dad was the high school football and baseball coach. We'd go see his teams play, and those guys were my heroes. I saw the catcher adjusting his cup, so I'd reach down and play with my balls, too. I tried chewing tobacco, since Dad and all his players did it. I got sicker than dog shit. My little brother, though—that son of a bitch could chew and spit when he was three years old.

PLAYBOY: Did your dad punish you for it?

FAVRE: He's a tough guy, Irvin Favre. He looks like Sergeant Carter on *Gomer Pyle*. But he let us sow our wild oats a little. When I dipped tobacco and threw up he said, "That'll teach you."

PLAYBOY: Is it true you never cried when he spanked you?

FAVRE: My dad would whip my ass with anything from a yardstick to a black rubber hose. I deserved it. Once I shot one of my brothers with a BB gun. Then I hit him on the head with a brick. I hit the other brother with a baseball bat. It hurt, getting whipped, but I wasn't a crier. I faked it. I didn't want more spanking, so I would fake crying when my dad tore up my ass. Then he'd go away and I would laugh.

PLAYBOY: Were you always good at sports?

FAVRE: I could always throw. Even as a kid I could break a window from 50 yards. My brothers and I slept in the same room. This was way down on the river in Mississippi. It got so dark you couldn't see the brother next to you. We'd lie there and talk about the home run we were going to hit or the football game we were going to have. There was a little weight set by the bed, and I would pump weights in the dark. Scott and Jeff laughed at me.

PLAYBOY: Your bayou background made people see you as a hillbilly. Deion Sanders called you Country Time.

FAVRE: I brought some of that on myself. Coming from college at little old Southern Mississippi, I wanted to get noticed. Even if I wasn't from Alabama or Notre Dame, I felt I was the best quarterback in college football. But, then, who doesn't think that?

PLAYBOY: Actually, it's unusual.

FAVRE: I thought I needed something to get me over the top. That's why I told reporters I wrestled alligators. But it wasn't true and it made me look like a goofy redneck. I was like Terry Bradshaw when he came out of college, supposedly this dumb hillbilly. Bradshaw had to win four Super Bowls before people finally figured out that he was a bright guy.

PLAYBOY: How smart are you?

FAVRE: Probably brighter than a lot of people think. I am smart and hardnosed and hardworking enough to play the game. I think I'm a hell of a football player. It's getting to where guys on other teams say, "Shoot, you're not so dumb after all."

PLAYBOY: You always had the arm for the job.

FAVRE: In high school I used to bet the other guys five dollars they couldn't catch a ball I threw. They went to the far end of the hallway, I threw my hardest and they couldn't catch it. That really got my rocks off.

PLAYBOY: Did you play other sports?

FAVRE: My first thought as a kid was to be a major-league pitcher. I threw hard, in the low 90s, but nobody knew where it was going. I played basketball and was awful. Couldn't shoot at all. Couldn't dribble without watching the ball. But with football I found my calling. It's a good game for someone who will go out and knock himself silly to get a win.

PLAYBOY: Take us back to your youth in Kiln, Mississippi. You didn't really wrestle alligators——

FAVRE: They were around, though. We had four dogs eaten by alligators. We lost a Labrador just last year. Lucky was his name. A 13-footer got him.

PLAYBOY: One big chomp and Lucky was gone?

FAVRE: Alligators don't eat a dog right away. First they roll it around and let it writhe awhile before they take it down. Our family was always familiar with alligators. One time three of them were in the backyard. My brother Scott and I got a pack of Oreo cookies. We threw it in the river and watched them tear it up. After that they'd be there when we came home from school. If we didn't have Oreos we'd throw hot dogs and bread. Then one day Daddy comes home and the alligators are up on the bank by the house, waiting for their cookies. My dad went berserk. He shot all three of them.

PLAYBOY: You fatten them up, and he kills them.

FAVRE: I doubt that he killed them. It's hard as hell to kill an alligator with two or three shots. But they did go back in the water.

PLAYBOY: You definitely have an unusual family history.

FAVRE: One of my grandfathers was a full-blooded Indian. The other grandfather, Benny French, was 27 years older than his second wife. In fact she went to the school prom with old Benny's son, but she ended up marrying Benny.

PLAYBOY: Making her the stepmother of your uncle, her prom date. Did it make for tense family reunions?

FAVRE: Oh, no. Everyone gets along great.

PLAYBOY: You and your wife, Deanna, were childhood sweethearts.

FAVRE: Deanna and I went to catechism together when we were seven. We started dating when I was an eighth grader. She was my prom date all three years in high school.

PLAYBOY: Few fans know how bumpy your road to stardom was. You've had family troubles of one sort or another since you were a teenager.

FAVRE: I was 18 and Deanna was 19 when she got pregnant. People say, "You damn ass, making her look bad. Why didn't you marry her?" But we weren't ready for that. We never would have made it. Five years later we'd be like 90 percent of the people who get married for that reason—divorced and hating each other.

PLAYBOY: How did you handle being teen parents?

FAVRE: We agreed to love our daughter and take care of her without getting married. When I was at Southern Miss I went out partying with the guys, then drove all night to see Deanna and Brittany. Here I was, 20 years old, changing diapers in the middle of the night and playing football the next day. When I got to the Falcons I would drive down the old back roads after midnight to see Deanna and Brittany, then drive back and play on Sunday. Sometimes Deanna and I couldn't stand each other. We dated other people. We didn't get married till last year, after Brittany, who's now nine, kept asking us to do it.

PLAYBOY: Are you a fun dad?

FAVRE: I let Brittany wear my Pro Bowl jersey. It hangs down to her ankles like a dress. She also rides on my back when I do push-ups. Try doing 30 or 40 of those with 80 pounds on your back. It will get you in shape.

PLAYBOY: How worried will you be when she starts dating?

FAVRE: I have thought about that. I know my daughter could get pregnant someday. I just don't want it to happen until . . . well, ever! [*Laughs*]

PLAYBOY: At the age of 28, you have already suffered almost half a dozen concussions. You have had numerous surgeries in addition to the usual aches and pains.

FAVRE: My pain threshold is pretty high.

PLAYBOY: NFL players are supposed to ignore pain.

FAVRE: Football demands that more than any other sport. It's so violent it is unbelievable. But we choose to play, so I don't bitch and complain if I wake up sore the next day. It pisses me off when guys sue the NFL after their careers are over, saying it's the league's fault they got hurt. It's a risky game. If you can't accept that, don't play.

PLAYBOY: Some blame NFL doctors for handing out pain pills like candy.

FAVRE: I don't blame football one bit. My

trouble with painkillers was my own problem.

PLAYBOY: How did you become addicted to Vicodin?

FAVRE: You want to play. You don't want to give the other quarterback a shot at your job. I also have a streak going. I have played 80-some games in a row, the most in the league. The record is 118 and I plan on breaking it. I never took painkillers on game day. People think I was playing on them. I would like to see anyone take a couple Vicodin and try to play football. Shoot, you can't walk a straight line.

PLAYBOY: What do they do?

FAVRE: Numb you. Plus they made me a little goofy. I took a fancy to them. There were times when I wasn't hurting but I took them anyway. And got them from other guys on the team. That's when I realized it was getting out of hand. I was taking them because I liked them.

PLAYBOY: Last year you were recovering from ankle surgery when you had a seizure. Brittany said, "Is Daddy dying?" What happened?

FAVRE: Now, people have seizures all the time. By then I was off the Vicodin. The team doctors knew I'd taken a fancy to those. They gave me Demerol for the ankle. The Demerol kept me from sleeping. I wouldn't sleep all night, and finally the lack of sleep caused a seizure.

PLAYBOY: In any case the league sent you to a rehab center in Topeka, Kansas after you admitted your Vicodin addiction.

FAVRE: That was not my idea. I thought I could stop on my own.

PLAYBOY: Did you go to meetings? Did you say, "My name is Brett and I'm a pill popper"?

FAVRE: I sat there and never talked. But I did meet some good people in rehab. Bank presidents, CEOs. I learned that a lot of people who have trouble with drugs are bright. They have money and intelligence. Other people might put them on a pedestal, and they want a way to get down. To get lost. Me, maybe I wanted to hide from celebrity status. I still wasn't used to it. Maybe that's why I took pain pills and sat up all night watching TV, escaping everything. I don't know. They had a gym at the rehab center. I had nothing to do but work out, so I got in the best shape of my career.

PLAYBOY: You were strong enough to knock a hole in a wall.

FAVRE: I thought they should have let me out sooner.

PLAYBOY: After 46 days your Vicodin addiction was supposedly under control. Yet the NFL announced that you could no longer drink alcohol. Why?

FAVRE: League policy. They think drinking will make you want painkillers again.

PLAYBOY: True?

FAVRE: Maybe for some people, but not me. I could drink ten beers with you and I still wouldn't want a pain pill. Trust me, I've had enough of them.

PLAYBOY: Was it galling to be put through urine tests? Were you tempted to sneak a beer?

FAVRE: Sure, it pissed me off. And every once in a while I did have a beer. I knew how the test worked. Drugs stay in your system forever, but not beer. If you drink a beer tonight, it won't show up on the test at nine tomorrow morning.

PLAYBOY: Any other rehab war stories?

FAVRE: They couldn't believe how much gas I had. I have been known to fart, and with the good fruit diet we got in Topeka I was fully loaded. I was killing them. They tried to stop me. They gave me some Beano, but it didn't work. They had to give up and open the windows.

PLAYBOY: Suppose you jam your shoulder this year. Do you take aspirin?

FAVRE: Motrin. Three or four Motrin.

PLAYBOY: Long-term plans?

FAVRE: I wonder how many more years I should play. It might take only one hit to mess you up. I want to be able to run around and toss a baseball with my kids when I'm 40.

PLAYBOY: How does a concussion feel?

FAVRE: It doesn't hurt. You just don't know who you are for a minute. I have had three or four concussions, and maybe a couple more I don't know about. Sometimes you get hit and knocked silly, but it might not be a concussion. I might be concerned if I had three or four more. Or if they started happening easier. But that hasn't been the case so far. Every concussion I've had, I really got the shit knocked out of me. So I'm not worried.

PLAYBOY: Your first major injury happened off the field. In 1990 you nearly died in a car crash.

FAVRE: I had my seat belt on but still wound up in the back seat. My brother Scott was in the car behind me. He said it looked like a plane wreck, glass and pieces of trees all around. Scott had his golf clubs with him. He got out his putter and broke the car window to get to me. I had one of those concussions where you don't know who or where you are, but I was talking. I kept asking him if I could ever play football again.

PLAYBOY: Your injuries soon got worse.

FAVRE: After a week in the hospital I had terrible stomach pains. They did emergency surgery. The doctor went in and found 30 inches of my intestine had died. They took it out and sewed me up. I played five weeks later.

PLAYBOY: By then you were 30 pounds underweight, yet you led the Southern Mississippi Golden Eagles to a last-minute upset of Alabama. The Alabama coach called it "a miracle" and you an instant "legend." Since then you've made a habit of pulling off miracle plays, yet you often poor-mouth yourself.

FAVRE: I'm scared people will think I have a big head. Sure, I claim I don't give a shit what anybody says, but I actually hope they'll say I'm still just a good old guy like I was in high school. It's the truth.

PLAYBOY: Ever find yourself scratching your butt just to prove it?

FAVRE: [*Laughs*] No, that comes natural. If I'm on a golf outing with Marino and Kelly and they're getting ready to hit, I'll rip a big fart. They say, "That's awful!" But why? Everybody does it. Just because you're a professional athlete or a politician doesn't mean you stop taking dumps and scratching your ass. Of course, there's a time and place for humor like that. I don't go to corporate events, where everyone is in a suit and tie, and start cutting farts. Not loud ones, anyway.

PLAYBOY: You were once the only NFL star who still lived with his parents.

FAVRE: That was my first two years in the league. I remember my dad and I wore the same kind of underwear: BVDs. We called them grippers because they grip your balls real good. So to keep from getting them mixed up I would write BF or my number, four, on mine, and Irvin wrote DAD on his. Then one day I'm in the locker room when somebody sees the word DAD written on my briefs. Picked up the wrong ones at home. It's bad enough to fit into your dad's underwear; you don't want the whole team to see it.

PLAYBOY: When Atlanta drafted you in 1991, the Jets were poised to take you on the next pick. Would you have liked being Broadway Brett?

FAVRE: I didn't want to be. You can own New York if you do great, but if you screw up the media and fans will disown you. Atlanta was closer to home. I was relieved to hear, "Atlanta takes Favre with the 33rd pick."

PLAYBOY: How did you spend your bonus?

FAVRE: I put about 70 percent of it in stocks and bonds, conservative stuff, and bought a $30,000 maroon Acura. I'm pretty tight with money. Today I have a small house in Hattiesburg, Mississippi, near where I grew up, plus a house in Green Bay and some land back home. Deanna drives a Lexus and I drive a truck. I wasn't so conservative off the field. I was immature. Being third string was no fun, so I said what the hell and went partying. Which I don't regret. It probably helped get me out of Atlanta, where they weren't going to play me.

PLAYBOY: Did you fail in Atlanta?

FAVRE: No. They didn't give me that chance. If I had had the chance, would I have done the job for the Falcons? I don't know. I still didn't know how to read defenses, how to drop back and look around and see the defense unfold.

PLAYBOY: Did the Falcons veterans put you through the usual rookie hazing?

FAVRE: I fought it. I was the only rookie that year who didn't get his head shaved. They got me back by putting all my clothes in the shower. On rookie day you had to stand up and sing your school

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song. Southern Miss didn't have a school song, so I sang a country song. The whole team was yelling *Yee-ha!* at me. It was embarrassing.

PLAYBOY: Yet you bravely fought them off when they tried to shave your head.

FAVRE: I hid in my room.

PLAYBOY: How do the Packers haze their rookies?

FAVRE: We don't. Mike's policy is, we're one team from the first day you get here.

PLAYBOY: What was your quarterback rating as a rookie?

FAVRE: Zero. That year I was 0–5, with two interceptions. Want to know how bad that is? Today I am the third- or fourth-highest rated passer in history. I'd be one spot better without those five passes.

PLAYBOY: How do you read a defense?

FAVRE: It takes years to learn. First you need to keep thinking while Bruce Smith or Charles Haley or Leon Lett or Kevin Greene chases you all over the field. You don't *see* defensive players so much as feel their presence. All I'm looking at is the receiver coming across. We have a three-step drop, a five-step and a seven-step. With a seven-step drop you can really sit back and read what's happening out there, wait for it all to unfold. With a shorter drop, you have to think faster. But now, after five years in our offense, I can tell if a receiver's going to be open even before he makes his move.

PLAYBOY: What makes a great scrambler?

FAVRE: Take someone off the street and throw him out there with the pocket breaking down, and he would be scared to death. That's when I feel comfortable. It's a seventh sense—you feel someone coming behind you and you dodge him. Awesome, isn't it? I love watching those plays on film. "Damn, how'd I do that?" It makes you kind of ejaculate on yourself.

PLAYBOY: Like your shovel pass against Carolina——

FAVRE: Kevin Greene had me tackled. He was bringing me down with my arms pinned, but I shoveled it out for a touchdown. And Greene says, "Wow." That meant a lot to me, hearing that from him.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any other tricks up your sleeve?

FAVRE: Throwing a touchdown left-handed. I'm waiting for the right moment.

PLAYBOY: You are also a noted clubhouse prankster.

FAVRE: I pull guys' pants down in front of everyone. I'll put Heet ointment in your jock. Shaving cream in your helmet. If a guy's taking a dump, I like to go over the top of the stall and pour a five-gallon bucket of ice water on him. Oh, that's miserable. I got my buddy Frank Winters that way. He was halfway through a good dump when I poured the ice. Stopped him cold. He said he couldn't finish.

PLAYBOY: Do your victims ever manage to exact any revenge?

FAVRE: They ain't sneaky enough. There was one time: We're sitting in a meeting when I feel my balls start to burn. They got me with Heet in the jock. But I wouldn't react. Imagine that burning, man—20 minutes of it, but I never let on. Meeting ended and I ran for a wet towel.

PLAYBOY: In the NFL grown men not only play pranks, they room together. That was once an economy move, now it's just tradition. Why not room by yourself? You can afford it.

FAVRE: Winters and me, we've roomed on the road for six years now. He's my center. We're like brothers. Some guys room alone, but I need people around me. Guys, mostly. My wife gets mad because I can't go off on a business trip without asking four or five buddies along.

PLAYBOY: Are men more pack oriented?

FAVRE: Women don't understand us. When guys play golf we'll sit in the clubhouse afterward for hours. Have some beers, go over our scores, laugh and joke. Nobody wants to go home. It's like that with a football team on the road. Frank and I are typical roomies. We watch movies in the hotel room, talk about the game, fart and burp and throw our clothes on the floor. I have just started to think about retiring someday. When football is over I'll probably miss the jokes and locker room bullshit more than the games.

PLAYBOY: You and center Winters have an odd partnership.

FAVRE: I have to put my hand on his ass a hundred times a day. And he'll fart, too. I can't do anything about it. You can't call a time-out. You have to go through with the play.

PLAYBOY: Do Green Bay's cold winters bother you?

FAVRE: It gets so cold it's funny. One game, Mike Holmgren called a time-out. He was yelling instructions, but I burst out laughing. Mike had a big snot bubble frozen to his mustache.

PLAYBOY: Ever meet your fellow Southerner and Green Bay hero Bart Starr?

FAVRE: Bart is a friend. I would take any advice I could get from him, but that's not his way. All he has said about football is, "Brett, you brought back the Packers tradition."

PLAYBOY: A big part of that tradition is Reggie White. You helped to persuade him to sign with the Packers in 1993.

FAVRE: Shit, I was tired of him chasing my ass.

PLAYBOY: In his Philadelphia Eagles days White once slammed you to the turf, separating your shoulder. He was trying to hurt you, wasn't he? To knock you out of the game——

FAVRE: That's his job. I tried to get loose, but there was no way. Yes, he did it on purpose. He'll tell you that. But it's perfectly legal. In football you try to win.

PLAYBOY: What if he had gouged your eye?

FAVRE: Now, when you start poking eyeballs and ripping people's teeth out, that's pushing it a little.

PLAYBOY: How did you woo Reggie White?

FAVRE: All I said was, "Reggie, this is small-town America. There's no better place to play football. Come play with us and you'll see." Every team wanted Reggie, but we got him. We got the best defensive player ever, by far.

PLAYBOY: Better than Lawrence Taylor?

FAVRE: Oh yeah. Maybe the best player, period. Certainly in the top five. I was blown away when Reggie came to Green Bay and said we would win the Super Bowl. That helped me believe it. And now when Saturday rolls around and we all jump on the team plane, I feel like we could take on Iran or Russia and win. We're the Green Bay Packers! Want to hear something weird? When I fly commercial by myself, I get scared. But I feel safe on the team plane. Like we could all rescue one another if the plane went down.

PLAYBOY: What does the Reverend Reggie White think of your clubhouse pranks?

FAVRE: He likes them. I curse and drink beer around him. You can tell Reggie a dirty joke, too, as long as it's not about him. He told me he'd drive me home if I ever went out and drank too much.

PLAYBOY: Can you win another Super Bowl?

FAVRE: We've built something good here in Green Bay. We've kept getting better and better, and now we are on a plateau where we can't get any better. Now we have to maintain. If I can maintain my performance we'll win again. One day I might be seen as the best quarterback ever.

PLAYBOY: Do you worry about your health?

FAVRE: If we were to win three Super Bowls I might think about retiring. Going out on top. The older I get, the less elusive I'll be. I have to think about Deanna and our little girl.

PLAYBOY: Is that why you finally got married last year?

FAVRE: I couldn't keep Deanna and Brittany waiting forever. Little Brittany kept asking why mommy and daddy weren't married. I said I didn't know if I was ready. Finally I was at the rehab center with 46 days to think, and I realized something. I was always waiting to wake up someday and be grown up. That was never going to happen.

PLAYBOY: Has marriage changed your life?

FAVRE: It's better, but there are surprises. Living in a house full of women I can't walk around like an old slob. I thought Deanna and I would do everything together once we got married. I would

(continued on page 170)

WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

He's a man who knows how to throw a party. To toast his promotion to partner, he rented a yacht and invited 50 close friends. Before the sit-down lobster dinner everyone drank martinis. Not counting these celebrants, PLAYBOY readers consumed more than 22 million cocktails this past month. That's more than the readers of *Men's Health* and *Esquire* combined. Surprised? Don't be. PLAYBOY—it's the smart way to make an impression. (Source: Spring 1997 MRI.)

LOSER

terry nichols was a bumbling dropout with a mail-order bride and no future. his best friend was tim mcveigh

article By Ben Fenwick

Timothy McVeigh was the mastermind, an unrepentant killer. Pending appeal, he awaits execution for the bombing murders in Oklahoma City. Terry Nichols, his unfortunate pal, played a more ambiguous role in the bombing. By various standards he was a major loser, drifting from job to job and moving from place to place. His life was such a mess that his first wife urged him to join the Army. He failed there, too, and later married a mail-order bride in the Philippines. Waiting for her papers, she got pregnant by another man, but Nichols agreed to raise the baby as his own. The child later suffocated in a plastic bag. McVeigh, who was staying with the Nicholses at the time of the death, was one of the mourners at the child's funeral.

McVeigh and Nichols' other rendezvous with death was cataclysmic. The government concedes that the morning the bomb tore apart the Alfred P. Murrah Federal Building, Nichols was at his home in Herington, Kansas. Prosecutors will likely have a harder time proving Nichols' guilt than they did in proving McVeigh's. Was Nichols a willing plotter? Was he McVeigh's patsy? Or did he, following the pattern of the rest of his life, quit the plot? As revealed in documents obtained exclusively by PLAYBOY, Nichols simply couldn't make up his mind what to do. His trial, which began in September, should be a compelling legal skirmish.

IT WENT OFF?

On April 20, 1995, the day after the bombing, Nichols was the first customer at a Herington cable-TV office. He was eager to get cable installed that morning. As receptionist Roberta Erickson was watching CNN's coverage of the blast, Nichols asked, "What's that?"

"You would have to be on another planet," Erickson told *The Denver Post*, "not to know what was going on." Nichols, said Erickson, "just stood there watching it for a long time, not saying anything."

Later that day he went to a storage shed he rented with McVeigh and removed McVeigh's sleeping bag, rucksack and rifle. He placed the items in his garage. The following day, a neighbor saw Nichols hand-spreading what appeared to be fertilizer on his front yard. Weeds sprouted mysteriously sky-high on the lawn, then quickly burned up and died. That's what happens to plants that are overfertilized.

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Nichols was born in Lapeer, Michigan on April Fools' Day 1955. He was the third of four children and was raised on a farm about an hour's drive north of Detroit. He graduated from high school in 1973. Nichols told his family he intended to go to medical school, but he dropped out of Central Michigan University after a semester. (His parents had divorced and his mother wanted him to help work her farm in Decker, Michigan.)

From 1974 to 1980 Terry worked on the farm with his brother James. In 1980 he bought his own farm in Snover, Michigan. A year later, he married Lana Walsh, the real estate agent who had arranged the farm purchase. She was five years older than Terry, had been married twice before and had two sons. In August 1982 Terry and Lana had a son, Josh. Their real estate business had started out well, but by 1985 it had soured. Terry went to work as an insurance salesman and tried selling stocks and bonds. He also managed a grain elevator for a while.

During this time Nichols developed an interest in survivalism and even began stockpiling food. Fearing the collapse of the economy, he put what savings he had in gold and silver. Not surprisingly, his marriage began to

PAINTING BY MARSHALL ARISMAN

unravel and he became increasingly despondent. Lana recalled that he would "get up in the morning and sit there staring into space. Not angry, just not knowing what to do." One night, she left an Army recruiting brochure on the coffee table. Nichols got the message and enlisted in May 1988. While he was in the Army, Lana filed for divorce.

By chance, Nichols enlisted the same time McVeigh did. They went through basic training together in Fort Benning, Georgia and formed a bond based on a shared love of firearms and an interest in survivalism. After basic training they were transferred to the First Infantry Division in Fort Riley, Kansas. But Nichols' military career was cut short when in May 1989 he was granted a hardship discharge to take care of his son, Josh.

He returned to Michigan to work on the Decker farm. Nichols' divorce became final in December 1989 and he remarried within a year. He had met his new wife, Marife Torres, through a mail-order-bride agency in the Philippines. She was 17, he was 35. Following their November 1990 wedding in Marife's hometown of Cebu City, Terry returned to the States to get her papers in order.

Nichols stayed for a while in Michigan and then set out for Henderson, Nevada. He'd hoped to get back into the real estate business, but failed to get anything going. Marife arrived, pregnant, in July and two months later a son, Jason, was born.

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That fall Nichols returned with his family to the farm in Michigan. He was soon at the end of his tether. Nichols' marriage was in trouble—he was unemployed and deep in debt, having gotten nearly $40,000 behind in credit-card payments. When one bank sued to collect, he responded with a counterclaim, asking for "$50,000 or 14,200 ounces of silver." In a rambling brief he described himself as facing a "very strong political law system that runs over the average individual, without a care for truth, honesty or justice." He railed against lawyers, declaring that if "all these bloodsucking parasites disappeared, this whole world would be better off." Later, after a judgment was entered against him, he paid with a "certified fractional reserve check," claiming he had the right to issue money under the Ninth, Tenth and Fourteenth Amendments.

Nichols renounced his citizenship. In April 1992 he sent a letter to the Michigan Department of Natural Resources in which he declared he was "no longer a citizen of the corrupt political corporate state of Michigan." He claimed that as a "nonresident alien" he wasn't required to obtain a hunting or fishing license. Terry was now a sovereign citizen—and completely adrift.

By early 1993 Nichols had moved his family to the Philippines. He had intended to settle there, but once again things didn't work out. He spent much of his time sick in bed. By February he was back in the States with Marife and Jason. After a stint in Nevada they returned to Michigan.

In the spring of 1993, Tim and Terry were preparing to leave for Waco when the Branch Davidian siege broke. According to a chronology prepared by investigators for Timothy McVeigh's defense team, "it was at this time that Tim decided to do whatever he could to wake up people and help them fight this battle."

By late November Terry was once more on the move. The morning the family was to leave for St. George, Utah, two-year-old Jason was found suffocated near his crib. The death was ruled an accident. Instead of going to Utah, Terry and Marife set off for Las Vegas, where Terry was able to find work at a construction site and as a security guard. He also traveled regularly to central Kansas, working the gun-show circuit and visiting military-surplus auctions.

ON THE OFFENSIVE

Nichols took a job in March 1994 as a farmhand at a ranch near Marion, Kansas. Shortly after arriving he sent an affidavit to the Marion County clerk reaffirming his self-styled sovereign status, asserting that "IRS agents have no written, lawful delegation of authority to my knowledge, and their so-called Form 1040 appears to be a bootleg document." The Marion County attorney placed the affidavit in his "weirdos file."

That summer Tim McVeigh visited Nichols at the ranch. Nichols gave a month's notice, and McVeigh returned to help him move out at the end of September. Meanwhile, Marife left for the Philippines with their year-old daughter, Nicole.

By this point the bombing plot had begun to take shape. According to the defense documents, sometime in August or September McVeigh and Nichols began their "remedial and weapons training to get ready to execute a plan." An entry from late August notes that "Tim and Terry planned to rob Bob Miller. [Bob Miller was the alias used by Arkansas gun dealer Roger Moore. McVeigh later referred to the robbery as a fund-raiser.] They also began buying fertilizer. No decision on a location yet."

HOW MUCH FERTILIZER DOES IT TAKE TO BUILD A BOMB?

The defense chronology records a burst of activity beginning in late September, as McVeigh and Nichols began to accumulate fertilizer and explosive materials.

On September 23, according to the chronology, "Tim purchased ten bags of fertilizer from the Mid-Kansas Co-op in McPherson, Kansas." A week later, it reads: "Terry bought 40 bags, 2000 pounds of fertilizer, from McPherson, Kansas. He bought 40 more bags from McPherson, Kansas. Prior to leaving Marion, Tim bought eight bags in Manhattan, one bag in Burns and six bags in a town below McPherson."

THE PLAN IN HIGH GEAR

An entry for early October notes that "McVeigh and Nichols stole approximately 350 pounds of gel, 600 blasting caps and Primadet cord from Martin Marietta quarry in Marion, Kansas." The pair traveled to Arizona and put the explosives in storage.

On October 18 "McVeigh and Nichols purchased 40 50-pound bags of ammonium nitrate in McPherson, Kansas under the name Mike Havens."

As the scheme progressed, McVeigh seems to have become dissatisfied with Nichols' participation. Michael Fortier, a former Army buddy of Nichols' and McVeigh's and a key prosecution witness, testified that during one buy McVeigh had complained that "Terry was supposed to do all the talking, but halfway through he was messing up. Tim told me that he would have to do it from then on out." Nichols, it seems, wasn't a very good liar.

McVeigh and Nichols then tried to buy nitromethane (a volatile racing fuel used in dragsters and funny cars). A defense chronology entry for late October notes that "Tim convinced Terry to sell his gold to buy the nitro, so they traveled to Wichita and sold ten more pieces." An earlier entry states that "Nichols sold gold for $3000. The money was used by McVeigh to purchase three drums of nitromethane."

TERRY GETS COLD FEET, BRIEFLY

Nichols and McVeigh drove to a racetrack south of Dallas to buy nitromethane. Their route from Kansas to Texas ran through Oklahoma. "Tim and Terry drove through Oklahoma City," reads the entry for October 20, "headed to buy nitromethane at a racetrack in Dallas. They drove by the Murrah Building, got out, walked around

(continued on page 174)

"I miss the old-fashioned Thanksgivings!"

four years of flirting and finally they wind up in a hotel room together. who's gonna know? yeah, right

TABLOID TEMPTRESS

We live in a tabloid world, and this is a story made in tabloid heaven.

They met on a plane: Kathie Lee Gifford's picture-perfect husband, Frank, and Suzen Johnson, now 47, a Floridian who was once captain of her cheerleading squad. It was October 1993 and Suzen was working as a flight attendant for TWA—though on that day she traveled as a passenger on the flight to Fort Lauderdale. Suzen sets the scene: "I was the last person on the flight and I was trying to put away my luggage. Some of the people who were working the flight knew me, and they were, you know, 'Hello, Suzen,' 'How nice to see you, Suzen.' Frank Gifford stood up, held out his hand and said, 'Hi, I'm Frank, and you are as pretty as my wife.'"

They started talking, and Frank told Suzen he was going to Florida to interview Don Shula. But he seemed more interested in interviewing her. He was fascinated to hear about her primary job as a hotel consultant and her part-time work for the airline. Suzen was going to Fort Lauderdale to work on a New York Mets charter flight to the Big Apple.

TRUMP DUMPS MARLA FOR BIKINI GAL
DAVID DUCHOVNY WEDS TEA LEONI!
EDDIE MURPHY'S DRAG QUEENS TELL ALL
GLOBE
FRANK CHEATS ON KATHIE LEE WITH BLONDE!
–WILL SECRET AFFAIR DESTROY AMERICA'S MOST FAMOUS MARRIAGE?
Lover tells of romps in Room 521, Regency Hotel, New York City
JONBENET: Mom fingers dad!
POOR DI! Muslim doc cheats on princess as she begs: MARRY ME
New Kathie Lee shocker
GLOBE
FRANK'S SEX TAPE!
Sizzling transcript of his pillow talk with blonde lover
INSIDE: The photo that broke her heart
JONBENET Will Mom and Dad get away with it?
LAS VEGAS EXPOSED!
3-PAGE REPORT
KENNY ROGERS' 5TH WEDDING
STALLONE WEDDING ALBUM
GLOBE
Robert Urich's wife battles cancer, too
FRANK'S MISTRESS BREAKS HER SILENCE
FORGIVE HIM KATHIE LEE
'He seduced me, but still loves you'
PLUS!
GIFFORDS' DIVORCE DRAMA
What weeping TV star told cheating hubby
DNA RESULTS TRAP JONBENET PARENTS

It was a story made for the tabloids, and a tabloid was in the right place. When Frank Gifford, as expected, denied having a hotel-room tryst with Suzen Johnson, *Globe* was armed and ready with juicy video footage in which Gifford called Johnson "perky" and praised her "beautiful breasts." Above right, the Giff and notoriously perky Kathie Lee in happier times.

They clicked right away and Suzen admits to being smitten, though she was embarrassed by what she was wearing that day. She didn't have her uniform together, and wore a borrowed long-sleeved man's shirt. The shirt came down to her hips. "I did have on one of my black skirts. That was kind of it, with my heels. I had rubber bands on the cuffs to try to keep up the sleeves. So the whole time I'm trying to talk to him I'm pulling this up, pulling that up." But Frank wasn't put off. "It was crazy," says Suzen. "It was as if we had known each other all of our lives. Maybe he was comfortable with me because I was so sloppy. But maybe he just thought I was someone who was trustworthy, someone he could talk to. We talked about his children, Cody and Cassidy, and he showed me photographs of them. We shared my water. We sat very close. There was definitely chemistry there. It was personal because we were holding each other's hands and arms—he had his Hall of Fame ring on his left hand. He took it off and put it on me. I said, 'Congratulations,' because he seemed so proud of it. He said, 'Suzen, that was years ago.' We were looking into each other's eyes.

"I barely knew what he did," says Suzen. "He explained to me that he was on television on Sunday nights—or was it Mondays? I'm used to having a lot of high-profile people on my flights. You try not to talk to them unless they want something. So I was cool with him, but he seemed to enjoy talking with me."

Yes, he did. Never underestimate the power of telephone sex. Suzen Johnson so impressed Gifford that, after the plane landed, he talked to her frequently for the next several years before finally touching down in her Manhattan hotel suite earlier this

After meeting on an airplane to New York, Johnson and Gifford engaged in almost four years of telephone love-making ("Don't call it phone sex—that cheapens what we had," she insists). "It was destiny," Johnson says. Thank you, destiny, for bringing Suzen Johnson to us.

year. So powerful was the telephonic pillow talk that it seemed they conspired not to disturb safe fantasy with dangerous reality.

"I don't know whether our telephone relationship was more intellectual or sexual," says Suzen, but she certainly found his voice "incredibly sexy." According to *Globe*, Frank told her, "I want to taste your lips and kiss your breasts. I want to feel my naked body against yours." To those who would call this just phone sex, Suzen says, "That cheapens what we had. Frank and I made love during those conversations."

Suzen Johnson was born in Washington, D.C. and moved to Florida at the age of ten. Life was tough after her father died in a car accident shortly after the family moved, and Suzen spent a lot of time helping her mother bring up her sisters and brother. In fact, helping people is what Suzen does best. "Maybe it's a flight-attendant thing," she laughs, and quickly adds that she both likes and allows men to "call the shots." A brief early marriage failed, but her relationship with Harold

Johnson, now 69, has lasted more than 20 years and, says Suzen, is stronger than ever. One tends to believe her—in person she comes across as sincere, as warm and inviting. Indeed, in Frank Gifford she says she saw "a blurred image of myself. He was just so kind. He was handsome in a mature sort of way. You know . . . and nice." A former aerobics instructor, Suzen is a gym regular. She really enjoyed the five-day PLAYBOY shoot, and says, "I wish that I had had the experience 20 years ago. I think that maybe I would have been an actress."

But the nearest Suzen ever got to being an actress was at her very first job when, as a 15-year-old, she sold tickets in a movie theater. Later she was drawn to business, and in the Seventies helped her husband build up a chain of fitness centers. For a time Suzen and her husband were riding high with a Rolls-Royce and a private plane. But plans for a public offering of shares were destroyed with the 1987 stock market crash, and in 1989 the Johnsons' business went bankrupt. But the couple are survivors. Harold has started a swimming *(text concluded on page 173)*

behind every sky-surfing daredevil is a fat guy making money

IN$IDE THE EXTREME MACHINE

article by Michael Angeli Fashioned out of aircraft-grade aluminum, a street luge looks like a long, flattened hunting bow with skateboard wheels. Riders lie supine on a form-fitting seat and steer by leaning. Braking is another matter. You plant your feet gynecological exam–style and hope for the best. Your second option is a hay bale.

Tossing his worn-out wheels to adoring kids and causing a riot comparable to the Red Cross' passing out fresh water in Somalia, Biker Sherlock has the flowing hair and heavy lids of a rock star drawn by R. Crumb. There are flints pounded into the soles of his shoes—when he stops, sparks fly. Talented and boastful and with a nose for the limelight, he clicks with publicity, like banana oil on a stripper. And Sherlock is one of the few X Games athletes who can claim a major sponsor.

"Converse is manufacturing a street-luge shoe with me attached," says Sherlock, 29. "The shoe's called the Rodan, like that Japanese sci-fi monster, so when it comes out it'll be like, 'Biker Sherlock versus Rodan.'" Although the wheels he tosses to the crowd are the most-cherished items (comparable to a foul ball hit into the stands), some kids settle for stickers with the word DREG on them.

"I own a skateboarding company called Dreg, like the dregs of society. We also make lugeboards—but let's face it, the money's not that great there. I have another business: We make glass bongs."

When someone suggests that his bong enterprise probably does better than Dreg and his Converse sponsorship, Sherlock rolls his sleepy eyes and nods. "Don't even kid. I sell them everywhere."

•

Introducing extreme sports, alternately hailed as a cultural upheaval and dismissed as a millennial version of going over Niagara Falls in a barrel. Forget 100-mph fastballs, blitzing linebackers, high-sticking wingmen and boxers going dental. Welcome to a daredevil domain where your teammate is guts and your enemy is gravity, where the Jumbotron meets the hay bale. *U.S. News & World Report* tells us our "creativity and individual expression" have been squashed by sports that have remained unchanged from generation to generation, and American business knows an opportunity when it sees one. That's why

PAINTING BY RAFAL OLBINSKI

sportscasting superpower ESPN has colonized youth culture with a three-year-old traveling extravaganza called (for the moment, anyway) the X Games. This year, ESPN assaulted the beaches of Oceanside, about 40 miles north of downtown San Diego (the venue for sky-surfing and street luge), and Mariner's Point on Mission Bay.

•

Cheerful sentries redirect lost street-luge fans to the top of winding Rancho Del Oro Drive in Oceanside, where the luge riders are crammed into a starting paddock, preparing themselves for the race. We're a far cry from Indy's pit row; instead, it's high school shop class. Rashers of long folding tables serve as work surfaces for tinkering on the sleds, which essentially involves changing wheels and slapping sponsor stickers on the bottom sides, where race officials won't see them until it's too late.

Judging from the names of the participants—e.g., Biker Sherlock, Rat Sult and Dr. Gofast—you might think that there's more going on in street luge than just the wet whisper of skateboard wheels in a game of follow-the-leader. Looking to spice up the competition, race organizers came up with the idea of running six racers on the track at once (competition is in pairs and fours). But the modification offers little in the way of chills and spills. There is one major crash, involving four riders—a typhoon of arms and legs, the riders on their backs and desperately trying to kick clear of one another. But for the most part, the sport resembles the Soap Box Derby. At least Sherlock delivers, winning two gold medals and one silver (the most, it turns out, of any athlete in the X Games).

"You could be doing this, you could be luging," Sherlock confesses later that night at Hurricane's, the place where X athletes hang. "You could practice and be in the next contest. We teach our girlfriends how to do it, 60-year-old guys do it, it's not a hard thing at all. It's not difficult." Then where's the X factor? "Not here, bro. Not in this race."

•

The official symbol for the X Games is a man with a globe for a head and an incongruent X for a body, but a more appropriate logo would be a man shaped like a couch. ESPN legend has it that programming director Ron Semiao was dozing off in front of the TV when the idea of staging an extreme-sports Olympics hit him like a Keith Olberman one-liner. Having to program 24 hours a day for two channels, ESPN management wasn't about to let this one get away (anything's better than televising vein-busting Irishmen setting heavy boulders on a bird feeder). They immediately green-lighted the idea.

You could run an entire luge race on the belly of Jack Wienert, the man Semiao chose in 1993 to be executive director of what were then called the Extreme Games. Big as a Frigidaire and cool under fire, Wienert, a former car salesman, is the guy you want on your side. But Wienert, who helped the Missouri Tigers win the Sugar Bowl in 1966, didn't find the prospect of hand-holding kids on skateboards entirely appealing.

"Hey, I made the statement that I was going to be the first guy off the bungee platform," Wienert recalls of that first year in Rhode Island, when the games included bungee jumping.

"My neurosurgeon hears about it, says I'm nuts. At my age, overweight, all that blood rushing to my head, forget it. But not me, I'm doing it. So I go up the platform. And they start to wrap that shit around my ankles, OK? I take a look down, turn around, raise my hand and say, 'First extreme chicken.' I mean, I totally bailed out. I don't have those kind of guts anymore."

Instead of guts, he had salesmanship. It was tough to sell the idea of people jumping from planes on skyboards or racing on their backs down the streets of Newport in motorcycle leathers or leaping off a tower with giant rubber bands tied to their ankles. At best, it suggested a fringe element.

"They thought that we were going to bring in a bunch of purple-haired, body-pierced, needle-pushing, dope-smoking kids," says Wienert. "We couldn't tell them in advance that when all was said and done, the state would benefit with $15 million in revenue."

But there were problems. For one thing, there was the word extreme. "The word extreme, I am told, doesn't translate too well into foreign languages," says Wienert. "And we have 21 different languages on our broadcast. Another problem was that the word extreme got used extremely too much." And then along came Mickey.

Not long ago, Disney Corp., the Vince Lombardi of image cultivation, gained control of ESPN when it bought Capital Cities/ABC. For the company that turned Hercules into a stand-up comic the word extreme didn't translate well, either. The title Extreme Games was abridged to its present X Games moniker, an obvious sop to the much-coveted Gen X market but a hoot to the porn industry.

"When we first heard that the name would be changed, almost 90 percent of this company went pfft," Wienert says, flapping his cheeks and making a raspberry sound. "But the top ten percent—the Eisners, the Ovitzes—had its mandate, and it was a good change."

The games that took place this past summer in San Diego provided competition for men and women in nine categories: in-line skating, skateboarding, snowboarding, sky-surfing, sport-climbing, stunt bicycling, street luge, barefoot waterski jumping and wakeboarding. There was also the X Venture Race, a kind of Baja 1000 for hikers, staged on a course extending from Mexico to California. After two years, bungee jumping was dropped from the X menu because "it got to be like watching diving. Everybody was doing the same thing. It's real hard to sit for three hours and watch guys leap off a bungee tower," says Wienert. "I mean, the fans are just waiting for the cord to break. And we spend all our money on the cord not breaking."

As diverse as these competitions are, with the exception of the X Venture Race, they all have one similarity—none of them are team sports. Most of us were raised to believe that a team sport is—repeat after me—"a microcosm of society," that the red, white and blue was founded on the principle of all for one and one for all, Albert Belle notwithstanding. The centerpiece of Michael Eisner's empire is a building on the Disney studio lot called Team Disney, so there can't be a problem with translation. What happened to the whole being greater than the sum of its parts and pulling together as a team? Isn't the Eisner Sports Programming Network trifling with the American way?

"Well, I think the American way is changing," Wienert counters, threatening to light up a cigar nearly as long as a luge sled. "These new sports exemplify the change in the American way. The family isn't the core unit that it used to be. Mom and dad are both working or they're divorced, with latchkey kids. The American way was built on kids playing stickball and soccer in the street. In California, they did things on the beach. The beach might still be there, but government no longer provides facilities and money for American teens. With fewer places to go, these kids are going to do something for themselves—alternative sports."

One of the things they won't be able to do, at least at the X Games, is make money. First-place prize money ranges from $4000 for sport-climbing to $7000 for wakeboarding. The most common complaint that is heard among extreme athletes concerns the weak

(continued on page 128)

"Now if you were retired, you could stay there all day."

Playboy's History Of The Sexual Revolution

article By JAMES R. PETERSEN

Part V 1940–1949

GREETINGS: *Having submitted yourself to a local board composed of your neighbors for the purpose of determining your availability for training and service in the land or naval forces of the United States, you are hereby notified that you have now been selected for training and service therein. . . .*"

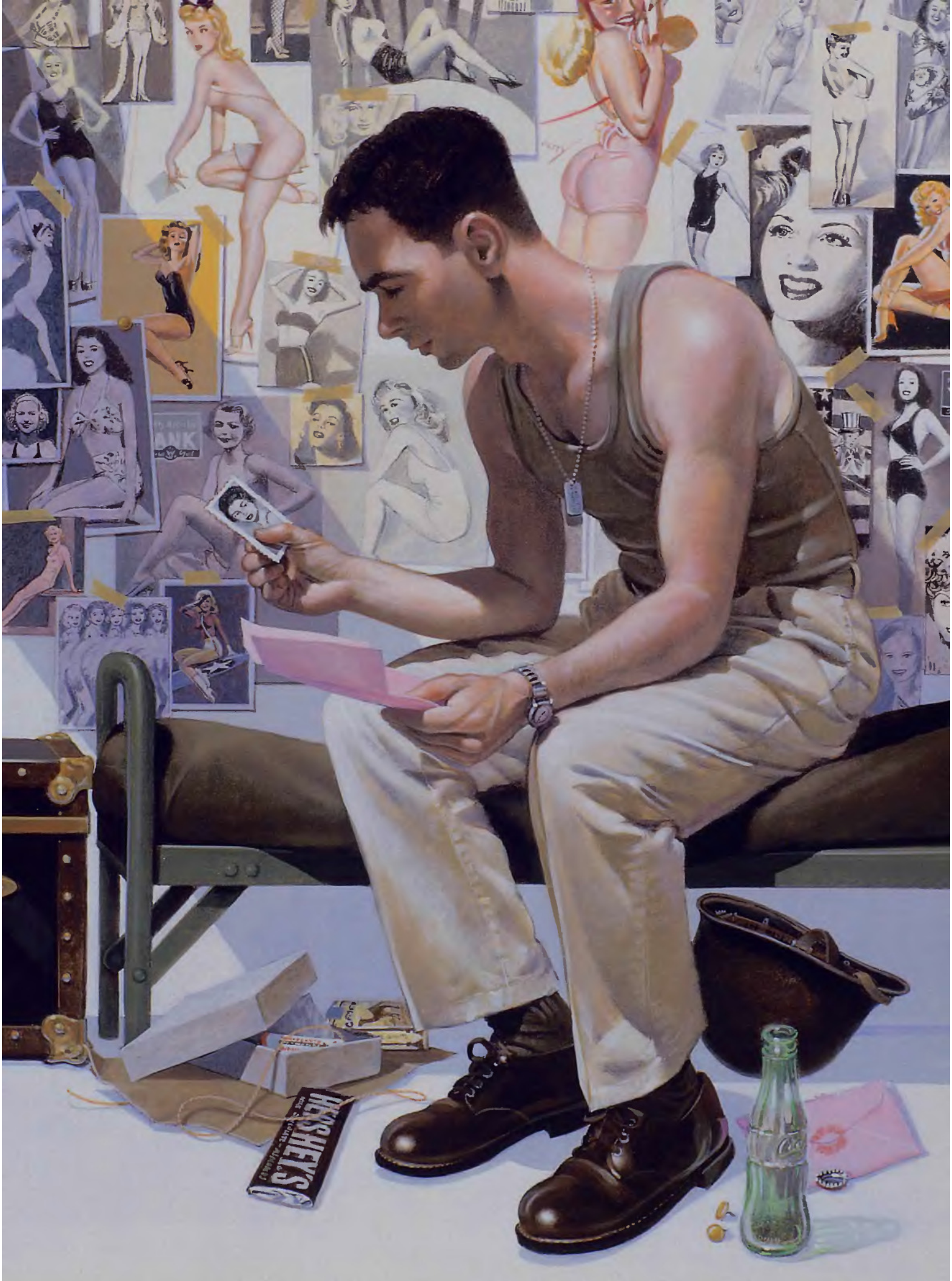
Funny how your whole life can change with one letter. In September 1940 Congress passed the Selective Training and Service Act and instituted a national draft. More than 16 million men received registration cards. Almost one million men between the ages of 20 and 36 opened their mail to learn that Uncle Sam wanted them to report for a year of service—with a provision that the term be extended to 18 months in a national emergency.

Americans watched the fall of France and listened to Edward R. Murrow describe the Battle of Britain from the rooftops of London.

In 1941 Congress extended the hitch to 30 months. After the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor the fine print read simply "for the duration." Within a year, Congress had lowered the draft

The war separated the sexes for years at a time. The pin-up—including this Betty Grable shot (left) and the starlets who graced the back pages of *Yank*—came to symbolize what our boys were fighting for overseas. Mail call—letters from home—kept love and a GI's dreams alive (right).

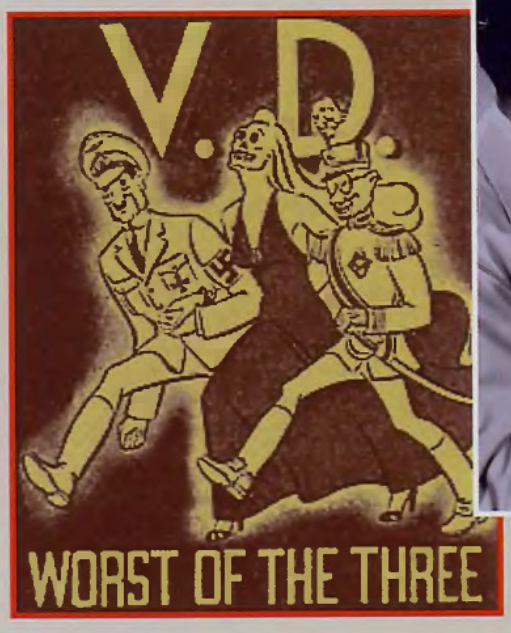
ILLUSTRATION BY STUDIO MARTIN HOFFMAN


HERSHEY'S

Americans were united in a common cause. Those on the home front dealt with wartime hardships with caurage and creativity. When nylon was deemed an essential war material and strictly ratianed, wamen coped by drawing lines down the backs af their legs ta give the appearance af stackings (that's dancer Ann Miller, above). Patriatism inspired Tin Pan Alley ta write such martial meladies as *Remember Pearl Harbor* (right). Victory was aur universal goal. Patriatism alsa fueled pramiscuity. V-girls gave their all—and sametimes mare. A VD poster (belaw) warned soldiers against a different enemy.

VICTOR
For best results use RCA Victor Needles
27738-A
REMEMBER PEARL HARBOR—March
(Don Reid-Sammy Kaye)
Swing and Sway with Sammy Kaye
Vocal refrain by Glee Club
RCA MANUFACTURING CO., INC., CAMDEN, N. J., U. S. A.

age to 18. Most of us had never heard of Pearl Harbor, but as of December 7, 1941 we were a nation at war. Our goal was victory, our theme song *God Bless America*. Mobilization was a blur; a constant leave-taking performed again and again in bus stations, on train platforms, at airports and ports of embarkation. The U.S. armed forces grew from eight divisions to 90 in the space of four years, from fewer than half a million men to almost 4 million by 1942, 9 million by 1943, 11 million by 1944, 12 million by 1945. Men simply vanished from the streets of towns and cities



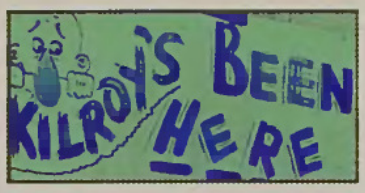
Humphrey Bogart tells Ingrid Bergman that the problems af three peaple dan't amaunt ta a hill af beans in Casablanca.

Women were part af the war effort—be it gracing bambers as nase art (abave) or building them on assembly lines (belaw).

We listened to Edward R. Murrow describe the Battle of Britain and adopted Winston Churchill's V for Victory (left). The home front kept patriotic spirits high with posters (right), ads (below) and diligent censorship of news from obroad. The war pulled the country out of the depths of the Depression.

Hollywood pitched in. Donald Duck struck a blow for freedom in *Der Fuehrer's Face* (above). Veronica Lake graced pin-ups.

Men in uniform were virile and proud of it. Tex Avery's cartoon classic *Red Hot Riding Hood* depicted the wolf as an unabashed sexual predator. The wolf whistle wos something between o mating call, the national anthem and a hymn. We rooted for our men and their fighting machines. Major General Claire Chennault's famous Flying Tigers (above) were early heroes. Civilians at home weren't forced to confront reality until 1943, when the first photos of American war deod were published.



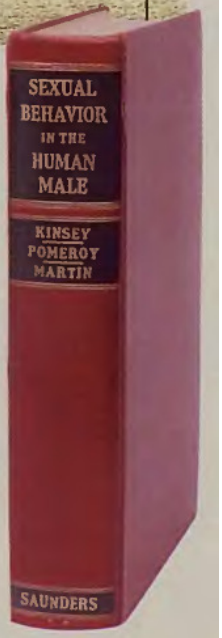
across America, replaced by blue stars displayed proudly in the windows of families with boys in the military. When those boys died, the blue stars were replaced with stars of gold.

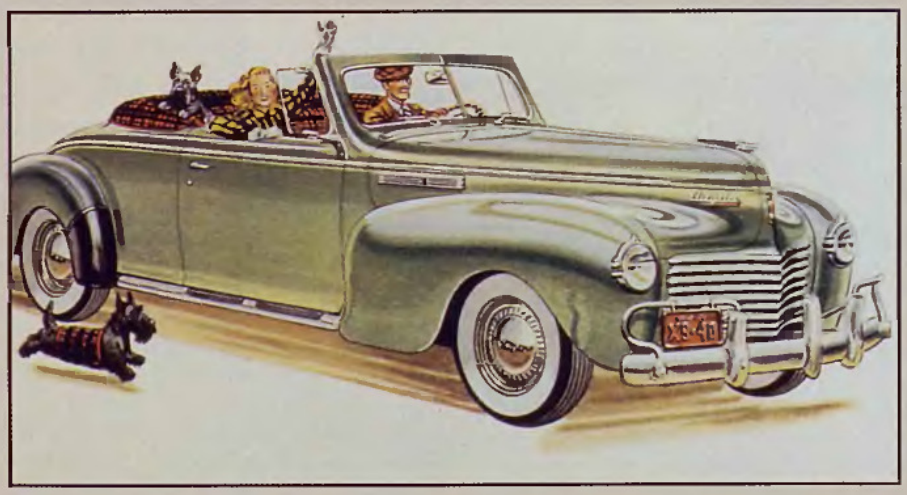
One letter changed your life, and you live in a world where the most important time of day is mail call. You hear a name called and recognize it as your own. News from home. Slowly men settle onto overturned boxes, huddle on bunks. Letters, they say, are like five-minute furloughs.

You tear *(continued on page 124)*

Milton Coniff's Miss Loce (above) oppeored in service newspopers and Kilroy cropped up everywhere. Howord Hughes fought his own wor, with censors, finolly releosing *Outlaw* (left) without o seol of opprovol. Dischorged vets received the Ruptured Duck (above) ond the GI Bill. We embroced o glittering world of modern things—from TV (left) to gleoming new outos (below). Modison Avenue's Americo wos pure Norman Rockwell, but film noir clossics such as *Gilda* (top right) fed off the sexuol poronoio and mutuol suspicion thot dominoted the American scene during the postwor yeors.

Fronk Sinotro (left) entertoined bobby-soxers while the troops were owoy. The French celebroted the otomic oge with o skimpy new bothing suit colled the bikini (below). Alfred Kinsey dropped his own bomb with o report on mole sexuolity (below). Americons celebroted V-J Doy with kisses in Times Squore (right), but the Cold Wor wos on its woy.





PAINTING BY GREGORY MANCHESS

Rawlings

ROBERT WUHL

Creating one of the funniest shows on television, Robert Wuhl (pronounced "wall") is a one-man band of talent. His HBO series, "Arliss," which aired its second season this summer, may be so good because Wuhl does the lion's share of the work. He created the show, produces it and stars in it. And though he has won good notices as an actor and two Emmys as a writer (for two of Billy Crystal's Academy Awards shows), he has put himself out on a critical limb with "Arliss."

Wuhl grew up in Union, New Jersey, the middle child of three and a self-proclaimed smartass. "I was part of the gang with the guys," he says, "but not with women. I didn't date at all." Instead, he sneaked into the drive-in. His movie heroes were Billy Wilder, Preston Sturges, Ernst Lubitsch and Woody Allen. He studied drama on the "seven-year plan" at the University of Houston, where artist Julian Schnabel was his roommate. Too bored to get a degree, he went to New York and became a stand-up comedian. Wuhl caught Rodney Dangerfield's attention and became a joke writer for him. In 1979 Wuhl headed to Los Angeles. Though he says he always wanted to produce and direct rather than perform, he has played memorable roles in such movies as "Hollywood Knights," "Bull Durham," "Batman," "Good Morning, Vietnam" and "Cobb." He wrote, directed and starred in the independent film "Open Season." "Arliss," shot on many locations and featuring a soundtrack that ranges from the Four Tops to Antonio Vivaldi, is a satirical, pseudodocumentary peek into the big business of sports. Athletes and owners, including Shaquille O'Neal, Hank Aaron and Jerry Jones, have appeared on the show. It has become the cool thing to do. "Plus," says Wuhl, "I get good seats at the World Series now. That's a nice little perk."

the man who gives us *arliss* assesses tiger woods, rotisserie-league baseball and the allure of shaved nude dancers

[redacted]

We dispatched two writers—David Rensin and Julie Bain—to talk with Wuhl on two separate occasions.

1.

PLAYBOY: Do you think that professional athletes should serve as role models in the post–Dennis Rodman era?

WUHL: Most pro athletes are young—and they have money. Why are we surprised when they get into trouble? It all comes down to family and influences. On an episode of *Arliss*, we've featured a flamboyant, bisexual bowling champion named Turkey Reeves. He is the Rodman of bowling. It's absolutely great. Am I going to tell someone he shouldn't go out partying, or that he has to go to church? People are ultimately responsible for their own actions. Take the Dallas Cowboys' troubles. It's not a new problem. I remember playing at a Dallas comedy club in the early Eighties. One of the Cowboys comes into my dressing room. This 6'13" guy pulls out a vial—no, not a vial, a test tube—of cocaine. He says, "I'm just going to do a quick bump." He takes his huge thumbnail, which he has grown for this purpose, holds it down by his waist and [*inhaling*] I swear I could see the stuff fly through the air and up his nose. It was like a cartoon. Then he dies a few years later. There's nothing we can do about it.

2.

PLAYBOY: It's impossible not to compare *Arliss* to *Jerry Maguire*. Who did a better job with the basic premise?

WUHL: I wrote *Arliss* in 1992. It was in the can before *Jerry Maguire* even finished shooting. But I called Cameron Crowe—we used to play together in a softball league—and said, "OK, it's a Tom Cruise movie: He's going to get the girl. I'm going to get laughs. What else do I need to know?" *Jerry Maguire* is well written. It doesn't play down to the audience, it has good, smart female characters and it's a damn good romantic comedy.

3.

PLAYBOY: In the opening montage of *Arliss* there's a shot of you swinging a golf club left-handed. Could you tell us some of the advantages of being a southpaw?

WUHL: Left-handers use the right side of the brain—which proves that left-handers are the only people in their right mind. Left-handed pitchers are often referred to as crafty. They're not crafty; they just see things differently, in a more musical way. In baseball, hitting is timing; pitching is upsetting that timing. Timing is also music. Whether it's a baseball game or a movie or a show, I see the whole thing as a musical score. Once Neil Simon and I were talking, and he referred to somebody who was working on a show who didn't "hear the music." I knew exactly what he was talking about. You're hearing this rhythm in your head [*snaps his fingers*]. The whole story has a rhythm. It's all in the timing of the score. I look at each show as a score. It has a beginning, middle and end. Where are the grace notes? Where are we coming up, and where are we going down? Being left-handed, I see it a little differently, is all. Everybody is going *this* way, and I see it *that* way.

4.

PLAYBOY: In a scene from *Arliss*, you're walking on the beach in a designer suit to check out the volleyball scene. Two gorgeous babes in bikinis brush by you, and you say, "Cocoa butter on Italian gabardine—that can't be good." What would it take to get you to forget about the suit?

WUHL: If the girls weren't running away [*laughs*], if they were brushing up against me for a reason and if it were a more private place than the beach, then I wouldn't mind it so much. I sincerely hate the beach.

5.

PLAYBOY: You're someone who likes to challenge political correctness. Identify one of its frontiers.

WUHL: Political correctness has never been a strength of mine. I am constantly going up against it—I like seeing the reaction. On an episode of *Arliss*, we use the dreaded C word. And we build on it. It's really funny. I guess nobody goes to British cinema. I mean, in Britain they call guys cunts. "That bloody cunt." It's all you hear. Go see *Trainspotting*; it's every other word. If a guy's an asshole, you call him a prick. It doesn't mean all guys are pricks. Nobody has a problem with it. However, if a woman is an asshole, you can't say she's a cunt. And you can't call her a prick, right? If you say, he's genitalia, or she's genitalia, is that better? Are we all happy now? It's just a word.

6.

PLAYBOY: In another episode of *Arliss*, there are many references to "shaved nude dancers." Is this a reference to some cast party event, or is there some genuine enhanced appeal?

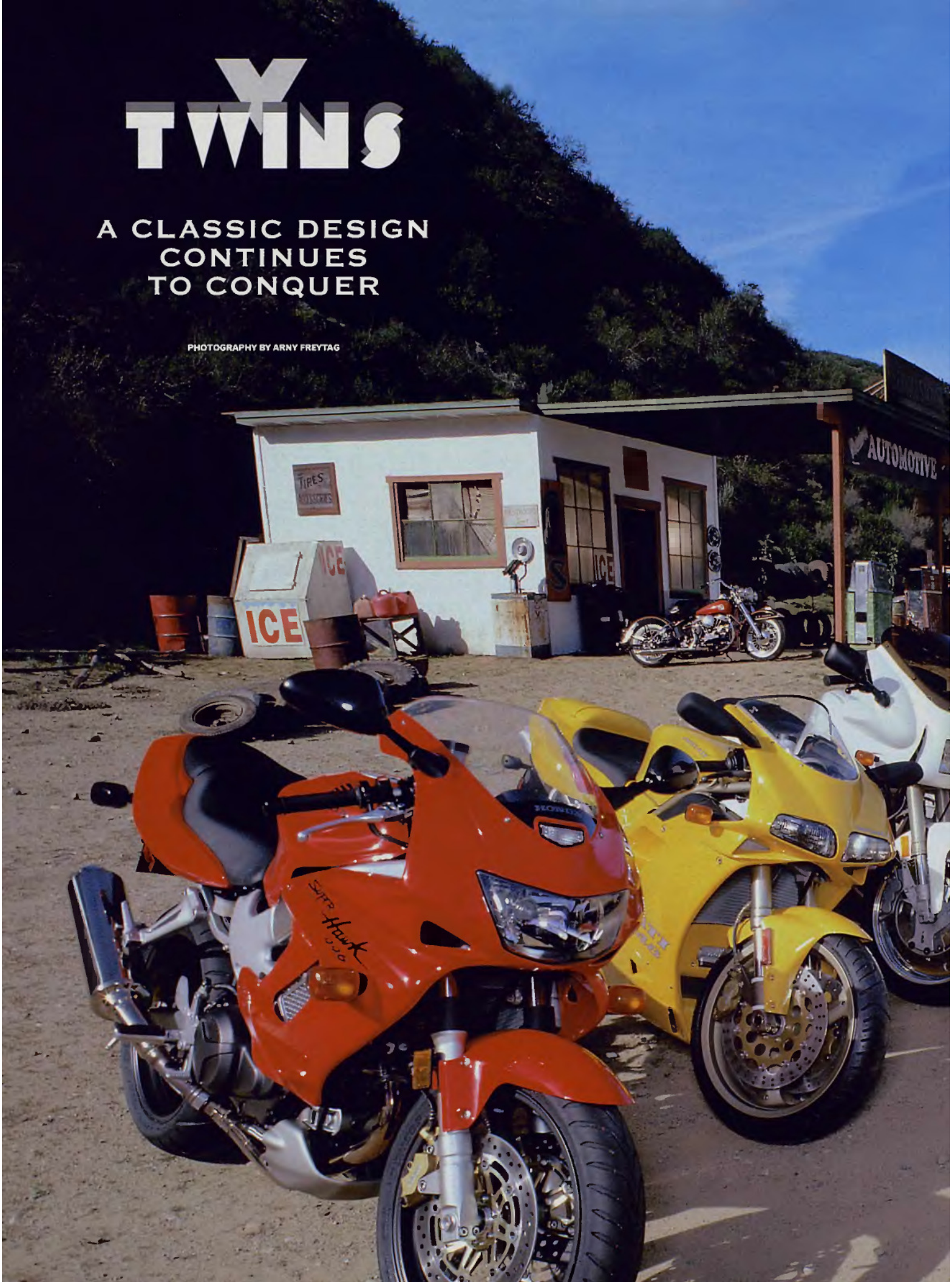
WUHL: Well, it's *(continued on page 96)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL GRECCO

V TWINS

A CLASSIC DESIGN CONTINUES TO CONQUER

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG



SOME THINGS get better with age. The concept of using a V-twin engine to power two-wheeled vehicles has been around since Model Ts and biplanes developed about ten horsepower, enough to rocket you along at 50-plus. By comparison, today's twins boast ten times the muscle and three times the speed. And although the modern incarnation tends to be synonymous with Harleys, the Ducati 916 has dominated racing, inspiring several manufacturers to put their own spin on the twin.

Front to back: Honda's challenger, the racy red Super Hawk 996, has a one-liter twin that pumps out 100 horsepower (about $9000). Taking what it learned from the 916, Italian manufacturer Ducati created the 748, a slick yellow number that generates 90 horsepower at 11,000 rpm—almost as much as its older, $16,000 brother, but for three grand less. The pearlescent Buell S3 is the brainchild of Erik Buell, an American engineer who owes nothing to the Italians or Japanese. For years, he has tinkered with the basic Harley V-twin, tweaking, tuning and finally unleashing a unique sports bike (about $12,000). Suzuki started from scratch to create the TL1000S, a fire-breathing dragon that pumps out 123 horsepower and 8500 rpm (about $9000). Our cheeky biker straddles an American 1946 Knucklehead Harley-Davidson, $22,000.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 167.

ROBERT WUHL *(continued from page 93)*

I notice Woody Allen has gotten a lot funnier since he's been with a young girl.

one less obstacle. And it's one less time you have to floss.

7.

PLAYBOY: Regardless of your mood, who can always make you laugh?
WUHL: Besides my dog Phoebe? Woody Allen makes me laugh. He's in a class by himself. I saw *Network* again recently. I had forgotten how funny it is. Peter Finch, Robert Duvall, William Holden and Faye Dunaway are great. *The Awful Truth*, with Cary Grant and Irene Dunne, is my favorite screwball comedy. And *The Thin Man*. My favorite movie, excluding Woody Allen's work, is Ernst Lubitsch's *To Be or Not to Be*, with Jack Benny and Carole Lombard, which is just about perfect. It's dark, funny, burlesque, romantic. It's also, by the way, a movie that died at the box office. As for TV, my taste goes more to *Sgt. Bilko* and *Car 54, Where Are You? The Mary Tyler Moore Show* was a great show. I'm not an *I Love Lucy* fan. But I liked William Frawley. At least somebody was funny on that show. I've always liked character actors. Gale Gordon cracked me up. Bruce Willis was exceptional on *Moonlighting*. Today, *Seinfeld* and *The Larry Sanders Show* are well written. But that's about it. The state of writing in comedy is dreadful. TV is basically a feminine medium, especially comedies. You don't see an edgy guy in most TV comedies. It's all that warm and fuzzy shit.

8.

PLAYBOY: Is there a masculine humor, and is that why you decided to write a series yourself?
WUHL: I love creating situations that raise moral questions, and at the same time I can do really broad comedy. For example, what do you do if you have a lifelong friend who's an athlete who maybe hits a woman? Say he gets drunk one night and this girl comes along who is all over him, picks him up. And the next day she files a charge. What do you do? I love these hypotheses. In another situation, Arliss' assistant, Rita, has an affair with a client. There's the whole issue of why she shouldn't date clients. We have a huge fight about it. I say to her, "You know, this client brings in $400,000 a year, and you take out $50,000. That is reality." She's absolutely ready to leave. I say, "If the sex is that good, maybe I should fuck him!" This guy is not such a lovable character. That makes him more interesting. But for Rita to merely have boyfriend troubles, that's sitcom time. I don't give a fuck about people's personal lives. I care about the business of what they do. I'm really into professionals and their crafts. I don't care about little Johnny's homework assignment. Been there, done that. There are 10,000 shows about personal lives on TV. There's one about the business of sports.

9.

PLAYBOY: Describe the joys of being married to the same woman for a long time.
WUHL: It will come to me eventually [*laughs*]. It's continuity. It's not being married to the same woman, it's being married to the right woman. This is the person you enjoy spending time with. Nobody is going to give you everything. My wife is this Berkshire, New England–Katharine Hepburn–Kennedy liberal–hippie chick, somewhere to the left of Lenin. She designed our house, and everything is in its place, very neat. That is not me at all. I believe in anarchy within a framework. But she makes me a better person. She has taste. She taught me to buy clothes. You don't stop growing. Plus, I'm never home. There you go, that's what it is. It works for us. But the next one could be totally different [*laughs*]. You know how big a fan of Woody Allen I am. I notice he has gotten a lot funnier since he's been with a young girl.

10.

PLAYBOY: Rate *Entertainment Weekly*'s list of the 50 funniest people alive—Robin Williams is number one. Jay Leno isn't on it. And it doesn't mention you.
WUHL: Wow. I wonder how Jay can sleep at night. People love lists. We're doing a thing on *Arliss* about lists. But *Entertainment Weekly* named it the worst new show of the year last year. The worst! Think of all the unwatchable shit on TV. Even if you don't like *Arliss*' stories, you have to notice the production values, the look, the music. So much for Time Warner's corporate synergy.

11.

PLAYBOY: Is Tiger Woods an agent's dream come true?
WUHL: Tiger Woods could be the real thing. Please give the kid a break. Look at what he's doing for the sport. It's like watching Michael play basketball. These are artists. Why don't we just enjoy the artistry?

12.

PLAYBOY: How would your life be different if David Keith didn't exist?
WUHL: I wouldn't be told how good I was in *An Officer and a Gentleman*. I had always wondered if David gets mistaken for me. I was in a Miami hotel and sure enough, the elevator doors open and in he walks, and he says, "I can't tell you how many times I get told how good I was in *Batman*."

13.

PLAYBOY: Describe the body you wish you had. And would you ever do a nude scene?
WUHL: Geez, I wish I had Julia Roberts' body next to me right now. Obviously it would be nice to have a perfect body. Not Schwarzenegger's, but that of somebody who's in really great shape. Whatever—as long as I can keep my own dick. I want to keep my own dick. As for a nude scene, sure I'd do it. Especially if they paid me. Your dick gets 12 feet long on the big screen. It's very impressive.

14.

PLAYBOY: What rumor that you would like to set straight has haunted you in the press?
WUHL: In *Hollywood Knights*, my character could sing through his ass. I cannot do that. I talk through my ass constantly. I do it very well, in fact. But I can't fart a song. That story is getting old.

15.

PLAYBOY: You're devoted to rotisserie-league baseball. How do you respond to the detractors who characterize it as a nonsexual circle jerk?
WUHL: The get-a-life league? It can get obsessive if you allow it to. Circle jerk? I've never participated [*pauses*]. Look, it's a game, obsessive but fun. Baseball has become a game of statistics, and this is a way to have fun with numbers. Also, you get a deeper understanding of the game in certain areas—if you don't count defense, or intangibles such as leadership and character qualities. It takes away some of the team loyalty factor, but how much loyalty is there in professional baseball anymore? Players, owners and franchises are always changing. Rotisserie league allows you to be your own general manager.

16.

PLAYBOY: Are there any other sports worth watching?

(concluded on page 143)

"Imagine—our little girl old enough to blackmail a presidential hopeful!"

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG

meet mother russia's favorite daughter

FROM MOSCOW WITH LOVE

IN MOSCOW, where crowds follow her every move, Inga Drozdova isn't just fine, she's *krasavitsa*. That's Russian for "most beautiful." The 21-year-old singer electrified Russian pop culture with her voice—and a memorable layout in *Playboy Russia*, one of our newest international editions. Soon you will see her on TV, in videos and on the Internet, but Inga chose our pages for her U.S. debut. "Since my centerfold was successful in Russia, I wanted to do the American edition," she says. "I am a PLAYBOY fan." On a

Want to start a minirevolution? First, make waves in Moscow with same nuclear bambshell pasing in a miniskirt. (That's Inga by the Kremlin at left.) Next, be stylishly ironic: Inga shows off the true opiate af the masses at the golden arches in Red Square (right). Then (belaw and an the opposite page, in our studios), she shaws mare. "As a businesswaman I aften have ta hide my sexuality. PLAYBOY allows me ta be my real self," she says. Inga is alsa a singer (below left, at a Moscow recording studia). She hapes to make it big in American pop music. Maybe her appearance here will start a Miss November revolution this month.

recent visit to California she signed autographs in Hollywood—a wish come true for the former teen beauty queen from Latvia.

Inga owes her impeccable command of the English language to her years spent at the Moscow Linguistic University, where she majored in finance and business law. "My grades were nearly perfect. But then, I'm a perfectionist," she says. Conservatives back home may have rebelled against the new, Westernized Russia—the McDonaldsization of their motherland, they call it—but Inga embraces change, even personifies it. When she was a little girl there were no sex symbols in Russia. The only pin-ups were pictures of tractors. "I like the new way. I want to be a singer, an actress, a sexual woman and a businesswoman," she says. World citizen Inga, who works in Moscow and studies at an Australian university between photo shoots and holidays in Europe, will soon move to Los Angeles. Other plans include acting and singing on American TV and in movies. Of course, she's her own manager—why pay someone to do what a smart entrepreneur

Russia was once our enemy, but Inga wants to make friends. Forget deterrence; she's into magnetism. "I love men with sexy voices and masculine walks," she says. Is Inga preoccupied with sex? Only until her next business class.

can do herself? Thanks to the end of the Cold War we can finally introduce you to a Playmate whose turn-ons include both Pushkin and *The X-Files*. Only the bold appeals to Miss November, and that includes bold, handsome men of any nationality. "Men can be sexy, too," she says. Particularly those who share her boundless energy. "I am always optimistic, and I never get tired." Keeping up with such a woman isn't easy, but it has rewards beyond the frequent-flier miles. Being with Inga can shape up a man intellectually and physically. Her days begin with exercise sessions on the beach. Next come business classes at whichever college—or "uni," as she says—she happens to be attending that month. Then there are acting and singing lessons. Inga's reward comes late in the day: a massage that relaxes her for an evening on the town. "I'd like to pursue my science studies more, but there is so little time," she says. Another subject that requires more study is the sort of man she wants. "Russian men, Australians, Americans—I don't know who is best. I like them all." Thus far, red-blooded Americans have responded to her the same way the Russian army did: with wide-eyed appreciation. "I am a noticeable person," she says.

To get closer to Miss November, Inga Drozdova, you can call the Playboy Super Hotline. *See page 155 for details.*

MISS NOVEMBER
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH
ПРОСЬБА
НЕ БЕСПОКОИТЬ!

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: INGA OROZOVA

BUST: 92cm WAIST: 60 cm HIPS: 92cm

HEIGHT: 173 cm WEIGHT: 56 KG

BIRTH DATE: 12/14/75 BIRTHPLACE: LATVIA

AMBITIONS: I want to be a famous actress and a singer, but still remain a businesswoman.

TURN-ONS: The crowd which welcomes me while I'm singing onstage, sexy men, energetic dancing.

TURNOFFS: Ordinary life, discussing other people, bad manners.

WHAT MAKES A WOMAN SEXY: It should be coming from inside. She either is sexy or not. Nothing really can make her sexy. It is a quality given by God.

DESCRIBE A TYPICAL DAY IN YOUR LIFE: Start with exercising, then uni, dancing, singing lessons, massage and end with a wonderful evening with my friends.

IDEAL ROMANTIC EVENING: In a beautiful castle full of candles, wearing a perfect outfit and dancing to romantic music.

WHAT IS SEXY IN MEN: Their voices and the way they walk.

My magic Kingdom.

My musical mother.

Getting some advice.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A man walked into a Porsche dealership, opened the door of a Boxster, took a seat behind the wheel and smiled. A salesman approached and asked, "Are you thinking about buying this car?"

"Oh, I'm definitely going to buy this car," he said, "but I'm thinking about pussy."

The joke too sick to die: What's written on Karen Carpenter's tombstone? I STILL THINK YOU CAN'T BE TOO RICH.

Dave arrived in hell and was told he had a decision to make. He could go to capitalist hell or to communist hell. Naturally, Dave wanted to compare the two, so he wandered over to capitalist hell. He asked the first man he met, "What's it like in there?"

"Well, in capitalist hell," the man replied, "they flay you, boil you in oil, chain you to a rock and slash you with sharp knives."

"That's terrible!" gasped Dave. "I'm going to check out communist hell." There he discovered a huge line of people waiting to get in. He pushed his way through to the head of the line, where he found Karl Marx busily signing in people. Dave asked what communist hell was like.

"In communist hell," Marx said, "they flay you, boil you in oil, chain you to a rock and slash you with sharp knives."

"But that's exactly the same as capitalist hell!" protested Dave.

"True," sighed Marx, "but sometimes we don't have oil, and sometimes we don't have knives."

What's the difference between an onion and an accordion? No one cries when you cut an accordion in half.

Billy Bob parked his rig in Florida for a few days before driving back home. He was about to dive into the surf but figured he'd better check out the alligator situation with the townsfolk. "Nope, no gators here," a local assured him.

Billy Bob had swum out 50 feet before his brain kicked in again. "Hey, how come there ain't no gators in here?" he yelled back to the guy onshore.

"Because they're afraid of the sharks," came the reply.

PLAYBOY CLASSIC: The high school student spent most of his afternoons in the basement mixing chemicals. One day his father went down to find his son surrounded by racks of test tubes and pounding something into the wall. "Danny, don't put nails in the wall," his father admonished.

"It's not a nail, Dad," the young man explained. "It's a worm. I found a formula that turns things as hard as a rock."

"Tell you what, son," the man said with sudden interest. "You give me the special formula and I'll buy you a car."

The next day when Danny got home from school, he saw two brand-new cars in the driveway. "Dad, what are these?" he asked.

"Oh, they're for you, son," his dad said, smiling. "The Toyota's from me. The Mercedes is from your mother."

What's the difference between a dentist and a sadist? A sadist has newer magazines.

The couple had broken up but remained friends as well as neighbors in the same apartment building. Some months after their split, the two met in the elevator. The woman's ex had his arm in a cast. "Is there anything I can do to help?" she asked sympathetically.

"Well, if it's not too much trouble, would you help me take a bath?"

She agreed, and back at his apartment, she eased him into the tub and began to wash his back. As she lathered his chest she noticed his growing erection. "Now isn't that sweet," she cooed. "It still recognizes me."

THIS MONTH'S MOST FREQUENT SUBMISSION: A lady walked into a tattoo parlor and said, "Can you do a tattoo of a turkey on my right inner thigh and one of a Christmas tree on my left inner thigh?"

"Sure," the tattoo artist said. "But if you don't mind me asking, why did you choose those two designs?"

The lady smiled. "My husband," she explained. "He says there's never anything to eat between Thanksgiving and Christmas!"

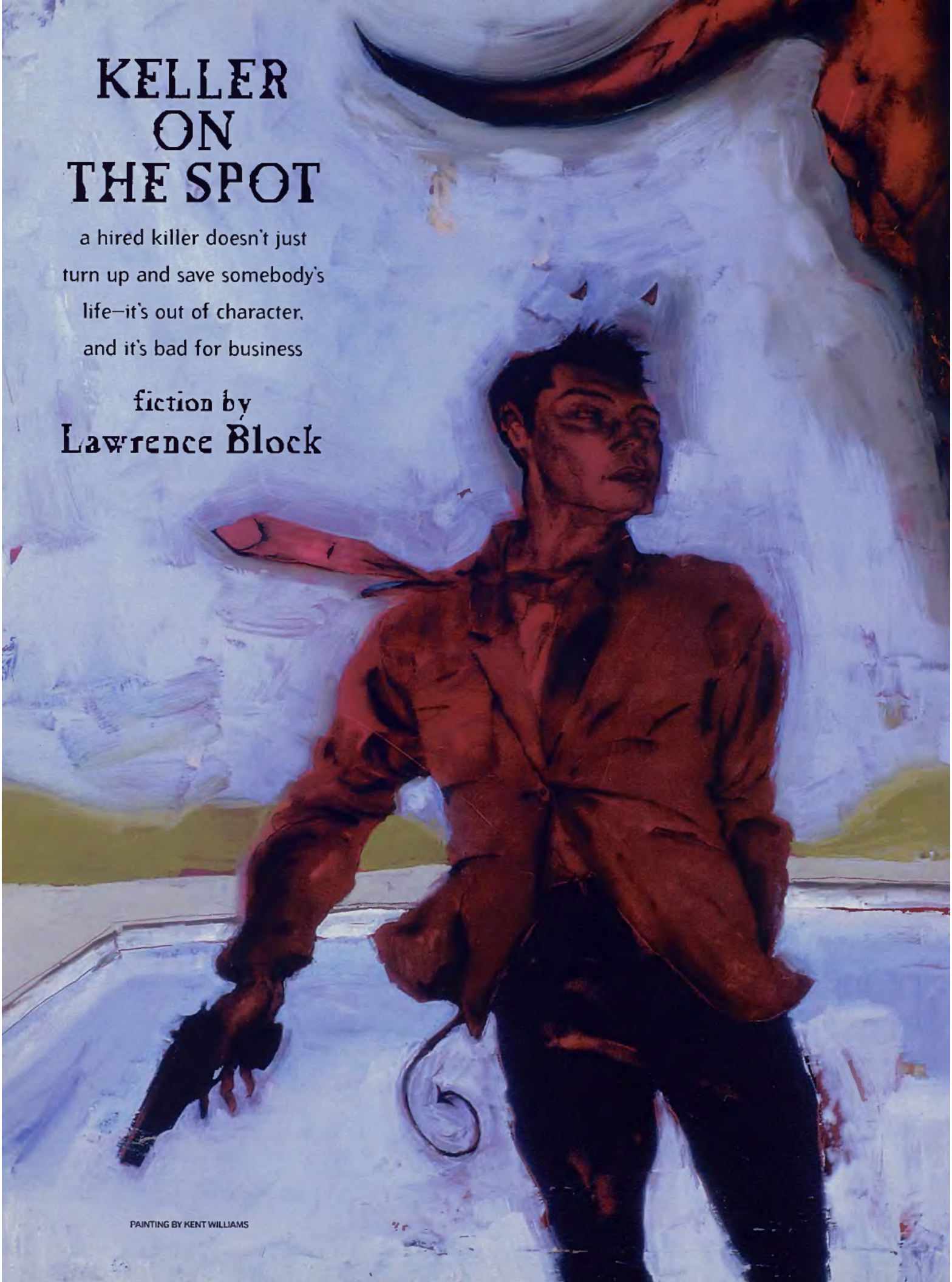
Send your jokes on postcards to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or by e-mail to jokes@playboy.com. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose submission is selected. Sorry, jokes cannot be returned.*

"Better get ready for some action, girls . . . you too, Muffy."

KELLER ON THE SPOT

a hired killer doesn't just turn up and save somebody's life—it's out of character, and it's bad for business

fiction by
Lawrence Block



PAINTING BY KENT WILLIAMS

Keller, drink in hand, agreed with the woman in the pink dress that it was indeed a lovely evening. He threaded his way through a crowd of young marrieds on what he supposed you would call the patio. A waitress passed carrying a tray of drinks in stemmed glasses and he traded in his own for a fresh one. He sipped as he walked along, wondering what he was drinking. Some sort of vodka sour, he decided, and decided as well that he didn't need to narrow it down any further than that. He figured he'd have this one and one more, but he could have ten more if he wanted, because he wasn't working tonight. He could relax and cut loose and have a good time.

Well, almost. He couldn't relax completely, couldn't cut loose altogether. Because, while this might not be work, neither was it entirely recreational. The garden *(continued on page 118)*

By CHARLES PLUEDDEMAN

Ah, winter. Hearken to the whoosh of skis and the sounds of a crackling fire. Life in the snowy resorts has probably never been more exciting, thanks to the big bucks plugged in by the industry and a commitment to coddling and luxury. There are fabulous opened-up bowls to explore and wild new slopes for snowboard acrobatics. New comfortable gondolas and high-speed quads can whisk you to the top in minutes. If you want a chill thrill of a different sort, lace up a pair of clap skates (the kind that world-class racers wear) and make like Hans Brinker on your favorite frozen river or ice rink. (The U.S. Olympic speed-skating team trains at Milwaukee's Pettit National Ice Center, where mere mortals can test their skills too.) Or float through the solitude of a sleeping forest on a pair of snowshoes that are nothing like those worn by Nanook of the North. Indoor pleasures also abound, and we've assembled a list of cozy romantic hideouts where the nights are long, the tubs are hot and the drinks would make old man winter smile. It feels like snow is in the air. Bring it on!

WINTER

Here is a winter's list of hot stuff for cold climes. Items on the chair include Cirqueworks' Descent 2.8 backcountry pack with adjustable compression cuffs for skis, etc. (about $240); Viking's clap skates, designed for speed (about $650); and deerskin mittens with polar fleece lining, by Steger Mukluks (about $90). The moosehide mukluk in front of the chair is also by Steger (about $220). Next to it is an aluminum snowshoe with hypalon decking, by Atlas Snowshoe Co. (about $230); the Limit helmet for skiing and snowboarding by Leedom International (about $160); and Revo ski goggles with a polycarbonate lens ($250). On the trunk is a Flexible Gomez snowboard boot by Switch (about $230). Behind it is Salomon's Snowblade 90 twin-tip ski ($275) and its Performa 8.0 Equipe ski boot (about $500); Rossignol's Vert twin-tip ski (about $530); and a K2 Ginsu snowboard ($410) that's fitted with a Switch Autolock 750 binding (about $200).

HOT TIP Got $50 burning a hole in the pocket of your ski pants? The Out of Bounds bar at the Keystone Resort in Keystone, Colorado serves a drink that includes Remy Martin Louis XIII cognac and Grand Marnier 150th Anniversary liqueur.

BURNING DESIRE Flame is the name of the snow job's fame. Moguls Bar in Whitefish, Montana layers equal parts amoretto and Baileys Irish Cream in a large shot glass, then tops it with a float of Bacardi 151-proof rum, which you light.

BABY, IT'S COLD OUTSIDE

Here's where to heat up the night after a cold day on the slopes:

Stein Eriksen Lodge: Let the valet tune your skis while you head for the whirlpool. This posh property at Deer Valley Ski Resort in Utah's powdery Wasatch Range has a great nightlife, plus wood-beamed suites with a fireplace in the master bedroom.

•

Top-notch at Stowe Resort and Spa: Curl up in front of the fire or unwind in a private sauna in one of 17 townhouses at the base of Vermont's Mount Mansfield, just three miles from Stowe. There's a coed sauna and a waterfall whirlpool too.

•

Irwin Lodge: Accessible only by Sno-Cat, rustic and remote Irwin Lodge in the Gunnison National Forest about 12 miles from Crested Butte, Colorado is for those who like their hot-tub action alfresco.

•

Strawberry Park Hot Springs: Reserve the native-stone private pool at this natural hot spring, situated seven miles from Steamboat Springs, Colorado. Plan to stay in one of the rustic "camping" cabins or in the cozy renovated 1890s railroad caboose.

THINGS OLD MAN WINTER DOESN'T WANT YOU TO KNOW

(1) Garmin's new GPS II Plus global positioning satellite receiver (pictured here, about $385) locks on a signal even in dense tree cover. The screen rotates 90 degrees so the unit can be read horizontally or vertically, and it can be mounted in a car or ATV (with optional brackets). No more getting lost while cross-country skiing or backcountry trailbreaking on a snowmobile.

(2) Winter is a great time to learn to fly. Cold air limits turbulence and enhances aircraft performance.

(3) Dry ski or snowboard boot liners with paper toweling each evening and you'll have warmer feet the next day.

(4) Deep-channel, virgin-rubber Weathertech floor mats hold up to 1.5 quarts of slush and salt that can play havoc with your auto carpet. Order a set from MacNeil Automotive Products at 800-441-6287 for about $45.

(5) The combination of thin mountain air and reflective snow can produce a nasty sunburn. Slather on plenty of sunscreen (SPF 30 minimum) and lip protection. And, unless you're wearing a neon ski suit, forget the neon zinc oxide. Sunscreens with titanium dioxide and a new colorless form of zinc oxide deliver protection without the war-paint look.

(6) Use a moisturizer, such as Clinique M lotion, to soothe a wind-burned face. Also remember that higher altitudes mean thinner air and less atmosphere protection. Play it safe and apply plenty of sunblock before you head for the slopes.

(7) To clear fogged car windows fast, set the air conditioner to blow through the defrost vents. Use paper towels rather than your gloves to wipe off any of the excess moisture.

(8) The Bridgestone Winter Driving School in Steamboat Springs, Colorado trains the pros. Sessions cost $115 to $975. Call 800-WHY-SKID.

(9) Wiping the inner lens of fogged ski goggles with paper destroys the chemical coating. Dry your lenses in the sun or use a special antifog cloth. On powder days, carry a pair of spare goggles as a backup.

(10) Premium snow tires, such as the Bridgestone Blizzak and Michelin Alpin, deliver up to 40 percent better traction than the best all-season tires.

(11) Cotton socks and underwear hold moisture next to your skin. Wear wicking wool or synthetic fiber instead.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 167.

KELLER ON THE SPOT *(continued from page 113)*

"This little rascal whose life you've saved is my grandson, and the apple of my eye."

party this evening was a heaven-sent opportunity for reconnaissance, and he would use it to get a close look at his quarry. He had been handed a picture back in White Plains, and he had brought that picture with him to Dallas, but even the best photo wasn't the same as a glimpse of the fellow in the flesh, and in his native habitat.

And a lush habitat it was. Keller hadn't been inside the house yet, but it was clearly immense, a sprawling multilevel affair of innumerable large rooms. The grounds sprawled as well, covering an acre or two, with enough plants and shrubbery to stock an arboretum. Keller didn't know anything about flowers, but five minutes in a garden like this one had him thinking he ought to know more about the subject. Maybe they had evening classes at Hunter or NYU; maybe they'd take you on field trips to the Brooklyn Botanical Gardens.

He walked along a brick path, smiling at this stranger, nodding at that one, and wound up standing alongside the swimming pool. Some 12 or 15 people sat at poolside tables, talking and drinking, the volume of their conversations rising as they drank. In the enormous pool, a young boy swam back and forth, back and forth.

Keller felt a curious kinship with the kid. He was standing instead of swimming, but he felt as distant as the kid from everybody else around. There were two parties going on, he decided. There was the hearty social whirl, and there was the solitude he felt in the midst of it all, akin to the solitude of the swimming boy.

Huge pool. The boy was swimming its width, but that dimension was still greater than the length of your typical backyard pool. Keller wasn't sure if this was an Olympic-size pool, but he figured you could just call it enormous and let it go at that.

Ages ago he'd heard about some college-boy stunt, filling a swimming pool with Jell-O, and he'd wondered how many little boxes of the gelatin dessert it would have required, and how the college boys could have afforded it. It would cost a fortune, he decided, to fill this pool with Jell-O, but if you could afford the pool in the first place, he supposed the Jell-O would be the least of your worries.

There were cut flowers on all the tables, and the blooms looked like ones Keller had seen in the garden. It stood to reason. If you grew all these flowers, you wouldn't have to order from the florist. You could cut your own.

What good would it do, he wondered, to know the names of all the shrubs and flowers? Wouldn't it just leave you wanting to dig in the soil and grow your own? And he didn't want to get into all that, for God's sake.

So maybe he'd just forget about evening classes at Hunter, and field trips to Brooklyn. If he wanted to get close to nature he could walk in Central Park, and if he didn't know the names of the flowers he would just hold off on introducing himself to them. And if——

Where was the kid?

The boy, the swimmer. Keller's companion in solitude. Where the hell did he go? The pool was empty, its surface still. Keller saw a ripple toward the far end, saw bubbles break the surface.

He didn't react without thinking. That was how he'd always heard that sort of thing described, but that wasn't what happened, because the thoughts were there, loud and clear. *He's down there. He's in trouble. He's drowning.* And, echoing in his head in a voice sour with exasperation: *Keller, for Christ's sake, do something!*

He set his glass on a table, shucked his coat, kicked off his shoes, dropped his pants and stepped out of them. Ages ago he'd earned a Red Cross lifesaving certificate, and the first thing they taught you was to strip before you hit the water. The six or seven seconds you spent peeling off your clothes would be repaid many times over in quickness and mobility.

But the strip show did not go unnoticed. Everybody at poolside had a comment, one more hilarious than the next. He barely heard them. In no time at all he was down to his underwear. Then he was out of range of their cleverness, hitting the water in a flat racing dive, churning the water till he reached the spot where he'd seen the bubbles, then diving, eyes wide, barely noticing the burn of the chlorine.

Searching for the boy. Groping, searching, then finding him, reaching to grab hold of him. And pushing off against the bottom, lungs bursting, racing to the surface.

•

People were saying things to Keller, thanking him, congratulating him, but it wasn't really registering. A man clapped him on the back, a woman handed him a glass of brandy. He heard the word hero and realized people were saying it all over the place, and applying it to him.

Hell of a note.

Keller sipped the brandy. It gave him heartburn, which assured him of its quality; good cognac always gave him heartburn. He turned to look at the boy. He was a little fellow, 12 or 13 years old, his hair lightened and his skin bronzed by the summer sun. He was sitting up now, Keller saw, and looking none the worse for his near-death experience.

"Timothy," a woman said, "this is the man who saved your life. Do you have something to say to him?"

"Thanks," Timothy said, predictably.

"Is that all you have to say, young man?" the woman asked.

"It's enough," Keller said, and smiled. To the boy he said, "There's something I've always wondered. Did your life actually flash before your eyes?"

Timothy shook his head. "I got this cramp," he said, "and it was like my whole body turned into one big knot, and there wasn't anything I could do to untie it. And I didn't even think about drowning. I was just fighting the cramp, 'cause it hurt, and about the next thing I knew I was up here, coughing and puking up water." He made a face. "I must have swallowed half the pool. All I have to do is think about it and I can taste vomit and chlorine."

"Timothy," the woman said, rolling her eyes.

"Something to be said for plain speech," an older man said. He had a mane of white hair and prominent white eyebrows, and his eyes were a vivid blue. He was holding a glass of brandy in one hand and a bottle in the other, and he reached with the bottle to fill Keller's glass to the brim. "'Claret for boys and port for men,'" he said. "'But he who aspires to be a hero must drink brandy.' That's Samuel Johnson, though I may have gotten a word wrong."

The woman patted his hand. "If you did, Daddy, I'm sure you just improved Mr. Johnson's wording."

"Dr. Johnson," he said, "and one could hardly do that. Improve the man's wording, that is. 'Being in a ship is like being in a jail, with the chance of being drowned.' He said that as well, and I defy anyone to comment more trenchantly on the experience, or to say it better." He beamed at Keller. "I owe you more than a glass of brandy and a well-turned Johnsonian phrase. This little rascal whose life you've saved

"I'll give you an O . . . I'll give you an R . . . I'll give you a G . . . I'll give you an A . . . I'll give you an S . . . I'll give you an M. . . !"

is my grandson, and the apple—nay, sir, the very nectarine—of my eye. And we'd have all stood around drinking and laughing while he drowned. You observed, and you acted, and God bless you for it."

What did you say to that, Keller wondered. *It was nothing? Well, shucks?* There had to be some sort of apt phrase, and maybe Samuel Johnson could have found it, but Keller couldn't. So he said nothing, and tried not to look po-faced.

"I don't even know your name," the white-haired man went on. "That's not remarkable in and of itself. I don't know half the people here, and I'm content to remain in my ignorance. But I ought to know your name, wouldn't you agree?"

Keller might have picked a name out of the air, but the one that leaped to mind was Boswell, and he couldn't say that to a man who quoted Samuel Johnson. So he supplied the name he'd traveled under, the one he'd signed when he checked into the hotel, the one on the driver's license and credit cards in his wallet.

"It's Michael Soderholm," he said, "and I can't even tell you the name of the fellow who brought me here. We met over drinks in the hotel bar, and he said he was going to a party and it would be perfectly all right if I came along. I felt a little funny about it, but——"

"Please," the man said. "You can't possibly propose to apologize for your presence here. It has kept my grandson from a watery if chlorinated grave. And I've just told you I don't know half my guests, but that doesn't make them any the less welcome." He took a deep drink of his brandy and topped up both glasses. "Michael Soderholm," he said. "Swedish?"

"A mixture of everything," Keller said, improvising. "My great-grandfather Soderholm came over from Sweden, but my other ancestors came from all over Europe, plus I'm something like a sixteenth American Indian."

"Oh? Which tribe?"

"Cherokee," Keller said, thinking of the jazz tune.

"I'm an eighth Comanche," the man said. "So I'm afraid we're not tribal blood brothers. The rest's British Isles, a mix of Scots and Irish and English. Old Texas stock. But you're not Texan yourself."

"No."

"Well, it can't be helped, as the saying goes. Unless you decide to move here, and who's to say you won't? It's a fine place for a man to live."

"Daddy thinks that everybody should love Texas the same way he does," the woman said.

"Everybody should," her father said. "The only thing wrong with Texans is we're a long-winded lot. Look at the time it's taking me to introduce myself! Mr. Soderholm, Mr. Michael Soderholm, my name's Garrity, Wallace Penrose Garrity, and I'm your grateful host this evening."

No kidding, thought Keller.

•

The party, lifesaving and all, took place on Saturday night. The next day Keller sat in his hotel room and watched the Cowboys beat the Vikings with a field goal in the last three minutes of double overtime. The game seesawed back and forth, with interceptions and runbacks, and the announcers kept telling each other what a great game it was.

Keller supposed they were right. It had all the ingredients, and it wasn't the players' fault that he was entirely unmoved by their performance. He could watch sports, and often did, but he almost never got caught up in it. He had occasionally wondered if his work might have something to do with it. On one level, when your job involved dealing regularly with life and death, how could you care if some overpaid steroid abuser had a touchdown run called back? And, on another level, you saw unorthodox solutions to a team's problems on the field. When Emmitt Smith kept crashing through the Minnesota line, Keller wondered why they didn't deputize someone to shoot the son of a bitch in the back of the neck, right below his star-covered helmet.

Still, it was better than watching golf, say, which had to be better than playing golf. And he couldn't get out and work, because there was nothing for him to do. Last night's reconnaissance mission had been both better and worse than he could have hoped, and what was he supposed to do now? Park his rented Ford across the street from the Garrity mansion and clock the comings and goings?

No need for that. He could bide his time, just so he got there in time for Sunday dinner.

•

"More potatoes, Mr. Soderholm?"

"They are delicious," Keller said. "But I'm full. Really."

"And we can't keep calling you 'Mr. Soderholm,'" Garrity said. "I've only held off this long for not knowing whether you prefer Mike or Michael."

"Mike's fine," Keller said.

"Then Mike it is. And I'm Wally, Mike, or W.P., though there are those who call me the Walrus."

Timmy laughed and clapped both hands over his mouth.

"Though never to his face," said the woman who had offered Keller more potatoes. She was Ellen Garrity, Timmy's aunt and Garrity's daughter-in-law, and Keller was now instructed to call her Ellie. Her husband, a big-shouldered fellow who seemed to be smiling bravely through the heartbreak of male-pattern baldness, was Garrity's son, Hank.

Keller remembered Timothy's mother from the night before, but hadn't caught her name, or her relationship to Garrity. She was Rhonda Sue Butler, as it turned out, and everybody called her Rhonda Sue, except for her husband, who called her Ronnie. His name was Doak Butler, and he looked like a college jock who'd been too light for pro ball, though he now seemed to be closing the gap.

Hank and Ellie, Doak and Rhonda Sue. And, at the far end of the table, Vanessa, who was married to Wally but who was clearly not the mother of Hank or Rhonda Sue, or anyone else. Keller supposed you could describe her as Wally's trophy wife, a sign of his success. She was no older than Wally's kids, and she looked to be well bred and elegant, and she even had the good grace to hide the boredom Keller was sure she felt.

And that was the lot of them. Wally and Vanessa, Hank and Ellen, Doak and Rhonda Sue. And Timothy, who had been swimming that very afternoon, the aquatic equivalent of getting right back on the horse. He'd had no cramps this time, but he'd had an attentive eye kept on him throughout.

Seven of them, then. And Keller . . . also known as Mike.

•

"So you're here on business," Wally said. "And stuck here over the weekend, which is the worst part of a business trip, as far as I'm concerned. More trouble than it's worth to fly back to Chicago?"

The two of them were in Wally's den, a fine room paneled in knotty pecan and trimmed in red leather, with Western doodads on the walls—here a branding iron, there a longhorn skull. Keller had accepted a brandy and declined a cigar, but the aroma of Wally's Havana was giving him second thoughts. Keller didn't smoke, but from the smell of it the cigar wasn't smoking. It was more along the lines of a religious experience.

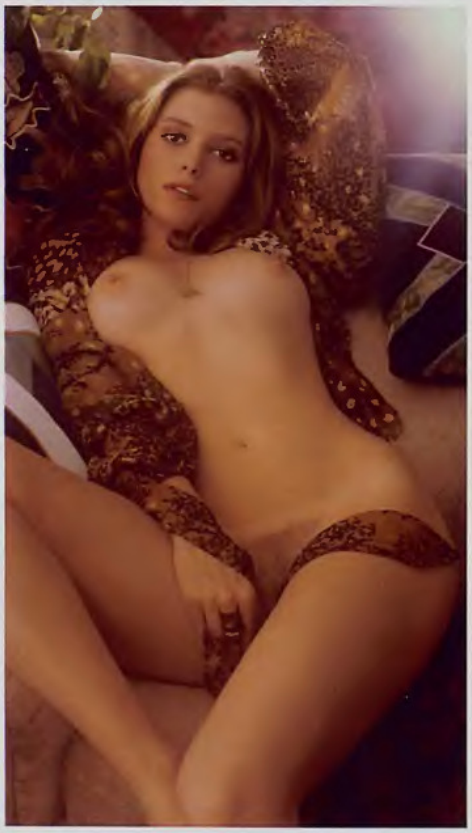
"Seemed that way," Keller said. He had supplied Chicago as Michael Soderholm's home base, even though Soderholm's license placed him in southern California. "By the time I fly

(continued on page 138)

Rock & Roll's *Model Mama*

WHATEVER you call Bebe Buell, don't label her a groupie. Although she was companion to a host of Seventies rock stars, including Todd Rundgren, Steven Tyler, Stiv Bators, Elvis Costello and Rod Stewart, she really hates the G word. "I think it's sexist. Nobody calls males groupies. Actually, I call myself the M girl. I started as a model, then I was a mommy, then a musician and now I'm a manager." She just signed her young actor-client Johnny Zander to back-to-back films, *Snapped* and *Memories of the Yellow House*. She's best known, however, for having helped launch the career of one of Hollywood's hottest properties: Liv Tyler, her daughter with Aerosmith's Steven Tyler. In 1976, when Bebe found herself pregnant with Tyler's child, she opted out of his then-druggy world. Liv grew up thinking her dad was Bebe's longtime boyfriend, Todd Rundgren. "I was scared, so

"When my centerfold came out," says Bebe, "the Ford Agency fired me. Wilhelmina took me on and sent me to London, Paris and Italy, where I worked for the top fashion magazines."



PLAYMATE REVISITED: BEBE BUELL

As a teenager, Bebe's daughter, Liv (left), met her father, Steven Tyler (center). She noted the resemblance and put two and two together. "I couldn't fib to her," says Bebe (right), "so I told her the truth. Now she and Steven are very close." This family portrait was taken at the gala Los Angeles premiere of Liv's first major film, *Stealing Beauty*, in 1996.

I called Todd. To this day I don't know why he took me back, knowing I was pregnant with another man's child. It was a gallant and chivalrous thing to do."

When her November 1974 Playmate story came out, Bebe was living with Rundgren and working as a fashion model for Eileen Ford. "Friends were always trying to get me to do sexy photographs, but I was a little too uptight. Then Lynn Goldsmith, the rock-and-roll photographer, took some beautiful photographs. She submitted the shots to PLAYBOY, who treated me like a princess. I stayed at the Playboy Mansion in Chicago, and I was nervous because I'd heard all kinds of stories. But everybody just sat around and played Monopoly all night."

MALE CALL

(continued from page 90)

The Dear John letter destroys the double standard, proving that women are sexual creatures.

open the letter and read for the first of many times the heartfelt words of the girl you left behind. Her letters are an open journal, describing in detail life at home, revisiting that last good kiss, conveying the yearning. All you have of her are these letters and a photo of the two of you taken on top of the Empire State Building, a souvenir of the long weekend, a three-day pass spent together.

You haven't seen her for almost two years. She had accepted a ring and promised to wait. Back home girls are encouraged to write. She tells you about the posters: "V-Mail is speed mail: You write. He'll fight." "Be with him at every mail call." "Can you pass a mailbox with a clear conscience?"

The river of words flows both ways. You begin to write, more words than you've ever written in your life. You describe your plans for the future, your dreams. You know the letter will be read by an officer who will black out words that could prove useful to the enemy. You cannot tell her where you are, or where you are going, or what exactly has happened to your unit as she tries to keep track of you with pins pushed into a map of the world. She follows the drive across North Africa, the battles in the Pacific, the news from Europe. You ask her to read between and around the lines, to press the letter to her heart as she would your lips.

Words can convey only so much. One officer will tell you that he is surprised by how often the terms helpmate and soul mate appear in the letters he has to censor. Love deprived of touch can survive through imagination and hope. Perhaps, without realizing it, you have put women on a pedestal the size of a piece of stationery.

Conducting a relationship long distance brings sex to the surface in charming and awkward ways. An article in *Yank* describes the Service Men's Service in New York. Men in the military can write to ask volunteer shoppers to buy gifts for wives and sweethearts back home. The most requested items are black lace underwear and black negligees. One guy wrote about his girlfriend: "I suspect she's always had a suppressed desire to be slinky and sophisticated like Marlene Dietrich, so I'd like very much to get her one of them there negligees or whatever they are. You know, all glamorous and frothy and sultry looking. The sort that will shock her mother and convince her that her future son-in-law has a lewd and depraved mind."

The article tells about a GI whose wife wrote back: "When you come back I'm going to go out and buy some black paint and paint the windows so I can wear this black negligee for you all day long."

The article assures the reader that all requests are held in strictest confidence. "One man overseas forwarded the Service $50 to buy six presents—one for his wife and five others for five other girls. He was a sailor, and the shoppers could tell right off the places where his ship had docked while he was in the States because each of the girls lived in a different port. The Service was pleased to note that he'd ordered a $25 present for his wife but specified that the presents for the other girls were not to cost more than $5 apiece."

If they only knew.

You remember the writer on assignment for *Ladies' Home Journal* who wanted to interview you for "What Is Your Dream Girl Like?"

Is Dream Girl a phrase that existed before this nightmare began?

The article reported that "Uncle Sam's boys do a lot of thinking about girls. They have definite ideas about the sweetheart whose love and loyalty will keep their hearts warm and their spirits high while they are doing their jobs."

Most servicemen knew what they wanted: a domestic type, fond of cooking and children (28 percent), an outdoor girl, good at sports (20 percent), a good conversationalist and social mixer (19 percent) or shy and sweet (19 percent). They all sound good to you.

The survey included the question: What do you notice first about a girl? One out of four servicemen admitted: her figure.

The letters are windows on the world back home. The news is not always good. For every woman willing to wait, there are those who won't. The rush to war had produced a passion, an impulsiveness that defied precedent. Some men in the U.S. believed they could avoid military service if they were married. As Congress debated the draft, the marriage rate increased by 50 percent, and nine months later the birth rate rose, too.

After Pearl Harbor, the same thing happened, only the motive was different. You knew you were going and you wanted someone waiting for you when you came back—if you came back. Americans got hitched at the rate of 1000 a day, a 20 percent jump in the first month of 1942. Time for one good weekend and another jump in the birth rate, the so-called goodbye babies.

The guy on the bunk next to you shows you a picture of his kid. He is a paper father to a paper son. His family lives on $50 a month—the $22 allotment and $28 allowance from Uncle Sam. The government has taken your place at the family table, sending out 5.2 million checks each month to the families of servicemen.

What kind of family is it with an empty chair at the head of the table? What kind of marriage with an empty space in the bed? *Reader's Digest* writes about problem wives: "A girl has married 13 soldiers and divorced none of them. Need any of them support her? Yes—the first."

You read about the so-called Allotment Annies, women who marry as many servicemen as possible, hoping to collect the Uncle Sam paychecks and maybe the $10,000 insurance payout if one takes a bullet.

More often it is the mail that contains a bullet to the heart. Called Dear John letters after a popular radio show that featured letters written to absent males, they open like graves. The girl you left behind has found someone else. Perhaps more than any other single piece of evidence, the Dear John letter destroys the double standard, proving that women are sexual creatures with appetites and yearnings of their own. Desire cannot be put on a shelf, nor kept in a drawer, secured by a ribbon.

Both *Yank* and *The Stars and Stripes* publish letters from servicemen in columns titled "Mail Call." Soldiers grouse about a California law that lets married women put up for adoption children born out of extramarital affairs without notifying their husbands who are overseas.

After the war, film director Billy Wilder will capture the moment in a scene in *Stalag 17*. An American POW in a German prison camp is reading a letter from home. "I believe it. I believe it," he says.

"You believe what?" asks his buddy.

"My wife. She says, 'Darling, you won't believe it, but I found the most adorable baby on our doorstep. And I've decided to keep it for our very own. Now, you won't believe it, but it's got exactly my eyes and nose.'

"Why does she keep saying that I

(continued on page 144)

"Well, I guess this rock sample pretty much clears up any lingering doubts about life on Mars!"

True Grit

NEW LEATHER JACKETS ARE CITY SLICK WITHOUT THE SHINE

fashion by HOLLIS WAYNE

"Come on," they tell you. "Let's go." They mean it. "She'll show," you say. "Give it a few more minutes." After all, a fine woman is worth the hassle. And once she arrives, she won't be rushed. So what if she's late? She'll make your friends wait, too. She'll pull you into the nearest doorway and, with her hair in your eyes and her lips on your cheek, remind you just how smooth things can be. But don't expect her to be patient—not when it comes to your clothes. Considering the sonic speed of fashion, you don't have two years to break in a leather jacket. So designers have solved the problem by using a variety of soft, textured leathers. If you've just finished getting your bomber or motorcycle jacket in shape, stow it away for next year. Today, square-shouldered, hip-length car coats rule the street. Be sure to have one. As your girlfriend will tell you, there are times when love can't wait.

At right, our lovesick hombre wears a leather jacket by Industria ($1465) that has a button front. His rayon-and-wool V-neck jersey is by CK Calvin Klein ($168) and the five-pocket jeans are by Lucky Brand Dungarees ($68). His engineer boots are by Frye ($124). That's a peacoat from Banana Republic ($495) on the man on the left (opposite page). Underneath it he's also wearing a wool-blend turtleneck by DKNY Men ($125) and indigo jeans from Old Navy ($20). The boots are by Timberland ($110). The man in the middle is sporting a naked-cowhide jacket by Golden Bear Sportswear ($675) with a detachable shearling collar. DKNY Men made his corduroy shirt ($75) and wool pinstripe pants ($225). Go to Kenneth Cole if you want the boots ($135). Our right-hand man has a jacket from DKNY Men ($675) with zippered and patch pockets. His sweater by Industria ($420) has a boat neck and the twill trousers are by H.I.S. ($20). The engineer boots are by Frye ($134).

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JON MOE
WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 167.

HAIR AND MAKEUP BY RUDY SOTOMAYOR

EXTREME MACHINE

(continued from page 84)

"Most of these events are just made-for-TV spectacles that aren't truly athletic endeavors."

trickle of endorsement money flowing their way.

ESPN's cup, however, runneth over. The network sold out its sponsorships in a corporate downpour of Keystone Light, AT&T, Mountain Dew, Taco Bell, Nike, Chevy S-10 trucks, Pontiac Sunfire, Slim Jim ("official training snack of the windsurfers," someone cracked), Visa, Rollerblade and the U.S. Marines.

"The athletes have a valid statement there," Wienert concedes. "But in our little world we're asking them for this one week to work for the common good—we're front-page news for the next week."

"Eventually, when we get a venue with the room to do it, we plan on having an athletes' expo area for the promotion of their individual sponsors. But, frankly, this isn't the state fair. This is a sporting event put on by the number one sportscasting cable network in the world. We're a business. It's not a carnival."

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Mariner's Point on Mission Bay is the venue for the bulk of the X Games. It looks like a theme park for Gen Xers. A 60-foot-high block of scaffolding in the shape of a harp is covered with fake rock and is peppered with different "holds" for sport-climbing. The sight of the snowboarding jump, rising up nearly 100 feet in the air and covered with man-made snow, spawned rumors that the women contestants took one look at the jump and dropped out of the competition. Grandstands surround the U-shaped "half pipes" for the skateboarding and in-line skating competitions. Hip-hop, trip-hop, jungle and alternative music pours out nonstop from a sound system that could blow away the red dust on Mars. In the press tent, free copies of *The Generation X Field Guide and Lexicon* are available for those who don't already know that sweater puppies are breasts and that you get a blue steeler by looking at them. With lots of dishrag-hemmed jeans and lumbar tattoos on the women, the park here takes on the aspect of MTV's *Beach House* on food stamps. The orgy of corporate huckstering is outdone by a group of skateboarders who sweet-talk girls into wearing their sponsors' logo stickers on their bare stomachs, made obvious by the abundance of hip-huggers.

In the superhero scheme of things, there would be no use for barefoot waterski jumping. It doesn't interface with caped crusaders as dramatically as, say, rock climbing (think Spider-Man), sky-surfing (the Silver Surfer) or the crime-fighting virtues of the street luge (which could pass for a reptilian Batmobile). If you're looking for the one athlete who most exemplifies the guts-and-glory, improvisational, bust-a-move spirit of alternative sports, the barefoot water-skier is he. Even his helmet, reminiscent of the style worn by circus performers who get shot out of cannons, suggests heroic lunacy. Here is an event that, doughnuts to dollars, was created not out of intricate thought, trial and error or generational evolution but grew out of a Fourth of July picnic gone awry.

"We like to think it's the exclamation to the X Games," Ron Scarpa, last year's champion barefoot skier, says. "Today I was scared. Every time I jump I'm a little bit scared. That's what makes it exciting. There is a red zone, a danger zone, just before the ramp. If you fall there and hit the ramp, it's like concrete. You can get killed. A fellow competitor was killed barefoot jumping last season. On the same day, in France, another guy was partially paralyzed doing the same thing."

Built like a Lego figure, with a fine down of hair covering his body, the 34-year-old Scarpa is one of the senior citizens of the games. And although he complains that the salt water is a problem for his eyes (the barefooters evidently haven't heard about goggles), his vision is clear.

"To be honest with you, these extreme sports aren't going to go ballistic. The media like them because they're Gen X stuff. And the money—forget it. ESPN has helped with the exposure, but just skiing in this event is a big expense for a lot of the people who travel here."

Scarpa suffers defeat in the finals. Wisconsin boy Peter Fleck edges out South Africans Evan Berger and Warren Fine, the latter hitting the water with such impact after a 90-foot jump that he snaps his towrope. After winning, Fleck (who first got his feet wet on Madison's Lake Monona, where Otis Redding died in a plane crash) is hectored into taking a reporter from *Entertainment Tonight* out to a nearby lake to teach the reporter to ski barefoot. An ESPN official, concerned about time, wants to know how long it will take.

"It'll take longer to get out to the lake than it will for him to get up on his feet," Fleck says with a shrug.

Standing out like a $200 haircut in Kmart and overlooking Mission Bay is ESPN's broadcasting set, a masterpiece of technology and artificial grunge. With cordless mikes, a $50,000 plasma TV, tungsten lighting, four cameras and a swooping jib, the beach house's decor screams the Hamptons. But it's mussed up just enough to suggest George Clooney, bachelor. Forty hours of ESPN, ESPN2 and ABC coverage begins right here, with slacker-friendly anchorwoman Chris McKendry, who may or may not have been ordered not to wash her hair. And if I'm not mistaken, she wore the same outfit two nights in a row.

"We are trying to reflect the culture that we find ourselves in, yeah," admits Jeff Ruhe, senior vice president of event management. "Open cabana, California colors. We definitely know who's watching."

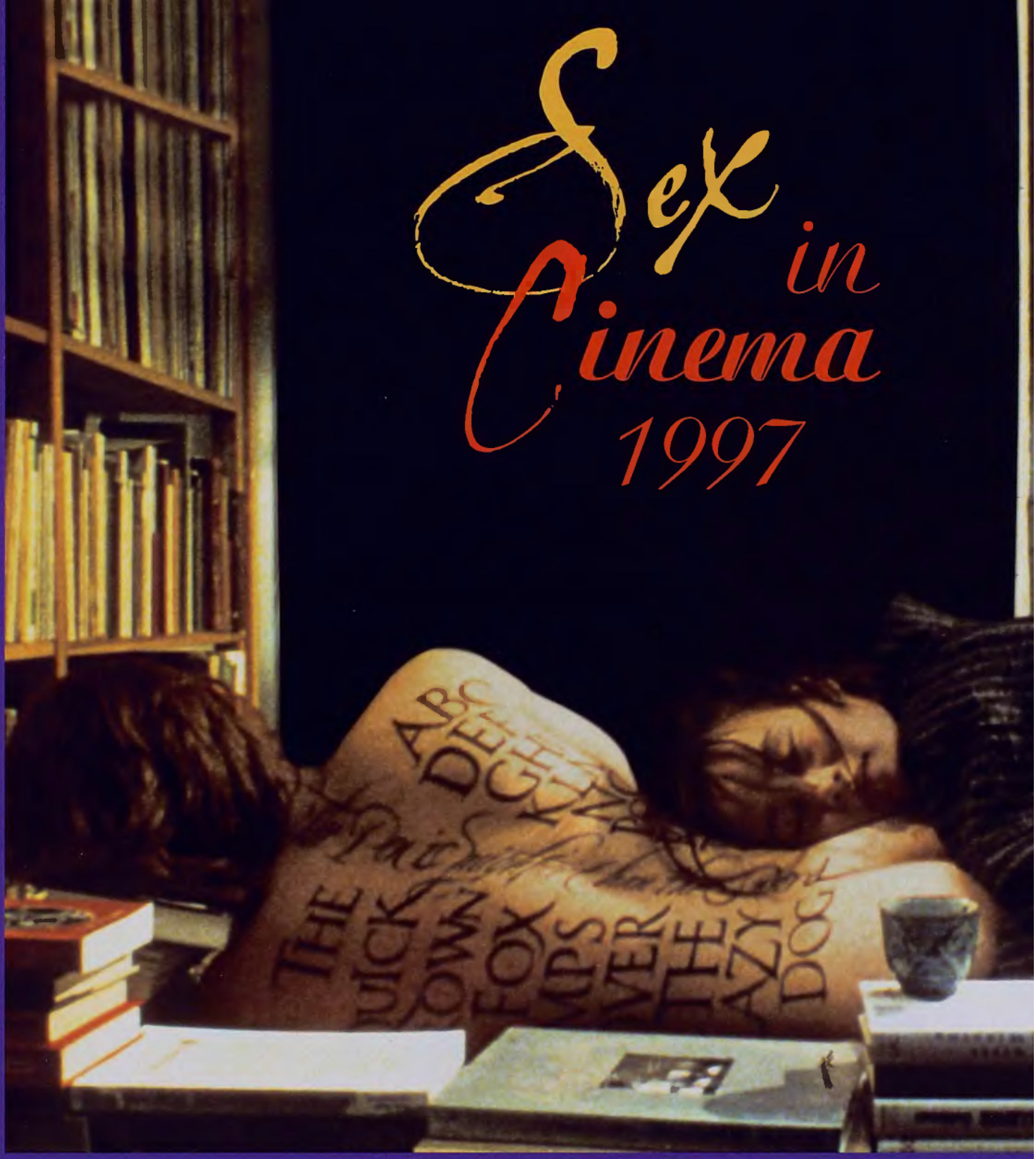
That would be males between the ages of 12 and 34. According to Nielsen ratings, the X Games deliver the highest concentration of male viewers of sports television in that demographic.

Without question there is an element of danger involved, and the specter of serious injury is real. But from a historical standpoint, extreme sports are nothing new. Whether it's cliff-diving, standing on the wing of a biplane, running with the bulls or cycling in a velodrome, thrill seeking has been around as long as men have had balls and women wanted to cut them off. The notion of a new dawn based on the pursuit of peril and embracing the sports-drink slogan that "if you're not living on the edge, you're taking up too much room" is about as fresh an idea as the roller skate key. In the perspective of an ESPN employee who chose to remain anonymous, "Most of these events are just made-for-TV spectacles that aren't truly athletic endeavors. They're created out of the excitement of someone possibly killing himself. Street luge is a classic example—guys who had never piloted one of these things before are jumping on them and making prime time." To Wienert, those are fighting words. "You tell me how much guts it takes to go down a ramp," he says, "throw your bike in the air and hope you land on your wheels. I'm going to tell you something. As an athlete—and these are athletes—it takes the same guts as it does to face a Randy Johnson fastball."

Swiss sky-surfer Viviane Wegrath,

(continued on page 169)

"You heard me, damn it. I don't want to take a break."



Sex in Cinema 1997

while hollywood opts for boom over vavoom, sexier films cop the prizes

text by BRUCE WILLIAMSON We have seen many more explosions than orgasms on the screen in 1997. There have been exceptions, of course, to such volatile asexual blockbusters as *Con Air* and *The Lost World*. Uma Thurman oozed sex appeal as the man-killing Poison Ivy in *Batman & Robin*, adding titillation to that well-traveled turf, and there's lots of suggestive ribaldry between Linda Fiorentino and Will Smith in the madly satirical *Men in Black*. More often, though, it has been the independently made features that have taken up the slack, sexually speaking.

Early in 1997 David Cronenberg's loudly touted *Crash* lost rpms after wowing voyeurs at last year's Cannes Film Festival, while *The English Patient* went on to win the Best Picture Oscar for its soaring romance and adult sexuality. Also commanding rapt attention on the American scene was *The People vs. Larry Flynt*, a maverick mainstream movie that infuriated Gloria Steinem and some militant feminists. It was followed much later by *Boogie Nights*, which explored the darker side of pornography, with actors Burt Reynolds, Julianne Moore and Mark Wahlberg *(text continued on page 168)*

SKIN GAMES Britain's provocative director Peter Greenaway presents *The Pillow Book*, in which Vivian Wu introduces Ewan (*Trainspotting*) McGregor to the eroticism of epidermal calligraphy. Matthew Broderick and Meg Ryan are conspirators in *Addicted to Love* (top right); Stellan Skarsgård encourages bride Emily Watson to enjoy sex in *Breaking the Waves* (center right); and *Courtesan*'s Jacqueline Bisset (at center, bottom right) trains daughter Catherine McCormack in the art of love (so *that's* what it looks like!).

SWITCH-HITTERS Cinematic gender-bending continues unabated, with nearly every imaginable sexual combination on view at your local Cineplex. Singer Courtney Love won wild acclaim for her performance as the drugged-out bisexual Althea Leasure in *The People vs. Larry Flynt* (above). Sting returns to the big screen after nearly a decade's absence to play the devious (and deviant) butler who seduces versifier Steven Mackintosh in *Gentlemen Don't Eat Poets* (below left). This film has everything, including what might be described as cannibalism once removed. In *Chasing Amy* (below right), Ben Affleck courts the object of his desire, Joey Lauren Adams. Trouble is, she's a lesbian.

X MARKS THE GENERATION Alienated youth comes to the fore in such films as *Dream With the Fishes* (above left), starring David Arquette as a suicidal voyeur who embarks on a fantasy road trip with a terminally ill buddy. Among their escapades: nude bowling. In *Slaves to the Underground* (above right), grunge rocker Molly Gross resumes an affair with slacker ex-boyfriend Jason Bortz—thereby driving her new sexual gal pal up the wall in a more figurative sense. Greater critical regard was reserved for *Broken English* (below), the Romeo and Juliet tale of a Croatian immigrant girl (spectacular newcomer Aleksandra Vujcic) and her Maori lover (*Once Were Warriors*' Julian Arahanga) in New Zealand.

WINNERS TAKE OFF While Hollywood blockbusters rely more on explosions than emotions, it's the lower-key, independent-made movies that have been claiming the prizes lately. A notable exception at this year's Academy Awards: Tri Star's *Jerry Maguire*, a movie about relationships, sexual and otherwise, that won Cuba Gooding Jr. an Oscar for his soul-and-body-baring performance (below left). Above, Fanny Ardant, playing a concupiscent countess, takes a full-torso powder in France's César-winning *Ridicule*. In *Kolya*, this year's Foreign Film Oscar champ, middle-aged Czech lothario Zdenek Sverak leads a happily randy lifestyle (below right) until a kid lands on his doorstep.

JUST KIDDING Sex with a smile is the rule in (clockwise, from top left) *Mars Attacks*, featuring an alien encounter with a centerfold; *Beavis and Butt-head Do America*, dropping the rowdy toons into the middle of an orgy; *Private Parts*, shock jock Howard Stern's entertainingly exhibitionistic autobiography; *Austin Powers: International Man of Mystery*, in which Mike Myers puts on colorful crushed-velvet suits (and audiences) in a time-traveling spoof of James Bond films; and *Batman & Robin*, with the delectable Uma Thurman as the villainess Poison Ivy, delivering a potentially toxic smooch to Robin (Chris O'Donnell).

NOW, THAT'S WHAT WE CALL SEX ED For some folks, doing what comes naturally doesn't. That's the theme of *Bliss* (above), in which newlyweds Craig Sheffer and Sheryl Lee seek aid from a tantric yogi to cure her frigidity. Elsewhere on these pages, scenes from Mira Nair's *Kama Sutra*, an erotically charged epic set in 16th century India. The lower-caste Maya, played by Indira Varma, and Princess Tara (*Mississippi Masala*'s Sarita Choudhury) are childhood friends who become separated by Maya's affair with Tara's royal husband. Below right, Maya shows Tara some tips learned in Kama Sutra classes (below left). Opposite, Maya finds love with a sculptor of erotic statues (Ramon Tikaram).

KELLER ON THE SPOT *(continued from page 120)*

If a hit man had a change of heart, it would be followed in short order by a change of hit man.

there and back——"

"You've spent your weekend on airplanes. Well, it's our good fortune you decided to stay. Now what I'd like to do is find a way to make it your good fortune as well."

"You've already done that," Keller told him. "I crashed a great party last night and actually got to feel like a hero for a few minutes. And tonight I get a fine dinner with nice people and get to top it off with a glass of outstanding brandy."

The heartburn told him how outstanding it was.

"What I had in mind," Wally said smoothly, "was to get you to work for me."

Who did he want him to kill? Keller almost blurted out the question until he remembered that Garrity didn't know what he did for a living.

"You won't say who you work for?" Garrity went on.

"I can't."

"Because the job's hush-hush for now. Well, I can respect that, and from the hints you've dropped I gather you're here scouting out something in the way of mergers and acquisitions."

"That's close."

"And I'm sure it's well paid, and you must like the work or I don't think you'd stay with it. So what do I have to do to get you to switch horses and come work for me? I'll tell you one thing—Chicago's a nice place, but nobody who ever moved from there to Big D went around with a sour face about it. I don't know you well yet, but I can tell you're our kind of people and Dallas will be your kind of town. I don't know what they're paying you, but I suspect I can top it and offer you a stake in a growing company with all sorts of attractive possibilities."

Keller listened, nodded judiciously, sipped a little brandy. It was amazing, he thought, the way things came along when you weren't looking for them. It was straight out of Horatio Alger, for God's sake—Ragged Dick stops the runaway horse and saves the daughter of the captain of industry, and the next thing you know he's president of IBM with rising expectations.

"Maybe I'll have that cigar after all," Keller said.

•

"Now come on, Keller," Dot said. "You know the rules. I can't give you that information."

"It's sort of important," he said.

"One of the things the client buys," she said, "is confidentiality. That's what he wants and it's what we provide. Even if the agent in place——"

"The agent in place?"

"That's you," she said. "You're the agent, and Dallas is the place. Even if you get caught red-handed, the confidentiality of the client remains uncompromised. And do you know why?"

"Because the agent in place knows how to keep mum."

"Mum's the word," she agreed, "and there's no question you're the strong, silent type. But even if your lip loosens, you can't sink a ship if you don't know when it's sailing."

Keller thought that over. "You lost me," he said.

"Yeah, it came out a little abstruse, didn't it? Point is, you can't tell what you don't know, Keller, which is why the agent doesn't get to know the client's name."

"Dot," he said, trying to sound injured, "how long have you known me?"

"Ages, Keller. Many lifetimes."

"Many lifetimes?"

"We were in Atlantis together. Look, I know nobody's going to catch you red-handed, and I know you wouldn't blab if they did. But *I* can't tell what *I* don't know."

"Oh."

"Right. I think the spies call it a double cutout. The client made arrangements with somebody we know, and that person called us. But he didn't give us the client's name, and why should he? Come to think of it, Keller, why do you have to know, anyway?"

He had his answer ready. "It might not be a single," he said.

"Oh?"

"The target's always got people around him," he said, "and the best way to do it might be a sort of group plan, if you follow me."

"Two for the price of one."

"Or three or four," he said. "But if one of those innocent bystanders turned out to be the client, it might make things a little awkward."

"Well, I can see where we might have trouble collecting the final payment."

"If we knew for a fact that the client was fishing for trout in Montana," he said, "it would be no problem. But if he's here in Dallas——"

"It would help to know his name." Dot sighed. "Give me an hour or two, huh? Then call me back."

•

If Keller knew who the client was, the client could have an accident.

It would have to be an artful accident, too. It would have to look good not only to the police but also to whoever was aware of the client's intentions. The local go-between, the helpful fellow who had hooked up the client to the old man in White Plains—and, thus, to Keller—could be expected to cast a cold eye on any suspicious death. So it would have to be a damn good accident, but Keller had managed a few of those in his day. It took a little planning, but it wasn't brain surgery. You just figured out a method and took your best shot.

If, as he rather hoped, the client was some business rival in Houston or Denver or San Diego, he'd have to slip off to that city without anyone noting his absence. Then, having induced a quick attack of accidental death, he'd fly back to Dallas and hang around until someone called him off the case. He'd need a different ID for Houston or Denver or San Diego—it wouldn't do to overexpose Michael Soderholm—and he'd need to mask his actions from all concerned: Garrity, his homicidal rival and, perhaps most important, Dot and the old man.

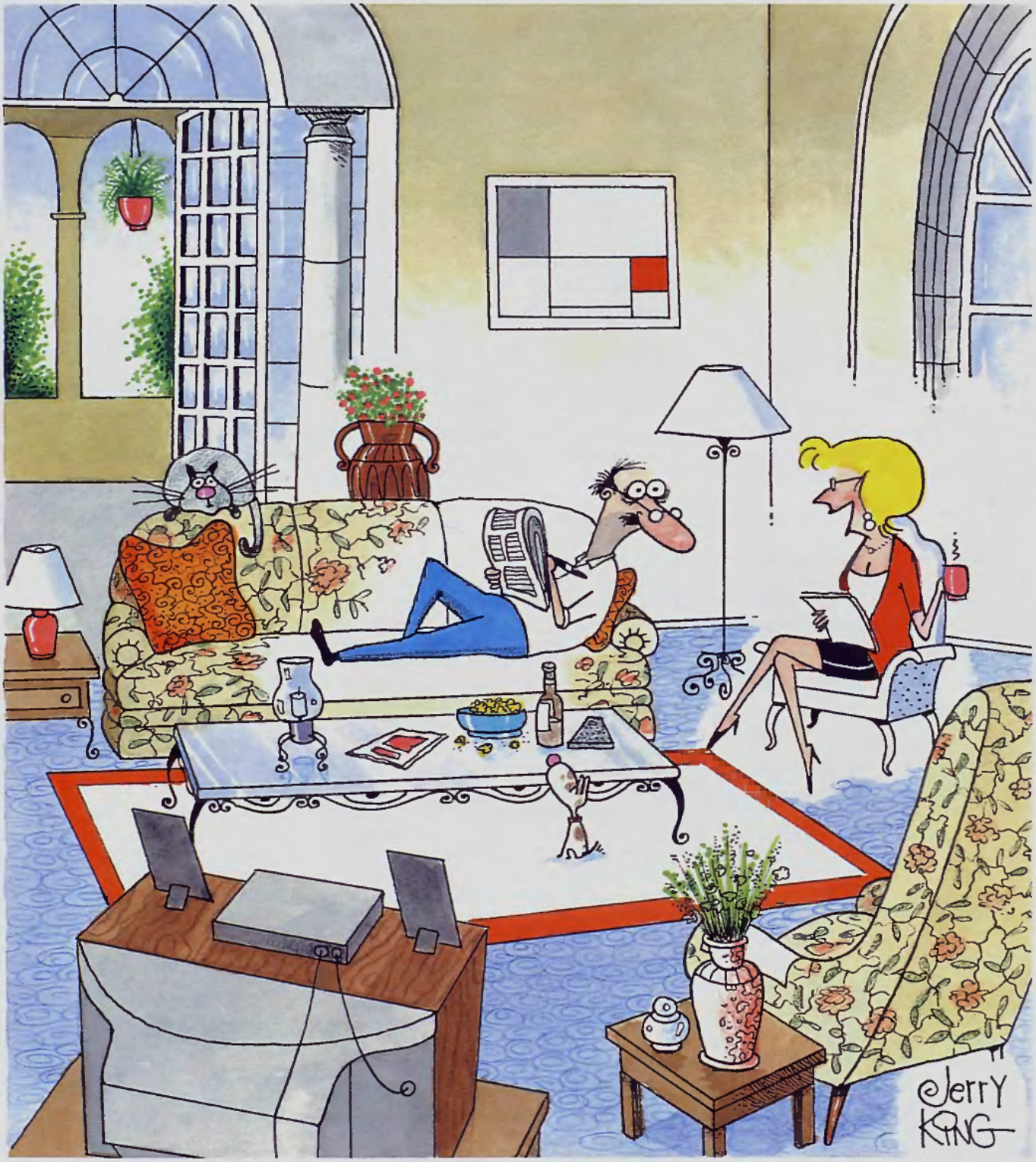
All told, it was a great deal more complicated (if easier to stomach) than the alternative.

Which was to carry out the assignment professionally and kill Wallace Penrose Garrity the first good chance he got.

And he really didn't want to do that. He'd eaten at the man's table, he'd drunk the man's brandy, he'd smoked the man's cigars. He'd been offered not merely a job but a well-paid executive position with a future, and, later that night, light-headed from alcohol and nicotine, he'd had fantasies of taking Wally up on it.

Hell, why not? He could live out his days as Michael Soderholm, doing whatever unspecified tasks Garrity was hiring him to perform. He probably lacked the requisite experience, but how hard could it be to pick up the skills he needed as he went along? Whatever he had to do, it would be easier than flying from town to town killing people. He could learn on the job. He could pull it off.

The fantasy had about as much substance as a dream, and, like a dream, it was gone when he awoke the next morning. No one would put him on the payroll without some sort of background check, and the most cursory



"Of course I enjoy sex. What do you think I do every day while you're at work?"

scan would knock him out of the box. Michael Soderholm had no more substance than the fake ID in Keller's wallet.

Even if he somehow finessed a background check, even if the old man in White Plains let him walk out of one life and into another, he knew he couldn't really make it work. He already had a life. Misshapen though it was, it fit him like a glove.

He went out for a sandwich and a cup of coffee. He got back in his car and drove around for a while. Then he found a pay phone and called White Plains.

"Do a single," Dot said.

"How's that?"

"No added extras, no free dividends. Just do what they signed on for."

"Because the client's here in town," he said. "Well, I could work around that if I knew his name. I could make sure he was out of it."

"Forget it," Dot said. "The client wants a long and happy life for everybody but the designated vic. Maybe the DV's close associates are near and dear to the client. That's just a guess, but all that really matters is that nobody else gets hurt. *Capisce?*"

"*Capisce?*"

"It's Italian, it means——"

"I know what it means. It just sounded odd from your lips, that's all. But yes, I understand." He took a breath. "Whole thing may take a little time," he said.

"Then here comes the good news," she said. "Time's not of the essence. They don't care how long it takes, just so you get it right."

•

"I understand W.P. offered you a job," Vanessa said. "I know he hopes you'll take him up on it."

"I think he was just being generous," Keller told her. "I was in the right place at the right time, and he'd like to do me a favor. But I don't think he really expects me to come to work for him."

"He'd like it if you did," she said, "or he never would have made the offer. He'd have just given you money, or a car, or something like that. And as far as what he expects, well, W.P. generally expects to get whatever he wants. Because that's the way things usually work out."

And had she been saving up her pennies to get things to work out a little differently? You had to wonder. Was she truly under Garrity's spell, in awe of his power, as she seemed to be? Or was she in it only for the money, and was there a sharp edge of irony under her worshipful remarks?

Hard to say. Hard to tell about any of them. Was Hank the loyal son he appeared to be, content to live in the old man's shadow and take what got tossed his way? Or was he secretly resentful and ambitious?

What about the son-in-law, Doak? On the surface, he looked to be delighted with the aftermath of his college football career—his work for his father-in-law consisted largely of playing golf with business associates and drinking with them afterward. But did he seethe inside, sure he was fit for greater things?

How about Hank's wife, Ellie? She struck Keller as an unlikely Lady Macbeth. Keller could fabricate scenarios in which she or Rhonda Sue had a reason for wanting Wally dead, but they were the sort of thing you dreamed up watching reruns of *Dallas* and trying to guess who shot J.R. Maybe one of their marriages was in trouble. Maybe Garrity had put the moves on his daughter-in-law, or maybe a little too much brandy had led him into his daughter's bedroom now and then. Maybe Doak or Hank was playing footsie with Vanessa. Maybe. . . .

Pointless to speculate, he decided. You could go around and around like that, but it didn't get you anywhere. Even if he managed to dope out which of them was the client, then what? Having saved young Timothy, and thus feeling obligated to spare his doting grandfather, what was he going to do? Kill the boy's father? Or mother or aunt or uncle?

Of course he could just go home. He could explain the situation to the old man. Nobody loved it when you took yourself off a contract for personal reasons, but it wasn't something they could talk you out of, either. If you made a habit of that sort of thing, well, that was different, but that wasn't the case with Keller. He was a solid pro. Quirky perhaps, even whimsical, but a pro all the way. Tell him what to do and he does it.

So, if he had a personal reason to bow out, you honored it. You let him come home and sit on the porch and drink iced tea with Dot.

And you picked up the phone and sent somebody else to Dallas.

Because, either way, the job was going to be done. If a hit man had a change of heart, it would be followed in short order by a change of hit man. If Keller didn't pull the trigger, somebody else would.

His mistake, Keller thought savagely, was that he had jumped into the goddamn pool in the first place. All he'd have had to do was look the other way and let the little bastard drown. A few days later he could have taken Garrity out, possibly making it look like suicide, a natural consequence of despondency over the boy's tragic accident.

But no, he thought, glaring at himself in the mirror. No, you had to go and get involved. You had to be a hero, for God's sake. Had to strip down to your skivvies and prove you deserved that lifesaving certificate the Red Cross had given you all those years ago.

He wondered what had happened to that certificate.

It was gone, of course, like everything he'd owned in his childhood and youth. Gone like his high school diploma, like his Boy Scout merit badge sash, like his sack of marbles and his stack of baseball cards. He didn't mind that these things were gone, didn't waste time wishing he had them any more than he wanted those years back.

The certificate, when all was said and done, was only a piece of paper. What was important was the skill itself, and what was truly remarkable was that he'd retained it. Because of it, Timothy Butler was alive. Which was all well and good for the boy, but a great big headache for Keller.

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Later, sitting with a cup of coffee, Keller thought some more about Wallace Penrose Garrity, a man who seemed to have not an enemy in the world.

Suppose Keller had let the kid drown. Suppose he just plain hadn't noticed the boy's disappearance beneath the water, just as everyone else had failed to notice it. Garrity would have been despondent. It was his party, his pool, his failure to provide supervision. He'd probably have blamed himself for the boy's death.

When Keller took him out, it would have been the kindest thing he could have done for him.

He caught the waiter's eye and signaled for more coffee.

•

"Mike," Garrity said, with a hand outstretched. "Sorry to keep you waiting. Had a call from a fellow with a hankering to buy a little five-acre lot of mine on the south edge of town. Thing is, I don't want to sell it to him."

"I see."

"There's ten acres on the other side of town I'd be perfectly happy to sell to him, but he'll only want it if he thinks of it himself. So that left me on the phone longer than I would have liked. Now then, what would you say to a glass of brandy?"

"Maybe a small one."

Garrity led the way to the den, poured drinks for both of them. "You should have come earlier," he said. "In time for dinner. I hope you know you don't need an invitation. There'll always be a place for you at our table."

"Well," Keller said.

"I know you can't talk about it," Garrity said, "but I hope your project here in town is shaping up nicely."

"Slow but sure," Keller said.

"Some things can't be hurried," Garrity allowed, and sipped brandy and winced. If Keller hadn't been looking for it, he might have missed the shadow that crossed his host's face.

Gently he asked, "Is the pain bad, Wally?"

"How's that, Mike?"

Keller put his glass on the table. "I

spoke to Dr. Jacklin," he said. "I know what you're going through."

"That son of a bitch," Garrity said, "was supposed to keep his mouth shut."

"Well, he thought it was all right to talk to me," Keller said. "He thought I was Dr. Edward Fishman from the Mayo Clinic."

"Calling for a consultation."

"Something like that."

"I did go to Mayo," Garrity said, "but they didn't need to call Harold Jacklin to double-check their results. They just confirmed his diagnosis and told me not to buy any long-playing records." He looked to one side. "They said they couldn't say for sure how much time I had left, but that the pain would be manageable for a while. And then it wouldn't."

"I see."

"And I'd have all my faculties for a while," he said. "And then I wouldn't."

Keller didn't say anything.

"Well, hell," Garrity said. "A man wants to take the bull by the horns, doesn't he? I decided I'd go out for a walk with a shotgun and have a little hunting accident. Or I'd be cleaning a handgun here at my desk and have it go off. But it turned out I just couldn't tolerate the idea of killing myself. Don't know why, can't explain it, but that seems to be the way I'm made."

He picked up his glass and looked at the brandy. "Funny how we hang on to life," he said. "Something else I think Sam Johnson said, that there wasn't a week of his life he would voluntarily live through again. I've had more good times than bad, Mike, and even the bad times haven't been that god-awful. But I think I know what he was getting at. I wouldn't want to repeat any of it, but that doesn't mean there's a minute of it I'd have been willing to miss. I don't want to miss whatever's coming next, and I don't guess Dr. Johnson did either. That's what keeps us going, isn't it? Wanting to find out what's around the next bend in the river."

"I guess so."

"I thought that would make the end easier to face," he said, "not knowing when it was coming, or how or where. And I recalled that years ago a fellow told me to let him know if I ever needed to have somebody killed. 'You just let me know,' he had said, and I laughed, and that was the last said on the subject. A month or so ago I looked up his number and called him, and he gave me another number to call."

"And you put out a contract."

"Is that the expression? Then that's what I did."

"Suicide by proxy," Keller said.

"And I guess you're holding my proxy," Garrity said, and drank some brandy. "You know, the thought flashed across my mind that first night, talking with you after you pulled my grandson out of the pool. I got this little glimmer, but I told myself I was being ridiculous. A hired killer doesn't turn up and save somebody's life."

"It's out of character," Keller agreed.

"Besides, what would you be doing at the party in the first place? Wouldn't you stay out of sight and wait until you could get me alone?"

"If I'd been thinking straight," Keller said. "I told myself it wouldn't hurt to have a look around. And this joker from the hotel bar assured me I had nothing to worry about. 'Half the town will be at Wally's tonight,' he said."

"Half the town was. You wouldn't have tried anything that night, would you?"

"God, no."

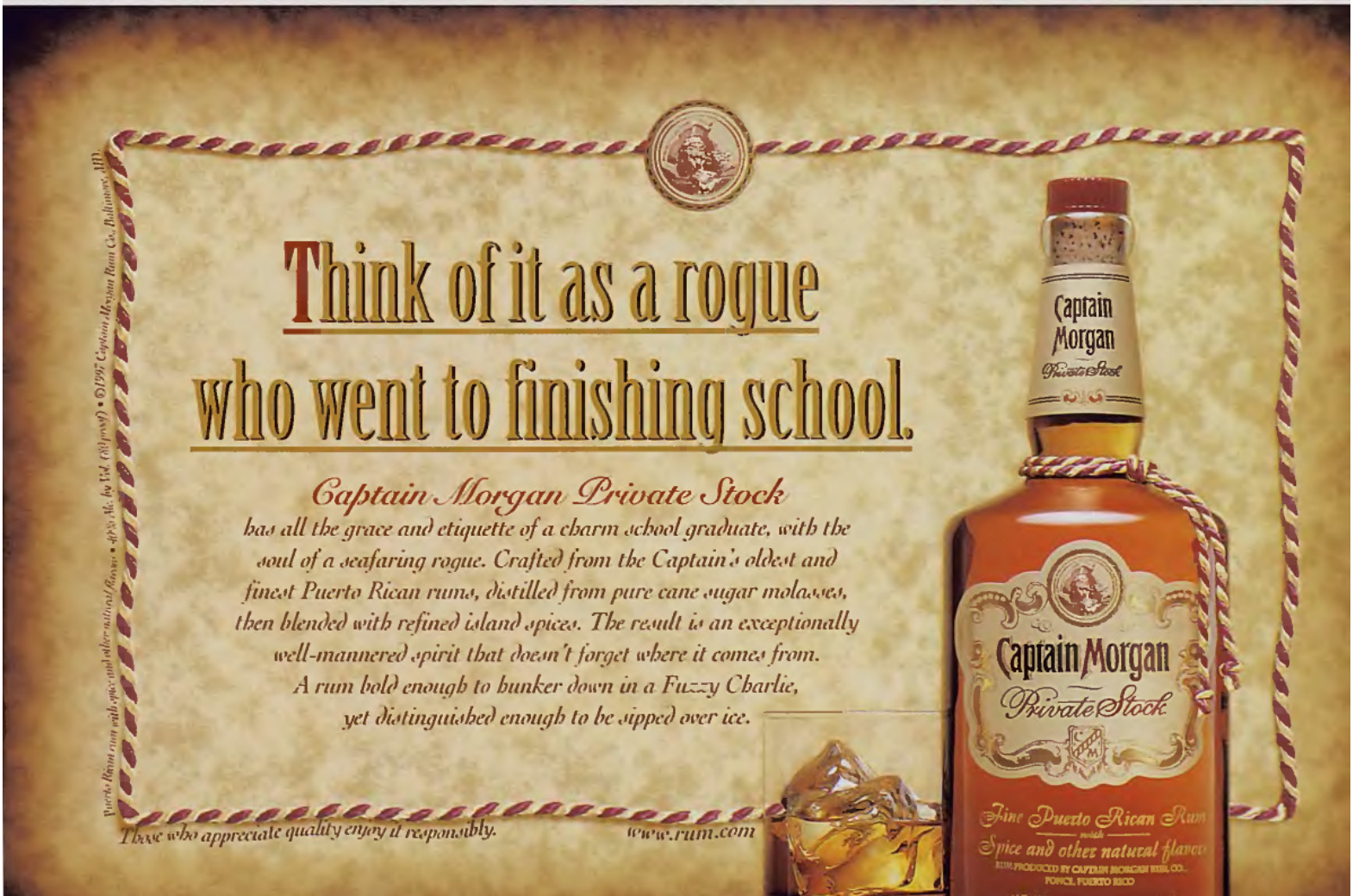
"I remember thinking, I hope he's not here. I hope it's not tonight. Because I was enjoying the party and I didn't want to miss anything. But you *were* there, and a good thing, wasn't it?"

"Yes."

"Saved the boy from drowning. According to the Chinese, you save somebody's life, you're responsible for him for the rest of your life. Because you've interfered with the natural order of things. That make sense to you?"

"Not really."

"Or me either. You can't beat them for whipping up a meal or laundering a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shirt, but they've got some queer ideas on other subjects. Of course, they'd probably say the same for some of my notions."

"Probably."

Garrity looked at his glass. "You called my doctor," he said. "Must have been to confirm a suspicion you had. What tipped you off? Is it starting to show in my face, or how I move around?"

Keller shook his head. "I couldn't find anybody else with a motive," he said, "or a grudge against you. You were the only one left. And then I saw you wince once or twice and try to hide it. I barely noticed at the time, but then I started to think about it."

"I thought it would be easier than doing it myself," Garrity said. "I thought I'd just let a professional take me by surprise. I'd be like an old bull elk on a hillside, never expecting the bullet that takes him out in his prime."

"It makes sense."

"No, it doesn't. Because the elk didn't arrange for the hunter to be there. Far as the elk knows, he's all alone. He's not wondering every damn day if today's the day. He's not bracing himself, trying to sense the crosshairs centering on his shoulder."

"I never thought of that."

"Neither did I," said Garrity. "Or I never would have called that fellow in the first place. Mike, what the hell are you doing here tonight? Don't tell me you came over to kill me."

"I came to tell you I can't."

"Because we've come to know each other."

Keller nodded.

"I grew up on a farm," Garrity said. "One of those vanishing family farms you hear about, and of course it's vanished, and I say good riddance. But we raised our own beef and pork, and we kept a milk cow and a flock of laying hens. And we never named the animals we were going to wind up eating. The cow had a name, but not the bull calf she dropped. The breeder sow's name was Elsie, but we never named her piglets."

"Makes sense," Keller said.

"I guess it doesn't take a Chinaman to see how you can't kill me once you've hauled Timmy out of the drink. Let alone after you've sat at my table and smoked my cigars. Reminds me, care for a cigar?"

"No, thank you."

"Well, where do we go from here, Mike? I have to say I'm relieved. I feel like I've been bracing myself for a bullet for weeks now. All of a sudden I've got a new lease on life. I'd say this calls for a drink, except we're already having one and you've scarcely touched yours."

"There is one thing," Keller said.

•

He left the den while Garrity made his phone call. Timothy was in the living room, puzzling over a chessboard. Keller played a game with him and lost badly. "Can't win 'em all," he said, and tipped over his king.

"I was going to checkmate you," the boy said, "in a few more moves."

"I could see it coming," Keller told him.

He went back to the den. Garrity was selecting a cigar from his humidor. "Sit down," he said. "I'm fixing to smoke one of these things. If you won't kill me, maybe it will."

"You never know."

"I made the call, Mike, and it's all taken care of. Be a while before the word filters through the chain of command, but sooner or later they'll call you and tell you the client changed his mind. He paid in full and called off the job."

They talked some, then sat awhile in silence. At length Keller said he ought to get going. "I should be at my hotel," he said, "in case they call."

"Be a couple of days, won't it?"

"Probably," he said, "but you never know. If everyone involved makes a phone call right away, the word could get to me in a couple of hours."

"Calling you off, telling you to come home. Be glad to get home, I bet."

"It's nice here," he said, "but yes, I'll be glad to get home."

"Wherever it is, they say there's no place like it." Garrity leaned back, then allowed himself to wince at the pain that came over him. "If it never hurts worse than this," he said, "then I can stand it. But of course it will get worse. And I'll decide I can stand *that*, and then it'll get worse again."

There was nothing to say to that.

"I guess I'll know when it's time to do something," Garrity said. "And who knows? Maybe my heart will cut out on me out of the blue. Or I'll get hit by a bus, or I don't know what. Struck by lightning?"

"It could happen."

"Anything can happen," Garrity agreed. He got to his feet. "Mike," he said, "I guess we won't be seeing any more of each other, and I have to say I'm a little bit sorry about that. I've truly enjoyed our time together."

"So have I, Wally."

"I wondered, you know, what he'd be like. The man they'd send to do this kind of work. I don't know what I expected, but you're not it."

He stuck out his hand, and Keller gripped it. "Take care," Garrity said. "Be well, Mike."

•

Back at his hotel, Keller took a hot bath and got a good night's sleep. In the morning he went out for breakfast, and when he got back there was a message at the desk for him: *Mr. Soderholm—Please call your office.*

He called from a pay phone, even though it didn't matter, and was careful not to overreact when Dot told him to come home, the mission was aborted.

"You told me I had all the time in the world," he said. "If I'd known the guy was in such a rush——"

"Keller," she said, "it's a good thing you waited. What he did, he changed his mind."

"He changed his mind?"

"It used to be a woman's prerogative," Dot said, "but now we've got equality between the sexes, so that means anyone can do it. It works out fine because we're getting paid in full. So kick the dust of Texas off your feet and come on home."

"I'll do that," he said, "but I may hang out here for a few more days."

"Oh?"

"Or even a week," he said. "It's a pretty nice town."

"Don't tell me you're itching to move there, Keller. We've been through this before."

"Nothing like that," he said. "But there's this girl I met."

"Oh, Keller."

"Well, she's nice," he said. "And if I'm off the job there's no reason not to have a date or two with her, is there?"

"Not as long as you don't decide to move in."

"She's not that nice," he said, and Dot laughed and told him not to change.

He hung up and drove around and found a movie he'd been meaning to see. The next morning he packed and checked out of his hotel.

He drove across town and got a room on the motel strip, paying cash in advance for four nights and registering as J.D. Smith from Los Angeles.

There was no girl he'd met, no girl he wanted to meet. But it wasn't time to go home yet.

He had unfinished business, and four days should give him time to do it. Time for Wallace Garrity to get used to the idea of not feeling those imaginary crosshairs on his shoulder blade.

But not so much time that the pain would be too much to bear.

And, sometime in those four days, Keller would deliver a gift. If he could, he'd make it look natural—a heart attack, say, or an accident. In any event it would be swift and without warning, and as close as he could make it to painless.

And it would be unexpected. Garrity would never see it coming.

Keller frowned, trying to figure out how he would manage it. It would be a lot trickier than the task that had drawn him to town originally, but he'd brought it on himself. Getting involved, fishing the boy out of the pool. He'd interfered in the natural order of things. He was under an obligation.

It was the least he could do.

ROBERT WUHL *(continued from page 96)*

WUHL: Sure, but baseball is the only one worth talking about. Can you imagine spending 15 minutes discussing pro basketball? "I got five better guys than you. I win." End of conversation. Baseball is different for many reasons. First, there's no clock. Each team gets 27 outs. The pitcher can stick the ball in his mouth, I still get 27 outs. Sooner or later, he has to pitch to me. Each game has its own rhythm, its own tempo. It's a much more musical game. Baseball is a game of generalists, whereas football, especially, is a game of specialists. In baseball, you see average-sized human beings—Darryl Strawberry, at 6'6", is a giant—doing the hardest thing there is in the world: hitting a baseball. There's a constant game of strategy with the pitcher and the catcher. You play in a beautiful place, and you can bring the family. At a Raiders game, it's a two-tattoo minimum to get in. As Bill Veeck once said, "Baseball is one of the few orderly things in a very unorderly world. If you get three strikes, not even the best lawyer in the country can get you off."

17.

PLAYBOY: Describe the male and female criteria for buying a chair.

WUHL: A guy sits in a chair and says, "This is comfortable. I like this chair." A woman sits in the chair and says, "This chair will go well in our living room." Or, "This chair will be adorable in our den." Or, "This chair does not fit what I'm trying to do." When guys want to buy a new car they talk about the performance. When women are asked what kind of car they bought, they say, "Red."

18.

PLAYBOY: What do men really want?

WUHL: Men have five basic needs: food, clothing, shelter, pussy and strange pussy.

19.

PLAYBOY: Julian Schnabel was your roommate at the University of Houston. Assess his influence on you.

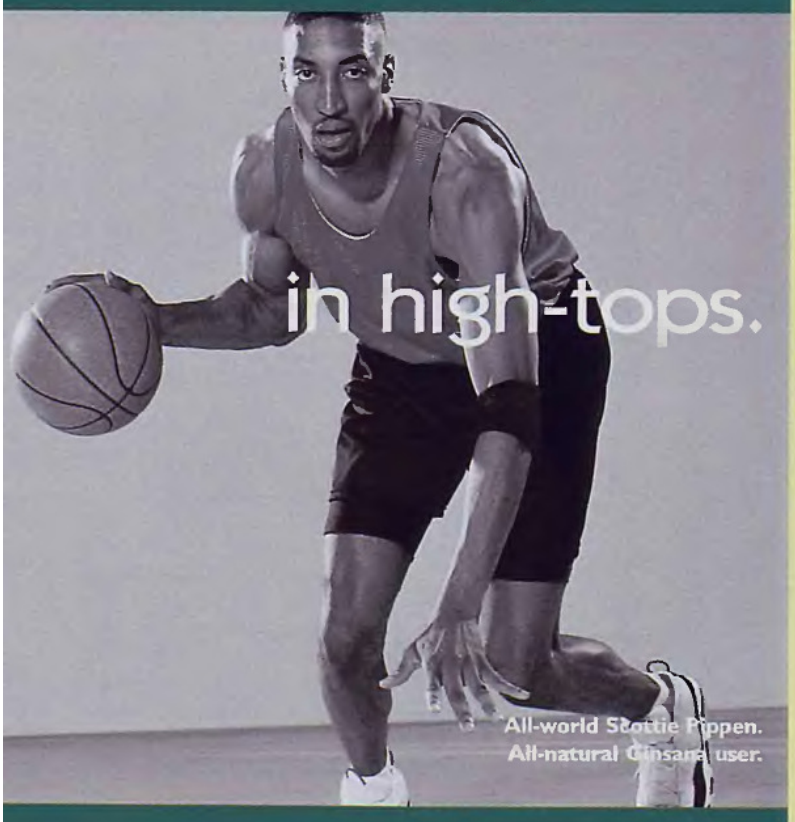
WUHL: It was my first time away from home. Julian was a kid from Brooklyn who wound up in Brownsville, Texas, when his parents moved there. He was a little fat surfer dude in his own world. A real hippie. Always had great women. And was always, I thought, out of his mind. He turned me on to pot. That was in 1969. He also opened me up to music. He had incredible confidence. I learned a lot from him. He called one day and asked if I'd read about him in *Time* magazine. I hadn't so I bought the issue. Well, they'd slammed him. So I called back and said, "Hey, Julian. . . ." And he said, "Aw, who cares? My paintings just went up $25,000 apiece."

20.

PLAYBOY: Schnabel has written his autobiography. When will you write yours?

WUHL: I don't know. But I've got a title. My first movie was *Hollywood Knights*. But to this day I haven't seen a complete script. I was concerned, of course, at the time, but the director, Floyd Mutrux, kept saying, "Don't worry, Rob. We're going to do it for rock and roll." I said, "That's great, do you have a script?" [*Smiles*] I wasn't scheduled to shoot the first day, but I'd worked on the character and to get over my jitters about never having been on a movie set before, I went to the location to watch. It was pandemonium. By noon, they were over budget. Tempers were flying, and Floyd kept saying, "Come on, we're going to do it for rock and roll." Finally, I heard the executive producer call the producer over and tell him, "OK. Enough is enough. This shit stops. Tomorrow we're getting a new caterer." So, I've always thought that would be a great title for my adventures in Hollywood—*Tomorrow We're Getting a New Caterer*.

A Lamborghini



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MALE CALL (continued from page 124)

The war promoted a heady blend of patriotism and promiscuity. Some women waited, others would not.

won't believe it?

"I believe it . . . I believe it. . . . [*With less certainty*] I believe it."

You take another sheet of paper and begin to write. You dream of windows painted black. A woman who has waited.

You believe.

THE HOME FRONT

The soldier had his dream girl, a blend of memory and imagination. Nothing he came up with kept pace with the real thing. The war provided women with unprecedented opportunity. When women change, sex changes. The war promoted a heady blend of patriotism and promiscuity. Some women waited, others would not. Some women kept to traditional roles. They dressed in powder blue outfits based on uniforms, wrapped bandages, grew vegetables in Victory gardens and wrote letters.

Others played a more active part: The nation got to know Rosie the Riveter, Wanda the Welder, WAACs, WAVES and the Petticoat Army—as well as legions of passionate patriots known as V-girls, young women who would give their all. Even the comics had a new heroine. Wonder Woman joined Superman and Batman in the fight against evil.

America went back to work, effectively ending the economic hardships of the Depression. The unemployed, still 15 percent of the workforce (some 8 million people) in 1940, dropped to one percent by 1944.

Women who had marched shoulder to shoulder for the right to work (26 states had passed laws prohibiting married women to work during the Depression) now labored shoulder to shoulder with men on the job. Women would help build the arsenal of democracy called for by FDR. But not without controversy.

Women in the workplace posed a threat to those who stayed at home. Magazines ran articles about seduction in the office and sex on the assembly line, about the danger posed by "office pals" and "man stealers."

John Costello, author of *Virtue Under Fire*, reports that there was an attempt to blame the bosom: "The management of some war plants banned women from wearing makeup, in an attempt to contain the temptation. When the Boeing Aircraft Corp. sent home 53 women for wearing tight sweaters, it became a cause célèbre. Their union objected that what was considered perfectly moral attire in the office should not be considered immoral on the shop floor. Management brought the National Safety Council into the dispute by claiming that sweaters caught fire, attracted static electricity and were a dangerous hazard because they might snag in rapidly turning machinery."

Ann Sheridan, a Hollywood star whose way with a sweater had earned her the title of the Oomph Girl, came to the aid of the factory women. Costello describes her retort: "While a small figure in a large sweater might be a threat to safety, a big girl in a tight sweater is only a moral hazard to men."

Prosperity reminded women of the power of sex appeal. Skirts revealed knees for the first time in a decade. When Du Pont introduced nylon stockings nationwide in 1940, almost 4 million pairs walked out the door in a matter of days. When nylon was needed for the war effort, women painted their legs and drew lines down the backs of their calves with eyeliner.

Women, who had learned to ration sugar, butter, cheese, meat, canned foods, shoes, gasoline and alcohol, also had to face the man shortage. A hit song of the day captured the woman's view of a nation stripped bare of its most eligible bachelors: *They're Either Too Young or Too Old*.

Scarcity had as much of an impact on sexual behavior as did the more frequently cited "war aphrodisia"—the live-for-the-moment mentality that swept over men and women alike.

Beth Bailey, in her history of dating, *From Front Porch to Back Seat*, recalls that the male call directly affected young single women and shattered the social expectations of the Twenties and Thirties. One casualty was the dating system that had evolved since the turn of the century, in which a woman's popularity was measured by the number of men who asked her out, by the number of men lined up to cut in on the dance floor and by the sum of money a man was willing to spend on an evening of entertainment. Imagine the envy, the sense of lost opportunity or outrage, of a girl who had read this bit of advice from a 1940 *Woman's Home Companion*: "If you have dates aplenty, you are asked everywhere. Dates are the hallmark of personality and popularity. No matter how pretty you may be, how smart your clothes—or your tongue—if you have no dates, your rating is low. The modern girl cultivates not one single suitor but dates lots of them. Her aim is not a too obvious romance but general popularity."

"This generation of women," Bailey says, "had expected to have their years of popularity, of commanding the attention of men." The ratio of men to women on one campus was suddenly one to eight, where it had previously been five

"Put your back into it, Hung Like a Horse. You're fucking like a goddamn Pilgrim."

Time Capsule

raw data from the forties

FIRST APPEARANCES

Nylon stockings. Wonder Woman. Varga Girl. Zoot suit. Radar. Selective Service. *Yank*. Sad Sack. Snafu. The Jeep. Bazooka. K rations. Napalm. The Voice. Bobby-soxers. Eighteen-year-olds vote. Chiquita Banana. Atomic bomb. GI Bill. United Nations. Baby boom. Fluoridation. Nikon 35mm. Porsche sports car. Zoom lens. Tupperware. Network television. Cannes Film Festival. Bikini. Slinky. Transistor. The Cold War. Electric guitar. Jet aircraft. CIA. HUAC. Velcro. Dior's New Look. Kinsey Report. Silly Putty. Scrabble. Howdy Doody. UFOs. 45 rpm and long-playing records.

WHO'S HOT

FDR. Winston Churchill. Dwight Eisenhower. Douglas MacArthur. Betty Grable. Humphrey Bogart. Ingrid Bergman. Lauren Bacall. Mickey Rooney. Judy Garland. Spencer Tracy. Katharine Hepburn. Alan Ladd. Veronica Lake. Rita Hayworth. Jane Russell. Gene Kelly. Joe DiMaggio. Joe Louis. Jackie Robinson. Ernest Hemingway. Frank Sinatra. Bing Crosby. Bob Hope. Dorothy Lamour. Glenn Miller. Tommy Dorsey. Harry James. Abbott and Costello.

WE, THE PEOPLE

Population of the U.S. in 1940: 132 million. Population in 1950: 151 million. Number of Americans in 1948 with religious affiliations: 79 million. Number of federal civilian employees in 1939: 950,000. Number in 1945: 3.8 million.

MILITARY MATTERS

Number of men who served in the military: 16.4 million. Number of women who served in the military: 350,000. Percentage of American men in the military: 14. Percentage of women: 0.1. Number of American war dead: 405,399. Minimum age for male recruit: 18. Minimum age for female recruit: 20. Number of the 23,000 women in the Marine Corps discharged for being lesbians: 20.

HOLLYWOOD GOES TO WAR

Movie attendance in 1941: 55 million per week. Movie attendance in 1944: 100 million weekly. Of the 1700

features produced between 1942 and 1945, number that had to do with the war: 500. Hollywood in uniform: Clark Gable, Jimmy Stewart, Robert Taylor, Tyrone Power, Robert Montgomery, Mickey Rooney, Frank Capra, John Ford, William Wyler. Number of personal appearances made by performers on USO tours in the three years after Pearl Harbor: 35,000. Number of volunteers serving at the Hollywood Canteen: 50,000. Number of servicemen entertained there: 2 million.

ROSIE THE RIVETER

Number of women in the workforce in 1940: 12 million. In 1945: 18.6 million. Percentage of civilian workforce occupied by women in 1940: 26. Percentage in 1945: 36. Unemployment rate in 1940: 15 percent. Unemployment rate in 1944: 1 percent. Average weekly wage of women in defense jobs: $31. Average wage of men: $55. Number of days it took to build a cargo ship: 17. Number of man-hours it took to build a bomber: 13,000. How frequently a Jeep rolled off the assembly line: one every 80 seconds.

MONEY MATTERS

Gross national product in 1940: $99.7 billion. Gross national product in 1949: $256.5 billion. National debt in 1940: $43 billion. National debt in 1945: $259 billion. Number of individuals who paid income tax in 1939: 4 million. Number who paid income tax in 1945: 43 million.

SCARCITY

Average ratio of men to women on college campuses in the Thirties: five to one. Ratio of men to women in the early Forties: one to eight.

VD VICTORY

Cases of syphilis per 100,000 population in 1941: 368. In 1950: 146. Cost of a vial of penicillin in the early Forties: $5000. Cost in 1945: less than a dollar. Cost in 1947: 30 cents.

SUBURBAN BLUES

Number of houses started in 1944: 114,000. Number started in 1946: 937,000. In 1948: 1.1 million. Price of basic Cape Cod in Levittown: $7990. Number of houses bought on one day in 1949: 1400. Number of houses completed per week (in 1948): 180. Number completed before lunch: 18. Total number of houses built in the first Levittown: 17,400.

BOYS WILL BE BOYS

Kinsey's list of the things that excited young males to their first ejaculation: Sitting at desk. Sitting in classroom. Lying still on floor. Lying still in bed. Moving water in bath. General stimulation with towel. Sliding on a chair. Sliding down a banister. Chinning on bar. Climbing tree, pole or rope. Wrestling with female. Wrestling with male. Riding in an automobile. Tight clothing. Daydreaming. Reading a book. Walking down a street. Vaudeville. Movies. Kissed by female. Watching petting. Peeping at nude female. Sex discussion at YMCAs. Milking a cow. When bicycle was stolen. A bell ringing. An exciting basketball game. Reciting in front of class. Injury in a car wreck.

FINAL APPEARANCES

1940: F. Scott Fitzgerald
1941: James Joyce
1942: Carole Lombard
1944: Glenn Miller
1945: Franklin Delano Roosevelt
1945: Benito Mussolini
1945: Adolf Hitler
1947: Henry Ford
1948: General Hideki Tōjō

to one in women's favor. Colleges opened dating bureaus to help coeds find escorts, either civilian or in service. Men in uniform were preferred—especially officers. At some colleges, 75 percent to 90 percent of the students were female. The war was a disaster for those who had gone to college to improve their social lives or to find husbands.

Without irony, Bailey comments: "To complain about lacking dancing partners seemed selfish and unpatriotic when former dancing partners were fighting and dying in foreign lands." But complain they did. They stooped to advertising for dates to the prom, offering to supply the car and pay for the date as well.

For the first time in the century, men were valued for being young, virile and available—and women competed for them. Colleges held seminars on how to make oneself attractive to the few good men to be had. *Ladies' Home Journal* reported that women spent $800 million in 1942 on "keeping beautiful."

Sex was out in the open. Men developed lines, and to their surprise, found they worked. "I'm shipping out tomorrow" doesn't rank with Shakespeare, but it had a surefire effect on the opposite sex. The war gave rise to a new phenomenon known as the wolf.

Take a young man, surround him with other young men, deprive him of female companionship except in a concentrated burst of hormonal energy known as the weekend pass, and you have a wolf. Not the type to go from camp to church social, he had time only for sexual shorthand, best communicated by a wolf whistle. Anyone who knew his way around the ladies was considered a wolf, and he became a part of the pop culture of World War Two. To build up a buddy to his shipmates in the 1942 film *The Fleet's In*, Eddie Bracken refers to retiring William Holden as the biggest wolf in the Navy. Tex Avery turned the big bad wolf of fairy tale into a sexual predator in popular animated cartoons such as *Red Hot Riding Hood* and *Swing Shift Cinderella*. When cartoonist Leonard Sansone was drafted he created a wolf in GI's clothing for the Camp Newspaper Service that also distributed Milton Caniff's classic *Male Call*. (After the war Sansone's Wolf made an uneasy and ultimately unsuccessful transition to civilian life. A postwar America was not so accepting of unbridled lust.)

In horror films, male sexuality was often identified with the beast. The Wolf Man, a sexual monster in 1941, returned in a postwar send-up of monster movies titled *Abbott and Costello Meet Frankenstein*. Lon Chaney Jr. confesses to the two comics, "In a half hour the moon will rise, and I'll turn into a wolf." Costello replies, "You and 20 million other guys."

The wolf had a sexual counterpart in the V-girl. As one female commentator, a hopelessly outnumbered advocate for chastity, described the situation: "Patriotism, vast admiration, fervor and precocious sex urge get all tangled up in adolescent bodies that are not yet equipped with the necessary adult intellectual processes with which to make decisions. Juvenile girls are avid to show soldiers a good time: In one meeting they become the girlfriend, the pickup, with no inherent adult standard of sex conduct to offset emotionalism."

She called these girls bobby-socks amateurs, but they were simply doing what their big sisters were doing.

Thousands of girls flocked to the ports and bases, greeting servicemen on furlough and proving they too were doing their part. Eliot Ness, the former Untouchable, took on a new task as director of the Federal Social Protection Program. He found his new foe to be "a casual fun-seeking girl, wanting male companionship, a young experimenter, somewhat lonely, easing her conscience by quixotic references to patriotism."

In many cities the V-girls were organized and supervised. The Red Cross held "practice parties" for hostesses. There were camp dances, YMCA socials and USO clubs. The stars came out at the Hollywood and the Stage Door canteens, where men in uniform could dance with the likes of Hedy Lamarr, Joan Crawford, Bette Davis and Olivia de Havilland to the big band music of Benny Goodman and Count Basie. *I Left My Heart at the Stage Door Canteen* became a popular song of the day. The scene was repeated across America. In Seattle 12,000 young women, volunteers 18 to 20, spent more than nine million hours dancing with servicemen during the war. It is interesting to note that dancing—considered the devil's handiwork at the turn of the century—was now a patriotic duty.

It was against the rules, but the hostesses were very touchable.

In the 1944 Preston Sturges classic *The Miracle of Morgan's Creek*, Betty Hutton portrays a small-town girl named Trudy Kockenlocker who, after a wild "kiss the boys goodbye" dance, wakes the next morning with the vague memory that she may have married one of the soldiers. Was it "Private Ratziwatski, or was it Zitzikiwitzky?" The troops are long gone, but the cock in the locker becomes a bun in the oven. Finding herself pregnant, Trudy marries Norval Jones, a 4-F friend played by Eddie Bracken. She becomes a celebrity when she delivers sextuplets, and Norval is made an honorary colonel in the state militia.

An affectionate and often hilarious look at patriotism and promiscuity, the film sailed right past the censors. Far from being branded a fallen woman or a bigamist, Trudy is applauded for her part in the war effort.

The prudes at the Production Code Administration wanted the studio to cut a line delivered by Trudy's sister: "She's not the first dumb cluck who got herself in a snarl. What with the war and all, there'll probably be millions of them. They say they make the cutest babies."

The sister wasn't far off: Some 650,000 wartime babies were born out of wedlock in the U.S.

Betty Grable played a canteen hostess in *Pin Up Girl* who boosted the boys' morale by never saying no to a marriage proposal. In one musical number she sings "Battles are won in the daytime, but history is made at night." And she asserts the new standard of discretion: "Don't carry tales out of school. If you're a blabbermouth, you're off my list."

James Jones, author of *From Here to Eternity*, gave an eyewitness account of life near military bases in his history of World War Two. Having been wounded at Guadalcanal, he returned to Memphis to find: "At just about any time of day or night there were always between half a dozen and a dozen wide-open drinking parties going in the rooms and suites, where it was easy to get invited simply by walking down the corridors on the various floors until you heard the noise. Money was not much of a problem. Nor were women. There was always plenty of booze from somebody, and there were also unattached women at the hotel floor parties. You could always go up to the Starlight Roof and find yourself a nice girl and dance with her awhile and bring her down. Everybody screwed. Sometimes it did not even matter if there were other people in the room or not at the swirling, kaleidoscopic parties. Couples would ensconce themselves in the bathrooms of the suites and lock the door."

It is clear that servicemen were aware of the advantage those at home enjoyed. When a skinny 4-F crooner named Frank Sinatra opened at the Paramount Theater in December 1942, thousands of screaming bobby-soxers jammed the streets, reportedly swept away in near sexual hysteria. The men overseas resented Sinatra and booed him when he appeared on a USO tour.

Despite the controversy, Sinatra would become the most important singer of the decade, acclaimed as the Voice, as influential to a new generation as Bing Crosby had been the decade before.

Music and movies were major morale boosters for the home front and for those away from home. Glenn Miller's *Chattanooga Choo Choo* earned a gold record and *Juke Box Saturday Night* celebrated an industry that took in $80 million, an incredible 5 billion nickels a year. Each nickel evoked a few moments of pure emotion—from the heartbreaking *I'll Be Seeing You* to the heartsick *Don't Sit Under the Apple Tree (With Anyone Else but Me)*. During the musicians' strike in 1943 the big bands still recorded V discs of the latest hits for the boys in service.

Hollywood made movies as escapist fare and as propaganda. We saw John Wayne and Errol Flynn, neither of whom saw service, win the war on the silver screen. Mindless musicals such as *Star-Spangled Rhythm*, *Two Girls and a Sailor*, *Seven Days' Leave*, *Something for the Boys*, *Kiss the Boys Goodbye* and *Anchors Aweigh* were about as complicated as Fourth of July parades and just as popular.

Hollywood's commitment to the war was total. Directors Frank Capra, John Ford and William Wyler turned out documentaries for the government. When Carole Lombard died in a plane crash returning from a bond rally, husband Clark Gable enlisted and flew bombing missions over Germany. Other stars signed on, including James Stewart, Tyrone Power, Robert Montgomery and Mickey Rooney, the Andy Hardy of our youth. The film palaces sold war bonds and acted as collection points for strategic materials and blood donations.

In the movies war was a grand adventure. We knew that Pearl Harbor had been a day of infamy and that real lives had been lost, but we would not know how many until after the war. The government controlled all wartime information, as it did almost every other aspect of our lives. John Jeffries, author of *Wartime America*, says that grisly photos of combat were the first to be censored: "Not until 1943 were photos of dead Americans released for publication," he writes. "Not until 1945 did *Life* show American blood being shed."

The phrase "Don't you know there's a war going on?" was often heard on the home front. Overseas, men needed no reminder. The prospect of death rewrote the rules on sex.

OVER THERE

"Over there" was not a single sexual state. The sex life of a bomber pilot stationed in England differed vastly from that of a Marine on an island in the Pacific or an Infantryman marching through the mud in Italy.

In the Rodgers and Hammerstein musical *South Pacific*, sailors sing a ribald tribute to the members of the opposite sex: "We get packages from home, we get movies, we get shows. We get speeches from our skipper and advice from Tokyo Rose. We get letters doused in perfume, we get dizzy from the smell. What don't we get? You know damn well."

Soldiers stationed in the Pacific tried to remember what it felt like. "It" was pussy, and men talked about it, dreamed about it and died thinking about it. In a bull session recorded by novelist Norman Mailer, one character recalled a woman with a pussy so sweet "it was like dipping it in a barrel of honey."

James Jones provided another account from the Pacific. The men who spent the first six months of the war pulling anti-invasion duty on the beaches of Hawaii knew there was nothing like a dame. "A half-Hawaiian gentleman with a good eye for business drove up in a pickup truck with four wahines in the back. While our lieutenant and his staff sergeant looked the other way, the four girls, utilizing one of our five pillboxes and a sheltered ledge open to the wind directly behind it, managed to take care of the whole 37 of us on the position in just over 45 minutes. The lieutenant timed it, while ordering five men who had already been to go and relieve the five men on post in the pillboxes so they could go. The fee was ten bucks a man and everybody was happy with the price."

Pussy, no matter how quick and tawdry, no matter if it was timed by a lieutenant, was still a moment of affirmation, a moment that was entirely your own. Your heartbeat, your erection.

One of the earliest war films, *A Yank in the RAF*, followed Tyrone Power as he joined the Battle of Britain. He fell for Betty Grable playing an American showgirl. By June 1944, a million and a half Americans had relocated to British soil. They flew bombing raids in broad daylight and partied the night away at the Rainbow Club, the Hammersmith Palais and the Paramount. Almost everyone, from Ike on down, was taken by the charm of British women. Margaret Mead, the anthropologist most often associated with islands of the Pacific, visited Britain and wrote home about American men, with their "exuberant informality," having "morning tea given to them in bed by a titled hostess, without any servants, who has nevertheless opened her house to them. 'And wouldn't that make Sioux City open its eye?'"

She painted a picture of a soldier forming permanent ties with a family, "packing up his weekend ration allowance so that at the British dinner table he will have his little jars of butter and sugar, too, and a bit of something special for his harried hostess."

Hers was not the first bit of disinformation given the American public. British soldiers—who had already been at war for years in the deserts of North Africa and on the beaches of Dunkirk—complained about the presence of the Yanks, who were, they said, "Overpaid, oversexed and over here."

American soldiers found comrades in arms. The women they met had lost loved ones, seen neighborhoods disappear under the air raids. Women overseas did not share the same prejudice as Americans—in both Italy and Britain Negro soldiers were often treated as equals. Interracial sex sparked riots between white and Negro troops in Launceston, Manchester and Newbury. American bigotry begat bloodshed.

English women knew there was a war going on. Civilian casualties were a brutal, inescapable fact. Some 92,700 were killed in Britain. Fear was an aphrodisiac. They were willing to steal moments of comfort, to build a picnic or dinner around a gift of ham, bread, real butter

". . . And if my parents want to show you the mother ship, just remember you can say no."

PLAYBOY

cigars and accessories

Playboy Cigars by Don Diego Playboy commissioned world-renowned tobacco experts Don Diego to create these exclusive premium cigars. Hand-rolled in the Dominican Republic, Robusto cigars feature a smooth, dark Connecticut wrapper filled with the finest Cuban-seed tobacco, giving them a zesty flavor and rich aroma. The cigar band bears a distinctive design with Hef's monogram and signature, the Playboy name and Rabbit Head. This design is duplicated on the handsome cedar-lined mahogany box. Each cigar is 5" long with a 50-ring gauge. Limited quantities available.

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back view

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and beer. Companionship, an evening in each other's arms, gave a moment of normalcy. And, sorry, the morning tea in bed came after a night of less printable activity.

There were a third of a million illegitimate babies born in Britain during the war. The experience was repeated in Australia. After the war, American servicemen would take 50,000 British war brides. About 10,000 Aussie girls came back to the U.S. (giving up the outback for a world of refrigerators and electric stoves).

American magazines ran articles asking, "Are the British Stealing Our Men?" When American women learned that our soldiers were sleeping with German women, they protested loudly. The War Department responded by levying a $65 fine for fraternizing with Fräuleins.

THE PIN-UP

She was everywhere. Soldiers put pin-ups on the walls of their barracks, on the insides of tanks and bombers, inside their helmets, on palm trees next to their shaving mirrors, in footlockers. An officer in the Pacific sent out pin-ups with intelligence reports to make sure they were read. The code breakers kept a huge collection of photos under glass on their desks, a calm center amid the chaos of enemy ciphers. GIs clipped magazine ads and sent away to Hollywood studios for glamour shots of the stars.

During the war, cheesecake was as American as apple pie. After Pearl Harbor, the Army decided that the enlisted man needed his own magazine. Hartzell Spence told the newly recruited staff of *Yank*: "We've got to have a pin-up." Ralph Stein recalled: "None of the rest of us had ever heard the term. I think Hartzell might have invented it." Each issue of the Army weekly would contain a full-page black-and-white photograph of a pretty girl wearing relatively few clothes.

The *Yank* "Pin-up Girl" almost never got off the ground. An early layout went all the way to General Henry Stimson, who sent it to his superior officer—Mrs. Henry Stimson. She saw the pencil-drawn dummy and ordered it quashed. Hornier heads prevailed.

An estimated two million servicemen ended up with the still shot of Betty Grable in a bathing suit, looking over her shoulder. She was the girl with the million dollar legs, whose musicals made her the highest paid woman in America. She married bandleader Harry James but was still "the enlisted man's girl." Her title as the ultimate Pin-Up Girl was celebrated in her 1944 film of the same name.

Rita Hayworth posed in lingerie for *Life* and became another favorite. Almost all the distaff stars and starlets posed for pin-up photographers, doing their part to boost the boys' morale, many with their own trademark looks: Veronica Lake had her peekaboo hairstyle, Lana Turner her sweater and Dorothy Lamour her sarong. Carole Landis was the Ping Girl, and Marie McDonald was The Body.

The most sexual pin-ups were the work of Alberto Vargas, an artist who had spent his early years glorifying the girls of the then graduated to Hollywood Ziegfeld Follies. In 1940 the first Varga Girl appeared in *Esquire*, eventually replacing the streamlined creations of George Petty. When the editors released a calendar of 12 Varga Girls, *The New Yorker* declared Vargas as "an artist who could make a girl look nude if she were rolled up in a rug."

The first calendar sold 325,000 copies, the 1944 version 2.5 million. Despite the rationing of paper (which meant magazines that went overseas were printed in miniature versions), the military insisted on receiving *Esquire* full size.

John Costello, in *Virtue Under Fire*, notes that the pin-up had a special status for many: "The extensive personal testimony to the emotional impact of World War Two suggests that what men and women were fighting for had less to do with abstract notions of freedom or patriotism than with the need to protect the personal values represented by sweethearts, wives and families. Sex, therefore, played an extensive role in the war experience. Whether with its pin-ups of Hollywood stars, well-thumbed pictures of the girl back home, Rosie the Riveter, the archetypal female factory worker, or women pilots, World War Two acquired an undeniable feminine aspect."

The pin-up was reassuring to women worried about women over there. *The Saturday Evening Post* ran an article about a wife who wondered, "Are there any blondes at the front?" She had been married for only four months before he left for war. She had not seen him for nearly two years. The author of the piece answered, "Yes. There were lots of beautiful blondes, but I wouldn't be alarmed about them. They were all pin-ups."

As more than one soldier commented, the pictures "give us guys a good idea of what we're fighting for."

James Jones, in a discussion on Hollywood pin-ups in World War Two, recalls a sergeant who heard a famous story that swept the Pacific. It seems that Paulette Goddard and director Anatole Litvak were having dinner at Ciro's in Hollywood. As the evening progressed, the couple became amorous. An obliging waiter put up a screen to shield them from view. Accounts vary, but apparently one of the celebrities disappeared under the table to pleasure the other.

The sergeant, grinning, said: "Now, man, that's what I'm fighting this war for. That kind of freedom. Where could that happen but in the good old U.S. of A.?"

Most soldiers were not fighting for Roosevelt's four freedoms. Indeed, most could not count off the list of noble values they were defending. But the fine art of fellatio (or whatever happened under that table) was something else again.

BOMBER ART

Gary Valant, an art historian fascinated by a particular kind of pin-up—the

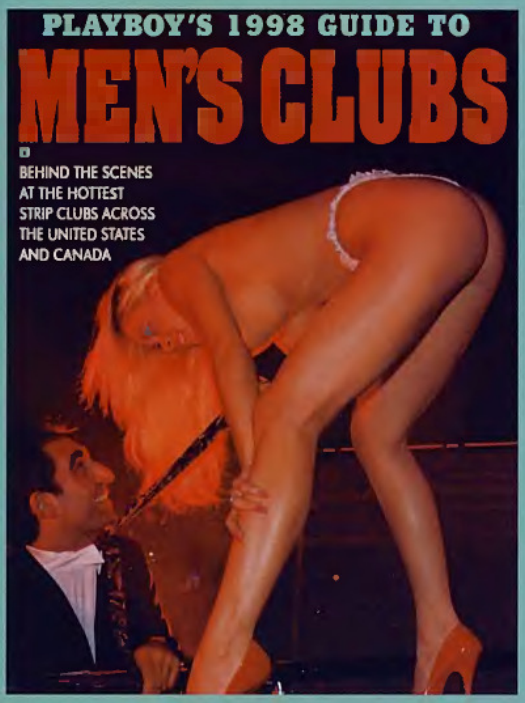
"Wake up, Sandra! Like our nation's economy, I am still on the rise!"

one painted on bombers—writes this chilling rationale for the practice: "It's midwinter 1943, you're 20 years old, it's 4:30 in the morning, it's raining, it's cold. You've got a slight hangover, and you're walking in mud (there's always mud). You're wearing a fur-lined flying suit because where you're going it's 30 degrees below zero. You've got an oxygen mask because where you're going it's hard to breathe. You're carrying a map because at 25,000 feet there are no signs. Prior to December 7, 1941 your main goal in life was to get a car and marry Ginger Rogers, but now it's just to stay alive another day because you're a crewman on a B-17, and where you're going people are going to die. But not you, not your plane, not your crew because you're special, and the special people always come back. They don't blow up in the sky or go in at 400 miles per hour, one wing gone, no chutes, on fire—not the special ones. They always come back. So we need a special name for our plane—and a special picture on it. Maybe a picture of Betty Grable, or one of those Varga Girls from *Esquire*."

Valant collected images in a book called *Vintage Aircraft Nose Art*. He explains the impulse that caused men to paint women on the sides of bombers: "The origin of nose art goes back to some ancient time when the first proud charioteer decorated his vehicle so that it would be distinguishable from others. The desire to personalize an object, a machine, to make it unique among the multitude, is basic to man's nature. Place man under great stresses, give him a very uncertain future, and this desire can become an obsession. So it is in war, and with the machines of war. A thousand B-17s identical in every way roll off the assembly line and fly to an uncertain fate, but each one can be different. The difference is not in the tail number. Those are for record keepers and ribbon clerks. The difference is in the imagination and talent of the crew. Few crew members would talk about 247613 or 34356, but many tales would be told about *Sack Time* or the *Dragon Lady*."

A GI artist would copy a Varga Girl or Milt Caniff's sumptuously reclining Miss Lace from *Male Call* and maybe come up with a sexual name: *Target for Tonight*, *Night Mission* or *Lucky Strike*. And next to her he might paint a bomb for each successful mission, each dawn ascent into flak-infested skies. More than 100,000 crewmen flew to their deaths. The military set the number of missions men had to fly at a level that would give them a 50 percent chance of survival. One artist, trying to paint the signs of the zodiac on 12 bombers flying out of England, had to start Taurus three times. The first two planes had taken off and never come back. After the war, a man given the job of converting bombers to aluminum scrap found himself moved by the art:

Hot SPOTS



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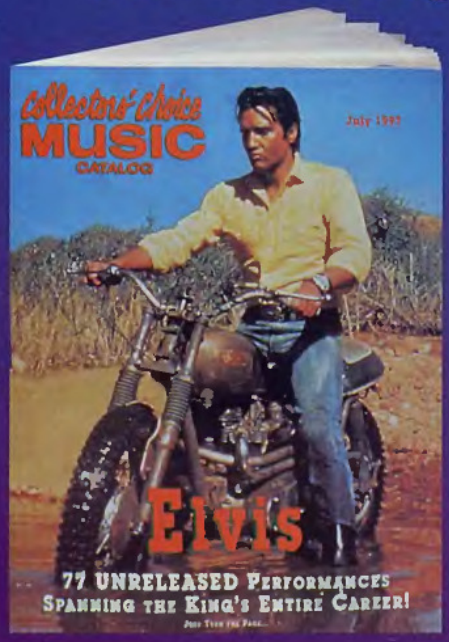

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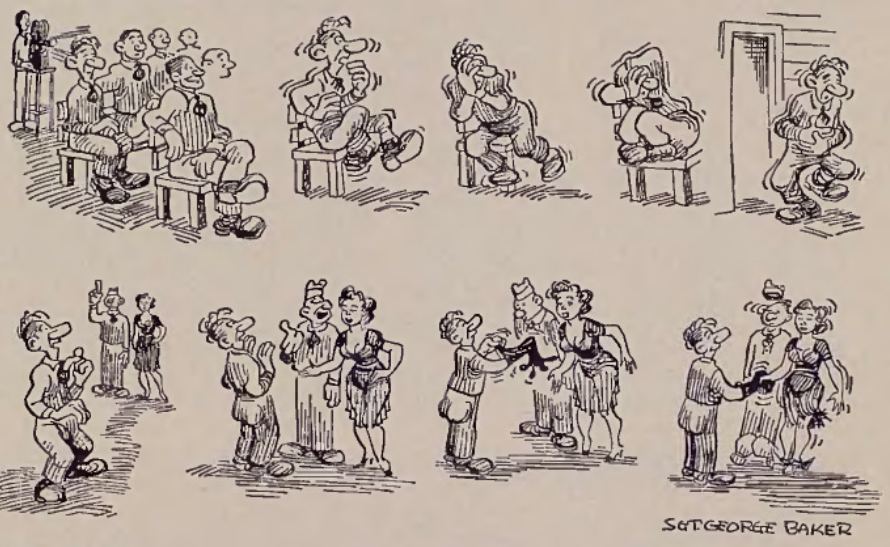
THE WAR

through the eyes of cartoonists

SIR, THERE IS A CERTAIN PRACTICE AMONG THE MEN THAT I---
OH, HELLO—YOU'RE THE REPLACEMENT THEY SENT ME, AREN'T YOU?—BEEN WAITING FOR A LULL TO HAVE A CHAT WITH YOU... I PROMOTED A COUPLE OF CIGARS—WILL YOU COME IN AND HAVE A SMOKE?



"That's my address—I promised my boyfriend I wouldn't give fellows my telephone number while he's away."

"How do you know she's not your type?"

"... so Archibald kissed her again an' gently put her head on th' pillow. She gazed at him wit' holf-shut eyes—tremblin' hard—don't forget to buy next week's installment at your newsstand."

Humor can be an act of courage. During the war Milton Caniff, celebrated creator of *Terry and the Pirates*, drew a special series titled *Male Call* (top) for camp newspapers. He could comment on the conflict between morale and morals. Sergeant George Baker's *Sad Sack* (middle) reacts to a sex hygiene film. A panel in a cartoon digest of the Forties (middle, right) comments on dating mores of those back home. Leonard Sansone created a waif in khaki clothing (far left) for camp papers. But by far the most famous characters to emerge during the war were Willie and Joe, the ultimate dogfaces (near left), created by Bill Mauldin. The war had an odd way of interrupting sex for everyone. The political cartoon above demonstrates the power of ridicule as a weapon of war.

He had a workman remove the panels with a fire ax. On a whim, they were kept from becoming toasters, frying pans and washing machines.

THE CHAPLAIN'S WAR

Most Americans focused on morale, not on morals. But the forces that for 200 years had controlled sex in America did not go AWOL. The roar of the war machine tended to drown out prudes and puritans, but these people still walked the perimeter.

Throughout the war Monsignor William Arnold sat at a desk in Washington, D.C. cataloging the sins of mankind. As Chief of Chaplains, with the rank of Brigadier General, he oversaw 8000 or so military chaplains serving around the world. His legions filed monthly reports and letters of complaint about profanity, pin-ups, camp newspapers, ads for offerings from the Charm Photo Co. (shots of girls disrobing), risqué and irreverent magazines, indecent literature, VD campaigns, pro kits and rubbers, houses of prostitution, bomber art and USO tours.

Arnold moved these letters through the bureaucracy the way commanders moved models of ships around the war room. He kept meticulous files that would become the only surviving record of the war between morale and morals. Let other historians chart the battles and bloodshed; Arnold charted the corruption of souls. He was the puritan conscience in a world gone mad.

He kept the letter from a chaplain at Camp Sutton who had run amok in the officer's club and torn down pin-ups from the wall. When the camp commandant ordered the pictures replaced, the field chaplain fired off an angry reply: "As I am the depot chaplain, I feel that it is my duty to have removed all such literature and posters that are destructive to the morals of this command. This property was two pictures of nude women. I have been taught for the past 17 years that such pictures lead men to immoralities and destroy all the good that is in them. As one looks upon such scenes, his passions become stirred and then he seems to satisfy them in any manner possible. It was my desire in removing these pictures to keep the thoughts and acts of these men pure and clean. I thought sure that to remove such poison to the mind and soul of mankind from the sight of your officers would be pleasing to you."

A chaplain in charge of moral counsel in China, Burma and India sent a letter to all chaplains serving in the area reminding them that "no chaplain wants to pose as a prude, nor does one desire to be a thorn in the flesh of anybody," but that a chaplain's duty was "to propose suitable means to promote 'right thinking and right acting,' and to 'promote character building and contentment.'"

The chaplain enclosed a careful study

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of the number of pin-ups in a headquarters company. He found 15 Varga Girls, 20 flesh-colored nudes and seminudes, 15 collections of various types. Some 51 men out of 723 enlisted men kept photos on the wall; the rest, noted the chaplain, kept ordinary photos of home folks in their footlockers. He blamed the incidence of girlie photos on the makeup of the unit, "some of whom evidently were reared in gutters rather than homes."

He recorded and categorized the types of applause at USO shows, noting the hearty, normal initial response to a "radiant American girl as she makes her appearance" and bemoaning the "vociferous . . . response to daring or coarse humor, loud features of dress or lack of it"—as though applause were the sound of the devil's artillery.

He found little support from the brass, whose philosophy, as expressed to the chaplain, was "what the soldiers want is, first, more beer, then a woman." The chaplain confessed that "the actual number who perhaps do merit such an estimate is regrettably large."

A chaplain at Camp Van Dorn, Mississippi complained, "Does the morale of the American soldier depend upon pin-up girl pictures and lewd cartoons? I cannot believe this; for if it be true, our soldiers are on the same low level as the Nazis and the Japs."

The chaplain was wrong. The Nazis worshiped the Führer and had a drive toward purity that seized degenerate art and consigned books to bonfires. The Japanese worshiped the emperor and did not tolerate distraction. The Japanese actually used pin-ups *against* Americans, dropping pictures of a naked woman beckoning seductively on troops in Guadalcanal. On the back of the photo were instructions on how to surrender to Japanese troops.

A copy of *Male Call*, the cartoon strip drawn for men in service by Milton Caniff, creator of *Terry and the Pirates*, prompted the Chaplain General to act. Caniff had drawn a strip showing the arrival of a new lieutenant. Walking into the barracks, the fresh-faced officer lectures the men about the pin-ups on the wall. "Do you mean that combat troops go in for such childish displays? Take those things down!" When the unit commander invites the replacement into his office, the walls are covered with nudes. "Now, Lieutenant," he says, "what was it you wanted to speak to me about?"

Arnold wrote the commanding general, saying, "Many camp papers would be sent home to parents and families if soldiers did not fear that these cartoons, pin-up pictures, etc. might cause apprehension in the minds of home folks and a false impression be given that these things are normal and encouraged." Arnold also complained about the implication that "the questioner of suggestive art is a 'pantywaist' and that experienced officers of higher echelons definitely approve."

Perhaps stinging under the label of pantywaist, Monsignor Arnold tried another tack on bomber art, forwarding a letter from a woman who described herself as a "person of no importance whatsoever" but who as a "citizen and a Catholic" wanted to protest a certain practice she had seen in a newsreel. "The film featured pictures of unclothed women, which some of the pilots had placed on their planes. I cannot believe that such pagan, barbarous pictures represent the choice of a majority of the pilots. A few of the women were lightly draped, but the majority had no garments. The film spoke of the representatives as being morale

Sex Laws
sin and silliness in the forties

Number of the 48 contiguous states that outlaw adultery: 43. Stiffest penalties: $1000 or 5 years (Maine, Oklahoma, Pennsylvania, Connecticut and Vermont).

According to the Kinsey Report, percentage of married men who have had intercourse with women other than their wives while married: 50.

Number of the 48 states that outlaw fornication: 34. Maximum mandatory penalty: 3 years in jail (Arizona). Number of states that outlaw seduction (defined as intercourse secured on the false promise of marriage): 37, plus the District of Columbia. Maximum penalty: up to 20 years (Georgia). Number of states that prohibit lewd cohabitation: 28. Maximum penalty: 5 years (Vermont, Maine, Oklahoma, Utah).

The percentage of college-educated males interviewed by Alfred Kinsey who reported having premarital intercourse, thereby committing at the very least the crime of fornication: 67. Percentage of men with a high school education who reported premarital intercourse: 84. Percentage of men with grade school education who reported premarital intercourse: 98.

Number of states that outlaw prostitution: 48. Number that punish men for having intercourse with prostitutes: 8. Maximum penalty: 5 years (California). Percentage of men surveyed by Kinsey who had visited prostitutes: 69.

Number of states that outlaw sodomy, often defined as "the abominable and detestable crime against nature": 48, plus D.C. How Minnesota defines sodomy: "Any person who shall carnally know any animal, bird, man or woman by anus or mouth or voluntarily submits to such knowledge is guilty of sodomy." Maximum sentence: life sentence at hard labor (Georgia).

One statistic not reported on in the original Kinsey Report: the percentage of men who had experienced anal intercourse. Percentage of white college-educated males who had never tried anal intercourse in their first marriage: 89. According to Kinsey, the percentage of men who have experienced oral–genital contact: 60.

How Indiana defines the crime of sodomy: Anyone "aiding or luring a person under 21 to commit masturbation or self-pollution is guilty of sodomy." Maximum penalty: 30 years (Connecticut).

How Arizona defines the crime of sodomy: "Any person who shall willfully commit any lewd or lascivious act upon or with the body of or any part or member thereof of any male or female person with the intent of arousing, appealing to or gratifying the lust or passion or sexual desires of either person in any unnatural manner shall be guilty of a felony."

According to Kinsey, the percentage of preadolescent boys who have manually manipulated their partner's genitals during heterosexual play: 81. The percentage of college-educated men who had frequently felt a female hand on a nude penis: 60. Percentage of college males who had reached orgasm through petting: 61.

Editor's note: These figures are drawn from "Sex Behavior and the U.S. Law"—a term paper written by Hugh M. Hefner in May 1950.

builders. We all have reason to be proud of the courage and heroic self-sacrifice of our splendid aviators. Large numbers of the young men have left wives and little babies at home. It can be very little comfort to their suffering wives to see their husbands represented as wild pagans with no thought of decency. America is fighting for freedom, not for license, and I am certain that a majority of her aviators are upholding her standards and are not dragging them in the mire."

Arnold drafted an order reminding the Air Corps of standards of decency: "The expression of a normal interest in the opposite sex has occasionally, through exercise of bad judgment under the stimulation of unfamiliar wartime circumstances, resulted in pictorial, textual and spoken representations that exceed the bounds of normal good taste and decency. It is desired that every effort be exerted to correct these untypical occurrences."

The men who flew the bombers were nearer to God, every day, than was the Chaplain General. The first American bomber to complete 25 missions was brought home a hero. On her side was painted the Memphis Belle.

The pictures stayed or were blown out of the sky.

THE BATTLE OF THE VARGA GIRL

The Chief of Chaplains kept track of a campaign waged by the National Organization for Decent Literature, a movement started by the Most Reverend John Noll, bishop of Fort Wayne, Indiana. The NODL had concocted a Code for Clean Reading, banning all magazines that "(1) glorify or condone reprehensible characters or reprehensible acts; (2) contain material offensively sexy; (3) feature illicit love; (4) carry illustrations indecent or suggestive or (5) advertise wares for the prurient minded."

The NODL, like the Legion of Decency before it, was perfectly willing to pass judgment on reading material for the rest of America. Its list of banned magazines encompassed almost 200 titles, targeting among others *College Life*, *Cowboy Romance*, *Film Fun*, *Modern Romance*, *Police Gazette*, *True Love*, *Uncanny Tales* and *Zest* and more racy titles such as *Breezy Stories*, *Spicy Adventure*, *Garter Girls*, *Keyhole Detective Cases*, *Scarlet Confessions* and *The Ideal Woman*.

The NODL recruited chaplains, who wrote, "If you understand the life of a soldier you will realize the damage bad literature will do to his moral life. Is it any wonder that every girl becomes an object of lust? Is it any wonder that every girl feels that she is being X-rayed by the soldiers as they pass? The literature on our canteen stands is predominately sexy."

Catholic chaplains would peruse the base newsstand and report any magazines that showed up on the NODL's list. Most base commanders shrugged off these complaints.

Unfortunately, the NODL had an ally in one of the richest and most powerful Catholics in Washington. Frank Walker became Postmaster General in 1940. This reincarnation of Anthony Comstock went after magazines with a vengeance, stripping them of their second-class mailing privileges. In two years he declared 23 magazines obscene and revoked or denied the second-class mailing privileges of another 62.

Chaplains would take the list of unmailable magazines (ranging from *Real Screen Fun* to *College Humor*) to a base commander and argue that if Uncle Sam deemed them unmailable, they should not be sold on PX newsstands.

Such was the power of the Postmaster General that chastened editors soon took layouts of their magazines for approval to the solicitor of the Post Office Department in Washington. They should have learned from Neville Chamberlain's lesson at Munich: Appeasement sucks.

Walker went after *Esquire* in January 1941. Founding editor Arnold Gingrich was forced to make monthly trips to Washington to meet with the solicitor. The solicitor would go over the dummy of the next issue page by page, cartoon by cartoon, making changes on the spot. In his memoir Gingrich recalled, "Some of the things I had to tone down seemed to me to be a case of bending over backward to avoid offending even the most sensitive of sensibilities to a degree that was nearly ludicrous." In a vain attempt to satisfy the Post Office, Gingrich went so far as to clothe the nude gatefolds of Petty in transparent chemises in subscription copies. It wasn't enough.

On Labor Day weekend in 1943 Walker challenged *Esquire* to show cause why it should not lose its second-class mailing permit. (He presented it as a privilege—one that if revoked would cost *Esquire* $400,000 a year in postage, effectively putting the magazine out of business.)

The Post Office cited as obscene 90 items that had appeared in *Esquire*. The list included 22 Varga Girls, short stories, various photographs, a parody of *The Night Before Christmas* and cartoons reprinted from military base newspapers. In one a woman asks, "Would you like to see where I was operated on?" A man replies, "No, I hate hospitals."

Hugh Merrill, in *Esky: The Early Years at Esquire*, reports that Walker objected to specific language: "The words considered obscene by the Post Office included bottom, juke, diddle, bawdy house, prostitute, streetwalker, syphilis, sunny south (referring to a woman's posterior), fanny and son of a bitch."

H.L. Mencken, who was for decades the avowed enemy of bluenoses and puritan twits, took the stand in *Esquire*'s defense. "Sunny south," he explained, "is obviously an attempt at humor. I myself

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in such a situation use the word caboose, but then everybody has his favorites.

"The idea that it was [considered] obscene shocks me. It seems to be a term of limited situation. What he would call it if she were facing south, I don't know."

The Postal Board found in *Esquire*'s favor, but Walker overruled his own panel. The case worked its way to the circuit court of appeals in Washington, D.C. On June 4, 1945 Judge Thurman Arnold thanked the Post Office for its valiant effort to set a new national standard for readers. But, he observed: "We believe that the Post Office officials should experience a feeling of relief if they are limited to the more prosaic function of seeing to it that neither snow nor rain nor heat nor gloom of night stays these couriers from the swift completion of their appointed rounds."

The Post Office persevered, taking the case all the way to the Supreme Court. Justice William O. Douglas upheld the appeals court ruling with the stern rebuke: "The provisions [of the second-class mailing act] would have to be far more explicit for us to assume that Congress made such a radical departure from our traditions to clothe the Postmaster General with the power to supervise the tastes of the reading public of this country."

"On the surface," according to Merrill, "the *Esquire* trial was about censorship and the Varga Girl. But there is a deeper meaning to those years in court. The trial was also about rural versus urban sensibilities, about the dominance of old-time Christianity and about changing sexual mores in America. The magazine stood alone among mainstream periodicals as an advocate of the new sexuality. The Court's decision gave the final push into reality to a country whose popular culture still tucked its sexuality into twin beds with the lights out."

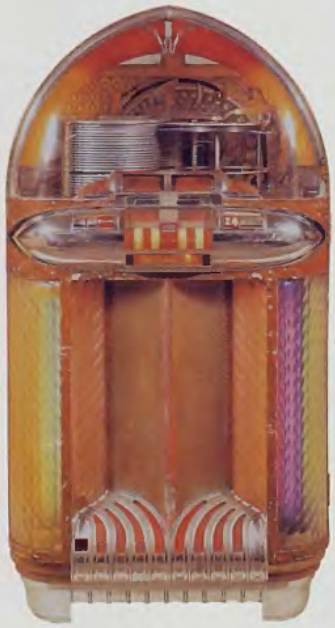
Praise The Lord
(and pass the ammunition)

tunes from the forties

*Back in the Saddle Again * Beat Me, Daddy (Eight to the Bar) * How High the Moon * Tuxedo Junction * When You Wish Upon a Star * Blues in the Night * Boogie Woogie Bugle Boy * Chattanooga Choo Choo * Bewitched (Bothered and Bewildered) * Juke Box Saturday Night * Kiss the Boys Goodbye * Oh Look at Me Now * The White Cliffs of Dover*

♪

*Remember Pearl Harbor * Don't Sit Under the Apple Tree (With Anyone Else but Me) * This Is the Army, Mr. Jones * I Left My Heart at the Stage Door Canteen * He's I-A in the Army (And A-1 in My Heart) * G.I. Jive * They're Either Too Young or Too Old * When the Lights Go On Again (All Over the World)*



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*Keep 'Em Flying * Lover Man * Moonlight Becomes You * The Night We Called It a Day * The Strip Polka * Tangerine * That Old Black Magic * We'll Meet Again * White Christmas * Why Don't You Do Right? * You Can't Hold a Memory in Your Arms * A Zoot Suit * Dream * All or Nothing at All * As Time Goes By * Can't Get Out of This Mood * Comin' in on a Wing and a Prayer * Do Nothin' Till You Hear From Me * Paper Doll * You'd Be So Nice to Come Home To*

♪

*I'll Be Seeing You * Is You Is or Is You Ain't My Baby? * Lili Marlene * Saturday Night (Is the Loneliest Night in the Week) * Sentimental Journey * You Always Hurt the One You Love*

♪

*Laura * The More I See You * Rum and Coca-Cola * Till the End of Time * We'll Be Together Again*

♪

*I'm Glad I Waited for You * Put the Blame on Mame * Rumors Are Flying * You Call Everybody Darlin'*

♪

*I'll Dance at Your Wedding * Heartaches * Mam'selle * Tenderly * Aren't You Kind of Glad We Did?*

♪

*Careless Hands * Everybody Loves Somebody * Far Away Places * On a Slow Boat to China*

♪

*Always True to You in My Fashion * I'm Gonna Wash That Man Right Outa My Hair * There Is Nothin' Like a Dame*

THE CHAPLAIN VS. THE USO

The Chief of Chaplains let others try to control the reading tastes of America. Arnold reserved the full weight of his office for a campaign against Hollywood and USO shows.

The United Service Organizations sprang forth in 1941 to send 3500 performers on the Victory Circuit, the Blue Circuit, the Hospital Circuit and the Fox Hole Circuit. Performers racked up more than 35,000 personal appearances in three years.

Bob Hope described the role of touring shows in *Don't Shoot, It's Only Me*: "It took me a long time to realize that all the rules of comedy were going to be changed. We represented everything those new recruits didn't have: home cooking, mother and soft roommates. Their real enemies, even after war broke out, were never just the Germans or the Japanese. The enemies were boredom, mud, officers and abstinence. Any joke that touched those nerves was a sure thing."

Hope was the star of the number one show on radio. Shortly before the war broke out, his sponsor, Pepsodent, suggested he broadcast a show from an air base. On May 6, 1941 he took Frances Langford, Jerry Colonna and Bill Goodwin over to March Field near Riverside, California. His reception was nerve-tingling. One of the soldiers told Hope the revue was the best thing that happened to the U.S. military since Gettysburg—Hope had gotten live girls past the sentries at the gate.

Hope performed before an audience whose laughter was unlike anything he had ever encountered. On a normal show, the director figured on 23 minutes of jokes and music, three minutes of commercials, and a little over three minutes for laughter. "Once we started playing Army camps, we had to allow six minutes for the laughs."

At the show's first broadcast at a base for WAACs the laughs increased to more than 12 minutes and Hope had to cut the show while he was on the air. The WAACs even drowned out jokes with wolf whistles (proving that sexually appreciative predators were not strictly male). Hope realized that the troops used the radio broadcast to let their voices be heard across America. They were alive, and the wolf whistle and a roar of laughter was the best way to send that message.

Hope took his troupe to London and North Africa. John Steinbeck recorded the other emotions these USO entertainers encountered. After touring a hospital, he wrote: "There is a job. It hurts

many of the men to laugh, hurts knitting bones, strains at sutured incisions, and yet the laughter is a great medicine. . . .

"Finally it came time for Frances Langford to sing. The men asked for *As Time Goes By*. She stood up beside the little GI piano and started to sing. She got through eight bars when a boy with a head wound began to cry. She stopped and then went on, but her voice wouldn't work anymore, and she finished the song whispering and then she walked out so no one could see her and broke down. The ward was quiet and no one applauded."

Perhaps it was a legacy of the Hays Office, the success of the Legion of Decency in pressuring Hollywood, but Monsignor Arnold took it upon himself to lecture the special branch. The file contains letters between Arnold and Lawrence Phillips, the executive vice president of the USO Camp Shows.

Chaplains at camps were the first to complain. "A stage show was presented by members of the armed forces to the armed forces with dialogues and jokes that were unwarranted for a mixed audience, including Army nurses. Two of the gags given in this show were:

(1) *First man: 'What is the difference between the Hudson River and a woman's leg?'*

Second man, after hesitation: 'I don't know, I have never been up the Hudson River.'

(2) *Jack and Jill went up the hill, Each had a dollar and a quarter.*

When they came down the hill, Jill had two dollars and a half.

Now I ask you, did they go up for water?"

Chaplains even complained about Hope, saying he laced his routines with inappropriate jokes. Perhaps they referred to his classic response to the fashions of the day on his radio show: "If skirts get any shorter, women will have two more cheeks to powder."

Someone in the 60th Troop Carrier Group complained about comedian Otis Manning telling the Jack and Jill joke, then quoted an exchange between the short comedian and performer Barbara Long:

"What would you do if you met a beautiful girl?" Long asked.

"I'd kiss her."

"What would you do if she were a tall girl?"

A ventriloquist on the same show had this exchange with his dummy:

"Do you know who Charlie McCarthy was?"

"He was the son of a birch."

"Do you know who his mother was?"

"She was the best piece of ash in the party."

Long, it seems, wore a split dress and danced seductively, pulling her dress aside to say, "That's all right, fellows, there's enough here for all of you." At the other end of the stage, she said: "That's all for you. That's your ration for today." Going through suggestive motions, she remarked: "How does it look from down there, honey?"

The Chief of Chaplains forwarded the complaint to USO exec Phillips, who asked that the performers be given a second chance. The USO finally gave in to the pressure and offered a human sacrifice. Arnold's file contains copies of Phillips' letter asking that Long, the ventriloquist and Manning be recalled and not be allowed to tour again. The blacklist had been born.

Arnold invoked the image of an army of 8000 chaplains who would return to civilian life with a negative opinion about the entertainment industry. The threat of a boycott by the Legion of Decency was still fresh in the minds of Hollywood executives. But one reads the files and realizes how few of the 8000 chaplains were concerned about such matters. They went about the daily business of comforting the wounded, writing letters for those unable to hold a pen, performing last rites for the dying. And some were pushed over the edge.

"I am writing you with regard to a problem as to which I am peculiarly helpless. A very dear friend of mine, a man of high ideals and moral convictions, is a captain in the Medical Corps. Displaced persons constitute the bulk of the patients he must care for, and he is disturbed beyond words that the discipline of his unit with regard to these unfortunate victims of Nazi brutality is deplorable. His letter to me constitutes an indictment of his superiors and, alas, even of the chaplain of the unit. Several other medical officers feel as he does but cannot do much about it. A few quotations from his letter will illustrate what I mean:

"'Our chaplain—*not* drunk—went through the hospital raising sheets from the female patients to see what they're made of. On another occasion, while drunk, he proceeded to the DP Camp and attempted to enter the rooms of several girls.

"'Our MAC officer on two occasions has got drunk and attempted to rape DP nurses working in the hospital. On a third occasion he did have intercourse with a German girl.

"'The major has got drunk on several occasions and has made a practice of running into the street firing a pistol into the air.

"'Certainly if the chaplain requires disciplining, it must be done. But apparently, he is a symptom of all that is transpiring and is not resisting the current—as he should.'" Even the keeper of souls wanted to lift the sheet to see what women were made of.

SHE MAY LOOK CLEAN

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the kind of heartthrob you carried in your wallet. The poster carried the warning SHE MAY LOOK CLEAN—BUT.

The VD poster girl had legions of accomplices. Hollywood churned out dozens of VD training films that followed a simple plot. A soldier follows a girl to her room for a few minutes of fun. (One film showed a guy leaving his burning cigarette on the staircase railing outside the love nest. He entered, did the dirty deed and came back to finish the same cigarette.) The film would cut to the consequences. Needles. Lesions.

Uncle Sam wanted to put men wise: "Prostitutes and pickups are not safe. And cannot be made safe." Any girl willing to have sex with a soldier was dangerous. Commander (and former boxing champ) Gene Tunney encouraged soldiers to wear "the Bright Shield of Continence." Writing in *Reader's Digest*, Tunney warned that out of every 1000 prostitutes, 500 had gonorrhea and 360 had syphilis. Surely the champions of democracy knew enough to avoid "the cheapest and most diseased harlots."

Every six months soldiers sat through the medical films that showed the horrific images—sores the size of bomb craters, eyes eaten away by the late stages of syphilis.

Sergeant George Baker, an artist who had worked for Walt Disney before the war, created a classic cartoon character known as Sad Sack. The penultimate potato peeler, the ultimate goldbrick, the lowest of the enlisted men, Sad Sack appeared in *Yank* every week. A comic strip called *Sex Hygiene* shows the excruciating reactions of the dismayed dogface as he watches a VD film. When introduced to a buddy's girlfriend, faced with the need to shake her hand, the terrified Sad Sack first puts on a rubber glove.

The war marked a turning point in the nation's approach to VD. Although some experts said fear was the best weapon, others were not sure. Allan Brandt, in *No Magic Bullet*, quotes a medical officer who said, "The sex act cannot be made unpopular."

Another official concluded, "We cannot stifle the instincts of man, we cannot legislate his appetite. We can only educate him to caution, watchfulness and the perpetual hazards of promiscuous intercourse and furnish him with adequate preventive measures."

Incredibly, prior to 1940 the American Social Hygiene Association never mentioned condoms as a means of preventing disease. Thomas Parran, the Surgeon General who had fought for a National Venereal Disease Control Act and who had pioneered elaborate screening and treatment programs, avoided any reference to condoms as too controversial.

The military studied the problem. During World War One, venereal disease took a toll, costing the armed forces 7 million days in manpower—soldiers taken from active duty by the need for long, arduous treatment.

At the outset of World War Two, 60,000 men out of the first million drafted had VD: 6 out of 100, 1 in every 16.

Manpower was everything. You owed it to your buddies to stay healthy. Measles cost 5000 days a year, mumps 10,000, venereal disease 35,500. Public health officials viewed soldiers as "human machinery." These accountants took pride that a VD campaign in Britain preserved the health of an estimated 15,000 men, freeing in effect a frontline infantry division of men to die on the beaches of Normandy.

The VD posters subtly suggested that women were sexual creatures with appetites similar to those of men. Military historian John Costello reports that at a secret 1942 conference, top brass considered the problem of venereal-disease prevention among enlisted women. A scholar from Johns Hopkins University presented the results of a startling survey. "While only a quarter of unmarried men were continent, 25 percent regularly engaged in sexual intercourse and the other 50 percent did so sporadically. The equivalent proportions for unmarried women were 40 percent continent, 5 percent promiscuous, and 55 percent having sexual experience from time to time."

The decision to issue prophylaxes to WAACs was leaked to the press in 1943 and promptly withdrawn. When it came to sex, women were on their own.

During the war, some 50 million condoms a month were being distributed to servicemen overseas, eight per man per month. In a classic snafu, after V-E Day, when the bullets stopped in Europe and lust blossomed, the ration dropped to four a month.

In World War One, the War Department closed every brothel within five miles of a military base. At the onset of World War Two, epidemiologists warned America about "well-dressed women in smart automobiles patrolling the roads around Army camps giving soldiers a lift—to houses of ill fame, to brothels on wheels, to a deadly trailer camp near Fort Knox populated by elderly parents, each with a surprisingly large family of dubious and dangerous daughters, to one powerful syndicate organizing a great band of Panzer prostitutes operating in mechanized units among the roadhouses and juke joints from Chicago to the Dakotas."

Although Congressman Andrew May launched an antiprostitution drive early in the war, the Pentagon had a more realistic approach. It created pro stations—pit stops where servicemen could line up for chemical disinfectant treatments. Oahu, where brothels were tolerated, averaged some 50,000 pro treatments a month in 1942. (After the war, comedian Mort Sahl would joke that GIs would find the pro station and work backward "to where the action was.")

Overseas, the VD records provided a map of license. A survey revealed that eight out of ten men stationed overseas for longer than two years had sex. Half of married men had liaisons. In one of the great public-relations moves of the war, the military kept this report classified for nearly 40 years.

According to Costello, Naples had some 50,000 women working as prostitutes; they infected one out of every ten soldiers. The conquering hero had a target painted on his private parts. In France, two thirds of the troops who contracted a sexual infection attributed it to their stays in Paris.

In Italy, an infected soldier was hauled off to the stockade, a treatment facility known as Casanova Camp. The letters VD were painted in red on his uniform and he was fined $65 if the infection came from a German. In 1944 Congress repealed a law that docked pay for soldiers with VD, but many men simply didn't report infections in the waning years of the war.

But even more interesting was the campaign against VD on the home front. The blend of patriotism and promiscuity created a new problem—the girl next door. Albert Deutsch alerted readers of *The Nation* to the failure of the campaign (according to figures, infection rates of U.S. troops had increased from 26 per 1000 in 1943 to 43 per 1000 by 1945; for overseas troops, the figure was 150 per 1000). But the real news was that among some American teenagers the infection rate had risen by 200 percent. Prostitutes were no longer the major threat.

"Fully 90 percent of the Army's cases in this country are traceable to amateur girls," wrote Deutsch, "teenagers and older women—popularly known as khaki wackies, victory girls and good-time Charlottes." She may look clean, but. . . .

KISS ANYONE, ANYWHERE, ANY TIME

As the war escalated, Howard Florey and Ernst Chain, researchers at Oxford University, foresaw the need for new agents to treat battlefield infections. The researchers recalled a 1929 paper by Alexander Fleming on his discovery of penicillin—a mold that seemed to kill bacteria. They contacted Fleming and started working with a descendant of the original spore. Florey and Chain found a more efficient way to grow and store penicillin. Biochemist Norman Heatley found a way to freeze-dry and concentrate the substance. They confirmed that the concentrate wasn't toxic to rabbits and humans. On February 12, 1941 they began injecting penicillin into an Oxford policeman who had suffered a massive infection following a scratch from a rosebush.

Penicillin was so rare that they had to

recover the substance from the policeman's urine. His condition improved until the penicillin ran out. Without the drug, he died.

Florey tried penicillin on five more patients, with miraculous results. Supplies went to doctors in Africa, where patients were exposed to every bacteria the tropics could throw at them. Florey brought samples to the U.S. Doctors treated survivors of a fire at Coconut Grove in Boston in late 1942 and five patients who had been wounded on Guadalcanal. In America, a research team found that penicillin grew well in vats of corn steep liquor; a young assistant found a sample of penicillin mold on a cantaloupe she bought in Peoria, Illinois. Without hesitation, the U.S. Surgeon General ordered 150 million units a week for clinical investigations in Army hospitals.

Between July 1943 and July 1944, penicillin production rose from fewer than a billion units a month to nearly 1.3 trillion units. The government tried to keep news of the discovery under wraps; above all, this was a weapon of war. Triage dictated that penicillin go to soldiers overseas. The amount left over for civilian use was to be strictly rationed. A penicillin "czar" would handle citizen requests case by case. *Newsweek* wailed: "Public Vies With Army for Penicillin, Miracle Drug That Comes From Mold." America faced a moral choice: "When there is only enough of the newest miracle drug to save either a child or wounded soldier, which one would you save?"

In October 1943 Dr. John Mahoney told the American Public Health Association that he had injected four patients suffering from syphilis with 25,000 units of penicillin every four hours for eight days. After 16 hours the dreaded spirochetes could not be found.

Subsequently, Captain Monroe Romansky and T/4 George Rittman, two researchers at Walter Reed General Hospital, announced that penicillin had cured 64 out of 65 gonorrhea patients with a single injection. The magic bullet, the cure for diseases that had haunted mankind for centuries, had been found.

Former Congressman William Fitzgerald was outraged at the use of a miracle drug on an immoral disease. Citing the loss of an upstanding constituent, who had not had access to the drug, he noted: "I think it is a crime that the Health Department in Washington refused to release any of this drug for his benefit, and then I read in the paper that men who have been careless in their lives and have contracted a dreadful disease can obtain this medicine."

Publications in the U.S. concocted articles on how to grow your own miracle cure at home. Fleming was alarmed at the proliferation of quack products such as penicillin ointments, penicillin lotions for the eyes and penicillin beauty preparations. "I wonder what they're going to invent next?" he told a friend. "I shouldn't wonder if somebody produces a penicillin lipstick."

"That's more than possible," answered the friend. "Kiss whom you like, where you like, how you like. You need fear no tiresome consequences (except marriage) if you use our Penicillin Rouge."

Not everyone celebrated the discovery of penicillin. Indeed, the moralists who had dealt with the VD question came face-to-face with a new moral dilemma. If we are to teach sexual abstinence, argued William Snow, head of the American Social Hygiene Association, it can no longer be simply as the best method for avoiding venereal disease.

"Won't penicillin open up the floodgates of vice?" asked a physician in William Styron's play *In the Clap Shack*. "For if a libertine knows he can indulge himself with impunity, he will throw all caution to the wind. What universal debauchery this might portend for our nation."

The news that there was a cure for the clap reached the front in a small single-paragraph item in the November 10, 1944 issue of *Yank*. Soldiers reacted pretty much the way you would expect. The VD rate skyrocketed—and soldiers complained about disciplinary actions taken for health problems contracted "not in the line of duty." Live for the moment and let the cure catch up with us was the new motto.

Specially equipped armored trucks—with medics and hypos—followed troops from Italy and France into Germany, administering little golden ampules of penicillin to the bared arms and buttocks of soldiers, keeping men fit to fight in the final hours of the war. In the decade after the war VD rates would plummet, almost to the point of extinction.

One disturbing footnote suggests the government had different standards over who should or should not receive penicillin. A U.S. Health Department study in Macon County, Alabama tracked 600 black patients for more than a decade. Doctors wanted to determine the path of untreated syphilis to see, among other things, if the consequences were worth treatment with the sometimes deadly combination of arsenical and heavy metals then in use. Two thirds of the patients had syphilis. If they were told anything, it was simply that they had "bad blood." Penicillin rendered the experiment meaningless, but doctors did not inform the patients that a cure existed.

In every sense, the government response to the disease and its cure was baffling. After the war, public health money would be turned over to others to fight more lethal (or socially acceptable) diseases. It has been argued that an opportunity was lost to eradicate a sexual plague. Funds for clinics and contact tracing would decline. Sexual infection (and education) would return to the private sphere.

But still, a fear that had shaped sexuality for centuries had been defeated. We could kiss anyone, anywhere, even in Times Square on V-J Day, without fear.

THE BOMB

William Laurence, a journalist for *The New York Times*, watched the end of the war through arc-welder's glasses: "A

"Phil, I've decided to move in with Wendy, but if things work out for us, one of these days we might be needing a donor."

giant ball of fire rose as though from the bowels of the earth. Then a pillar of purple fire, 10,000 feet high, shooting skyward. At one stage it assumed the form of a giant square totem pole, with its base about three miles long. Its bottom was brown, its center was amber, its top white. Then, just when it appeared as though the thing had settled down, there came shooting out of the top a giant mushroom that increased the height of the pillar to a total of 45,000 feet. The mushroom top was even more alive than the pillar, sizzling upward, a thousand Old Faithful geysers rolled into one."

Nagasaki ceased to exist.

The world had entered the Atomic Age. Even after peace came, the military continued to test the new weapon of destruction. Scientists taped a pin-up of Rita Hayworth to Gilda, a bomb named after her 1946 movie, and dropped it at Bikini Atoll.

When Hayworth heard the news, she expressed outrage. "My two brothers fought in the war," she said. "They were never the same when they came home."

The French had a different reaction. They named a skimpy bathing suit after the famous site.

HOMECOMING

Bill Mauldin, an 18-year-old cartoonist who served mostly in Italy, created two world-weary dogfaces named Willie and Joe. Mauldin, better than most historians, captured the foot soldier's view of World War Two. His cartoon ran in *Stars and Stripes* and in local newspapers around the world. He would describe two guys sitting in a foxhole, feeling homesick.

"You wanna go home?" asks one. "Hell, you found a home in the Army. You got your first pair of shoes and your first square meal in the Army. You're living a clean, healthy, outdoor life, and you want to go back and get henpecked?"

Almost eight million men and women were overseas. The prospect of their return—these heroic warriors who had made the world safe for democracy—was much discussed. Magazines ran articles on "What You Can Do to Help the Returning Veteran." *Good Housekeeping* offered this advice: "After two or three weeks he should be finished with talking, with oppressive remembering. If he still goes over the same stories, reveals the same emotions, you had best consult a psychiatrist. This condition is neurotic."

Emily Post told how to treat the seriously wounded: "We will do well to follow the first rules of good manners, which are: Don't stare, don't point, don't make personal remarks."

The country did not know what to expect. One psychiatrist, offered an opportunity to interview the crew of the *Memphis Belle* on the crew's return tour, wrote of her great relief when she could not find "any signs of ruthlessness."

In 1946 there were 35,000 discharges a day. The men returned and tried to revive marriages scarred by years of separation. A soldier who had carried a condom in his wallet—unused for the entire war, a shield of continence that left a familiar ring embossed in leather—came home to find that his fiancée had not waited. Soldiers who had been spared Dear John letters walked into situations that could not remain hidden. Even Mauldin, whose reunion with his wife and child was the subject of an article in *Life*, saw his marriage fall apart after his return.

Marriages consisting of a weekend pass and a thousand letters could not hold. The divorce rate in America doubled between 1940 and 1946. By the end of the decade one million veterans had added divorce to their battle ribbons.

William Wyler, a daring filmmaker who had flown with the *Memphis Belle* for one of the war's best documentaries, captured the difficulties of returning servicemen in the Academy Award–winning *The Best Years of Our Lives*. One bombardier returns to a faithless wife and a meaningless job. A sergeant who discovers his family grown up and independent finds his old job at the bank stifling and takes to drink. A sailor who suffered the loss of both hands cannot begin the touch that will heal his relationship with his childhood sweetheart.

In Hollywood, as in real life, the war was, for the most part, segregated. These returning servicemen were all members of the white middle class.

For the duration, America had believed in the propaganda. "Throughout the war," writes John Jeffries in *Wartime America*, "advertisers painted reassuring and sentimental pictures of home-front America as a place of sacrifice, hard work and common cause, where traditional values and patterns of life would sustain the fighting men, themselves products and protectors of a timeless Norman Rockwell America." What the American soldiers carried around in their minds was the image "of small-town America, of the corner drugstore, of old-fashioned virtues and folkways—and of Mom's pies." White houses, white fences, white steeples.

What they found was an America that was repressed and bigoted and bordering on the totalitarian. There were battles still to be fought—for racial equality, for sexual liberation and for freedom.

READJUSTMENT BLUES

The GI Bill sent a million veterans to college, reversing the ratio of males to females on campus. But Beth Bailey points out that the returning veteran was different from Joe College of the Thirties. "Angry exchanges in student newspapers often boiled down to one issue. Veterans claimed they simply wanted women, not girls. Coeds angrily insisted that they knew what that meant—and publicly said no. But the misunderstandings went deeper than standards of sexual behavior. College men were saying that the American college girl was spoiled, self-centered, that she knew nothing of the realities of life."

Bailey notes that one war correspondent said "he'd heard more complaints from American women over the lack of nylons than he had heard from European women over the destruction of their homes and the deaths of their men." The men were serious. They wanted to return home, buy a piece of land, build a house and put a woman in that house. They had dreamed of a future, fought for that future and wanted to get on with that future.

Fortune declared that the average GI didn't "want a new America. He wants the old one—only more of it."

"Those boys have been through a hell of a lot," an Air Force officer told *Mademoiselle*. "And they're going to want to come back to somebody more like the old style. I don't care about the bright lights now. I want a pretty, solid, all-round girl . . . and a sincere one. A boy wants to know where he stands . . . not all this beating around the bush. I'm not looking for the most popular girl on the dance floor now."

In 1946 the marriage rate hit 16.4 per 1000, 25 percent higher than in 1942. No long courtships or competitive dating. No gradual getting to know each other. It was a matter of taking the final hill.

Women who entered the workplace were expected to return to the private sphere of the family, into a world of supermarkets and tract houses. The GI Bill, with its low-interest mortgages, sparked a building boom, and a new American dream. Betty Friedan described the transition in *It Changed My Life*: "During the war, we'd had jobs like researcher or editorial assistant and met GIs at the Newspaper Guild Canteen, and written V-Mail letters to lonesome boys we'd known at home, and had affairs with married men—hiding our diaphragms under the girdles in the dresser. And then the boys our age had come back from the war. I was bumped from my job on a small labor news service by a returning veteran."

Women turned to Freud and psychoanalysis. Moss Hart created a lonely woman editor in the Broadway hit *Lady in the Dark*, which interpreted women's dissatisfaction as simply the need for a man. Two Freudians authored a best-selling book, *Modern Woman: The Lost Sex*, which counseled females to seek fulfillment as housewives, mothers and

lovers: "Where the woman is unable to admit and accept dependence upon her husband as the source of gratification and must carry her rivalry even into the act of love, she will seriously damage his sexual capacity. To be unable to gratify in the sexual act is for a man an intensely humiliating experience; here it is that mastery and domination, the central capacity of the man's sexual nature, must meet acceptance or fail."

Scholars would ponder the paradox of derailed feminism in the postwar years: Women who had held jobs and wielded power in the public sphere retreated to old roles. They gave up hard-earned freedom, for what? "It was fun at first, shopping in those new supermarkets," wrote Friedan. "And we bought barbecue grills and made dips out of sour cream and dried onion soup to serve with potato chips, while our husbands made the martinis as dry as in the city and cooked hamburgers on the charcoal, and we sat in canvas chairs on our terrace and thought how beautiful our children looked, playing in the twilight, and how lucky we all were, and that it would last forever."

The martinis helped.

FROM CASABLANCA TO FILM NOIR

The war changed the battle between the sexes. During the Depression we saw gold diggers and ditsy socialites careen across the screen in musicals and screwball comedies. The most memorable film of the war years, *Casablanca*, touched a different emotional chord. The film offered romantic obsession, male camaraderie and an appropriately patriotic ending. Rick, abandoned by Ilsa in Paris, overcomes his bitterness, saying the "problems of three little people don't amount to a hill of beans." Rick accepts Ilsa's infidelity as something wrought by the havoc of war. What would have happened if Rick and Ilsa had met again, after the war was won?

Humphrey Bogart's cynical tough guy became the new male role model, one to match the new female who appeared in the Forties. Hollywood had discovered the works of Dashiell Hammett, James Cain and Raymond Chandler—brooding mystery writers whose women were frequently femmes fatales, seductive beauties who used sex as a tool, who turned desire into betrayal.

The directors of the Forties created a genre that became known as film noir. The trend started in 1941 with Bogie in *The Maltese Falcon*, followed by *Laura*, *Double Indemnity*, *The Woman in the Window* and *Murder, My Sweet*. In 1946 and 1947 Hollywood released a series of increasingly darker films: *Gilda*, *The Big Sleep*, *The Postman Always Rings Twice*, *The Blue Dahlia*, *Dead Reckoning* and *Out of the Past*. The films fed off the suspicion and sexual paranoia of the war. Marriage no

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longer controlled female sexuality. Sam Spade was having an affair with his partner's wife, and she not only thought he had killed her husband, she found the thought romantic.

Wives were uncontrollable: In *Gilda*, Rita Hayworth would declare, "If I'd been a ranch, they would have named me the Bar Nothing."

In these films, the husband was often a cuckold or worse. One of Gilda's lovers dismisses the threat of an irate spouse: "For a long, long time I've taken husbands little by little, in small doses, so that now I've developed a complete immunity to them."

Frank Krutnik, author of *In a Lonely Street*, traces the new treatment of women back to the pin-ups of the war. We had put women on a pedestal and surrounded that pedestal with barbed wire—juggling our fantasies with stories of infidelity, confusing longing with the threat of infection in VD films. The dream girl had become a nightmare.

The women in film noir had killer looks. They knew the effect of a low-cut dress, a veiled glance from behind a shower of hair. The moviemakers couldn't show sex—the Production Code wouldn't allow that—but they filled the screen with sexual tension and innuendo. Lauren Bacall was "sizzling, slinky, husky, sultry," and could bring Bogart down with the challenge, "I'm hard to get—all you have to do is ask me." The perfect match for Bogie—she could even instruct him in sexual matters, saying after one kiss: "It's even better when you help."

Krutnik points out the dilemma posed by the femme fatale: "The noir hero frequently agonizes about whether or not the woman can be trusted, whether she means it when she professes love for him, or whether she is seeking to dupe him in order to achieve her own ends."

In *The Blue Dahlia*, Alan Ladd returns from the war to find that his wife has been unfaithful. She tells him, "I go where I want to with anybody I want. I just happen to be that kind of a girl."

He walks away—right into the arms of Veronica Lake. She is as familiar as the pin-up he'd worshiped in the war: "Every guy's seen you before, somewhere. The trick is to find you."

THE OUTLAW

Film noir pushed the boundaries of Production Code propriety. Howard Hughes ignored them completely. The maverick millionaire playboy made his own rules, whether constructing *The Spruce Goose*, a 200-ton airplane made of plywood, or working on a more interesting fuselage. Beginning in 1941, he fought a one-man, two-weapon war against the man known as the Hollywood Hitler.

Joe Breen had been the chief enforcer of the Code since the early Thirties. In March 1941 Breen sat through a screening of Hughes' newest film, *The Outlaw*. He then fired off this letter:

"In my more than ten years of critical examination of motion pictures, I have never seen anything quite so unacceptable as the shots of the breasts of the character of Rio. This is the young girl whom Mr. Hughes recently picked up and who has never before, according to my information, appeared on the motion picture screen. Throughout almost half the picture the girl's breasts, which are quite large and prominent, are shockingly emphasized and in almost every instance, are very substantially uncovered."

Breen, shell-shocked after years of defending the country's virtue, was losing his grip. He had issued injunctions against sweater shots "in which the breasts are clearly outlined," against strapless evening gowns and flimsy negligees. Now, overwhelmed by Jane Russell's cleavage in the movie, he ordered the filmmaker to cut "37 breast shots."

Hughes refused. He was well aware of his star's attributes. He had designed a device that would add a certain upthrust to Russell's anatomy, though it really wasn't necessary.

He initiated his own campaign against the censors. PR agents released still photos of Russell from a film that no one had even seen. She became one of the most popular pin-ups of the war.

Without a seal of approval from the Production Code Administration, Hughes booked the film into a San Francisco theater in 1943. "How would you like to tussle with Russell?" asked a billboard that showed the star reclining in a haystack. Another ad proclaimed, "*The Outlaw* conclusively proves that sex has not yet been rationed."

The booking was a sellout, but the mysterious millionaire decided to table the film for another three years. Was he waiting for a changing of the guard? Perhaps. In the interim, Will Hays—the general who orchestrated the Production Code—retired.

In 1946 Hughes released the film nationally without a seal, with a publicity campaign that emphasized the attempted censorship and Jane Russell's monumental endowment. A skywriter filled the sky with smoketrails giving the film's name followed by two circles topped by two dots. Everyone knew what the circles represented.

A Baltimore judge, upholding a ban on the film, declared that Russell's breasts "hung over the picture like a thunderstorm spread over a landscape."

Hughes showed that a film could ignore the Code and make a profit.

Following the war the country was flooded with foreign films—ungoverned by Hollywood morality—promising a new realism.

"When these people talk about realism," Joe Breen said, "they usually talk about filth."

HOLLYWOOD SCANDALS

Throughout the Thirties, the industry had protected its own. Fearing a repeat of scandals similar to the Fatty Arbuckle trials, gossip columnists painted rosy pictures of stars and starlets. But the gentleman's agreement that had protected Hollywood for a decade began to unravel, replaced by a tragic hunt for scapegoats. Those who refused to conform to sexual and political norms became targets.

In 1942 Los Angeles police picked up a young vagrant named Betty Hansen. Among her possessions was a slip of paper with Errol Flynn's telephone number. The swashbuckling star of *Captain Blood* and *The Adventures of Robin Hood*, Flynn was also famous as a master swordsman in the bedroom. Hansen, who happened to be under 18, said she had met Flynn at a pool party and that the evening had ended with sex. The star, she said, kept his socks on.

Perhaps sensing a weak case, the D.A. rummaged around Hollywood for another "victim." They brought in Peggy Satterlee, a well-endowed young woman making her living as a dancer. She was supposedly 16.

Flynn admitted entertaining Satterlee on his yacht. "Who asks for a birth certificate at a time like that?" he wondered. "Especially when she is built like Venus?"

The headlines announced ROBIN HOOD CHARGED WITH RAPE. Flynn hired Jerry Giesler, the Hollywood lawyer who specialized in celebrity cases that smacked of scandal. Under cross-examination, the girls seemed confused. The jury acquitted Flynn on all counts. A newsboy hawking his paper said simply, "Wolf freed!"

The phrase "In like Flynn" became a popular euphemism for sexual conquest.

Everyone loved Charlie Chaplin's Little Tramp, but the actor's offscreen life generated considerable controversy. In the Twenties, his predilection for young women had filled the tabloids. Now his political views made him a target. An early antifascist, he had parodied Hitler in the 1940 film *The Great Dictator*.

In 1943 Hedda Hopper announced to the world that aspiring actress Joan Barry was bearing the illegitimate child of Charlie Chaplin and denounced him in her column.

Chaplin didn't deny knowing Barry. He had met her in 1941 and—perhaps under the sway of the breastmania that blossomed with the war—he would describe her as a "big, handsome woman of 22, well built, with upper regional domes immensely expansive." On June 3, 1943 Joan Barry filed a paternity suit. That this was more than a sexual scandal was soon apparent. Barry was aided in

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her pursuit of justice by no less than J. Edgar Hoover and William Randolph Hearst.

Chaplin denied paternity but offered to support Barry until the child was born and a blood test could be performed. Eventually, three doctors would testify that the test proved conclusively that Chaplin was not the father of the child.

The first trial ended in a hung jury. A second jury would eventually decide, despite the evidence, that Chaplin would have to pay child support.

When Barry first surfaced, the case came to the attention of J. Edgar Hoover. Barry was telling investigators that she had joined Chaplin in New York when he traveled there to make a speech urging that America enter the war in Europe to help Russia fight the Nazis.

The FBI arrested Chaplin for a violation of the Mann Act, a federal law prohibiting interstate travel for immoral purposes. In Hoover's mind, support for a second front was the immoral act.

Hoover knew the use of sexual blackmail. During the war, he had bugged brothels and hotel rooms in Washington, D.C., trying to get incriminating evidence on foreign diplomats. He put Chaplin, newly married to Oona O'Neill, under surveillance and allegedly bugged his hotel rooms. Agents quizzed servants, asking about "wild parties and naked women."

On the witness stand, Chaplin admitted that he had paid Barry's train fare but said he did not travel with her. He did not pay her hotel bills; indeed, he had seen her only once in his 23-day stay. He said the visit lasted 30 minutes; under coaching from the FBI she said it lasted three hours—in bed.

The government's agenda was evident in the questioning. The prosecutor asked: "Are you sure you didn't go into the bedroom with her and undress?"

"I did not," Chaplin replied.

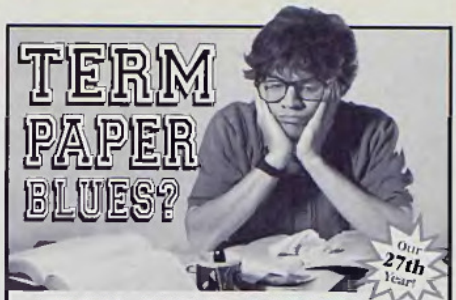
"Didn't you have a bedroom conversation regarding the second front?"

"No, I did not."

After acquitting Chaplin on the criminal charges, one of the jurors told him, "It's all right, Charlie. It's still a free country."

The juror was mistaken. Chaplin was forced to pay child support even though blood tests had proved he was not the father, and when he produced the pacifist film *Monsieur Verdoux* in 1947, Hedda Hopper launched a vicious smear campaign. With Hoover's blessing, the American Legion staged a boycott of all Chaplin's films. Accused of being a Communist sympathizer, Chaplin declared: "I am what you call a peacemonger."

When Chaplin and Oona traveled to London for the premiere of *Limelight* in 1952, he learned that the U.S. Attorney General had instructed immigration authorities to deny the English-born Chaplin a reentry visa unless he submitted to



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an inquiry on his politics and moral worth. Thenceforth, Charlie Chaplin would be a citizen of the world.

A similar fate befell Ingrid Bergman. Her public persona was beyond reproach. On the screen the beloved actress had played a nun in 1945's *The Bells of St. Mary's* and Saint Joan in 1948's *Joan of Arc*. But postwar America was turning ugly. A witch-hunt had begun and it was only a matter of time before someone was burned at the stake.

In 1949 Bergman left a husband and daughter to move in with Italian director Roberto Rossellini. He was the innovative creator of such films as *Open City*, *Paisan* and *Ways of Love*—the very type of neorealism that Joe Breen had dismissed as filth. America felt betrayed. Saint Ingrid would conform to her public image, and our expectations, or pay the price.

Breen actually wrote her a letter begging her to reconsider her relationship with Rossellini, warning of the possible impact on her career. She thanked him for his concern, but chose to remain with the Italian, bearing him a son and twin daughters. America turned its back on the actress. Hollywood blacklisted her—she would not make another Hollywood film until 1956. *Time* announced that she was "Off the Pedestal": "They saw me in *Joan of Arc* and thought I was a saint," Bergman would say. "I'm not. I'm just a human being."

The Bergman scandal became a political cause célèbre. Senator Edwin Johnson of Colorado vowed to confront "the mad dogs of the industry." He proposed legislation that would require entertainers to be licensed. If an actor, director or producer violated the law or moral standards of the country, he or she would not be allowed to work. The government could bar any film that encouraged "contempt for public or private morality" or starred "persons of ill repute." Raving on, he called Rossellini a "narcotics addict, Nazi collaborator and black-market operator," a love thief who had turned Bergman into "a powerful force for evil," one of the current "apostles of degradation."

Bergman was ostracized because she broke with convention. But she also symbolized the war between Washington and Hollywood. In the aftermath of World War Two, Hollywood directors had begun to make films about social issues. *Gentleman's Agreement* looked at anti-Semitism; *Home of the Brave* addressed racial bigotry.

But the House Un-American Activities Committee had a different view of what it took to be a true American. In 1947 HUAC began questioning the patriotism of its fellow Americans, including those from Hollywood. A number of stars testified and were encouraged to name names—identifying those in the industry they considered subversive. Several highly regarded artists (known as the Hollywood Ten) refused to cooperate and were cited for contempt of Congress. Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall and others flew to Washington, D.C. to protest the hearings. But intimidation took its toll. The Hollywood Ten—along with 300 other writers, directors and actors—were blacklisted by the industry that should have supported them.

HUAC turned its attention to radio and television, to advertising agencies, to college campuses and even to members of the clergy. Neighbors informed on neighbors. Reputations were ruined, lives destroyed. America, infected by paranoia, became what it had just fought a war to defeat.

BIG BROTHER

During the war J. Edgar Hoover had recruited an estimated 60,000 volunteers, mostly from the American Legion. These self-appointed patriots were to glean information about subversive activities. Not surprisingly, sex that did not fit Hoover's idea of morality was one such activity. Into the files went information that so-and-so liked to walk around his house in the nude, that Senator X liked boys, that W.C. Fields had paintings of Eleanor Roosevelt that, when viewed upside down, revealed her sexual organs.

Sexual intelligence was a weapon of war: The FBI had bugged brothels in the capital, trying to gain leverage on foreign diplomats. Washington also sought information on American citizens, including Eleanor Roosevelt. When Army Counter-Intelligence tried to monitor the activities of Joseph Lash—a friend of the First Lady's—it bugged hotel rooms where the entourage was staying. Microphones captured the sound of Lash and Trude Pratt (a leader in the American Student Union) making love. The surveillance report announced: "Subject and Mrs. Pratt appeared to be greatly endeared to each other and engaged in sexual intercourse a number of times." By the time the information got to Hoover, it was Mrs. Roosevelt, not Mrs. Pratt, who was reported to have been the lady in Lash's arms.

More than anyone else in Washington, Hoover knew the power of sexual blackmail, and he used his network of informants in self-defense. In the Thirties he had dealt with journalists who derided his "mincing step." Attacks on Hoover's sexuality were attacks on the Bureau. In *The Boss*, Athan Theoharis and John Stuart Cox recount how a woman attending a bridge party held by the aunt of an FBI agent had confided that "the director was a homosexual and kept a large group of boys around him." Almost before the dishes had dried a local FBI agent had called her into his office and "severely chastised her."

When a beauty parlor operator gossiping with one of her beauticians breezily stated that "the Director was a sissy, liked men and was a queer," she found herself facing two agents who told her she would "be given the opportunity to testify as to exactly what she did or did not say."

In England, novelist George Orwell wrote a book about an authoritarian society in which sex was a subversive activity. Citizens in *1984* lived with the warning: Big Brother Is Watching You. Members of the Ministry of Love turned in those suspected of engaging in sexual activity. Orwell was writing about postwar England, but America already had its own version of Big Brother.

BANNING BOOKS

Edmund Wilson, the eminent critic, had for years kept a private journal in which he observed and recorded impressions of sex. Even as D.H. Lawrence rocked the world with the explicit language in *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, Wilson was creating his own palette to describe passion. In 1946 Wilson thought he could make these topics public. He turned the material from the journals into a series of interlocking stories called *Memoirs of Hecate County*.

The book sold 50,000 copies within five months. It was too much for the Old Guard, who, having established repressive victories over movies, magazines and radio, still had to pursue books on a case-by-case basis. John Sumner, who had taken over the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice from Anthony Comstock in 1915, had for 30 years been the voice of American censorship. Near the end of his career, he launched one more attack. He raided four bookstores in Manhattan, confiscating 130 copies of Wilson's book.

William Randolph Hearst ordered his newspapers to crusade against indecent literature. PUNISH WRITERS OF FILTH urged the headlines. PRURIENT FICTION LINKED TO CRIME.

Sumner found a willing champion in New York District Attorney Frank Hogan. Hogan, too, seems to have been sensitive to wartime adultery. He charged that the book celebrated "the immense delight of sexual intercourse with the wife of another man."

Hogan filed a brief that underlined every sexual scene in the book, itemizing 20 separate acts of sexual intercourse, four unsuccessful attempts at sexual intercourse, various daytime reveries about sexual intercourse, and ten or more filthy conversations about sex. "Finally," he harrumphed, "the story is not without its disgusting embellishments." Gee, we must have missed those.

A three-judge panel declared the book obscene. The Supreme Court upheld the decision.

Book censorship proceeded along several fronts. At the beginning of the

decade, Postmaster Walker had declared as unmailable both Ernest Hemingway's *For Whom the Bell Tolls* and John O'Hara's *Appointment in Samarra*. Bluenoses in Detroit, Newark and Milwaukee banned Irving Shulman's *The Amboy Dukes*, while the Boston contingent went after Lillian Smith's *Strange Fruit*, charging that it promoted "lascivious thoughts" and might "arouse lustful desire." The Massachusetts Attorney General sought an injunction against Kathleen Winsor's *Forever Amber*, citing some 70 references to sexual intercourse, 39 illegitimate pregnancies and assorted descriptions of women undressing in the presence of men. The judge said the book put him to sleep; the controversy put *Forever Amber* on the top of the best-seller lists for two years.

The prosecutions intimidated both publishers and writers. In 1948, when Norman Mailer tried to describe the reality of World War Two, including the language, in his first novel, *The Naked and the Dead*, he had to resort to using a three-letter euphemism: fug.

When Mailer was introduced to Broadway actress Tallulah Bankhead, she reportedly said: "Oh yes, you're the dear boy who doesn't know how to spell fuck."

THE KINSEY REPORT

In 1948 a book would appear that would change the way Americans viewed sex. At the very least, we would learn a new sexual lexicon that would replace euphemisms such as Norman Mailer's fug. The proper word was coitus. And should we have occasion to refer, in polite conversation, to fellatio and cunnilingus, we could use the term oral-genital contact. *Sexual Behavior in the Human Male*—most often referred to simply as the Kinsey Report—was an objective look at sex. The book caused a sensation.

In the late Thirties Indiana University instituted a course in marriage. Looking for someone to coordinate it, school officials picked an unlikely candidate. Alfred Charles Kinsey was an entomologist with a passion for gall wasps. He had spent the past 17 years collecting some four million of the little creatures—he believed in the empirical method, that before you commented on a certain structure in a wasp wing, you would have to look at many wasp wings.

Kinsey recognized his own lack of knowledge regarding the new subject. There was no suitable text for a course in marriage (at the time the college dealt with sex in a single lecture in a required course on hygiene). Putting together a list of questions, he began to interview students. He asked about everything—from the frequency of orgasm to when and how it was achieved.

Kinsey encountered controversy from the outset. Thurman Rice, the same professor who gave the annual sex-hygiene lecture, attacked him for interviewing coeds behind closed doors, for showing slides considered too stimulating and for not declaring that premarital sex was wrong. Besides, he said, the subject did not warrant a whole course—it would put sex out of proportion to its importance. Local church leaders joined the protest.

In 1940 Kinsey gave up the course, but the university president suggested he continue his research. Over the next 15 years, Kinsey and his team of researchers interviewed more than 17,000 males and females.

His network of informants matched that of Mr. Hoover's. Kinsey contacted clergymen, psychiatrists, social workers, persons in the social register, prison inmates and women's club leaders.

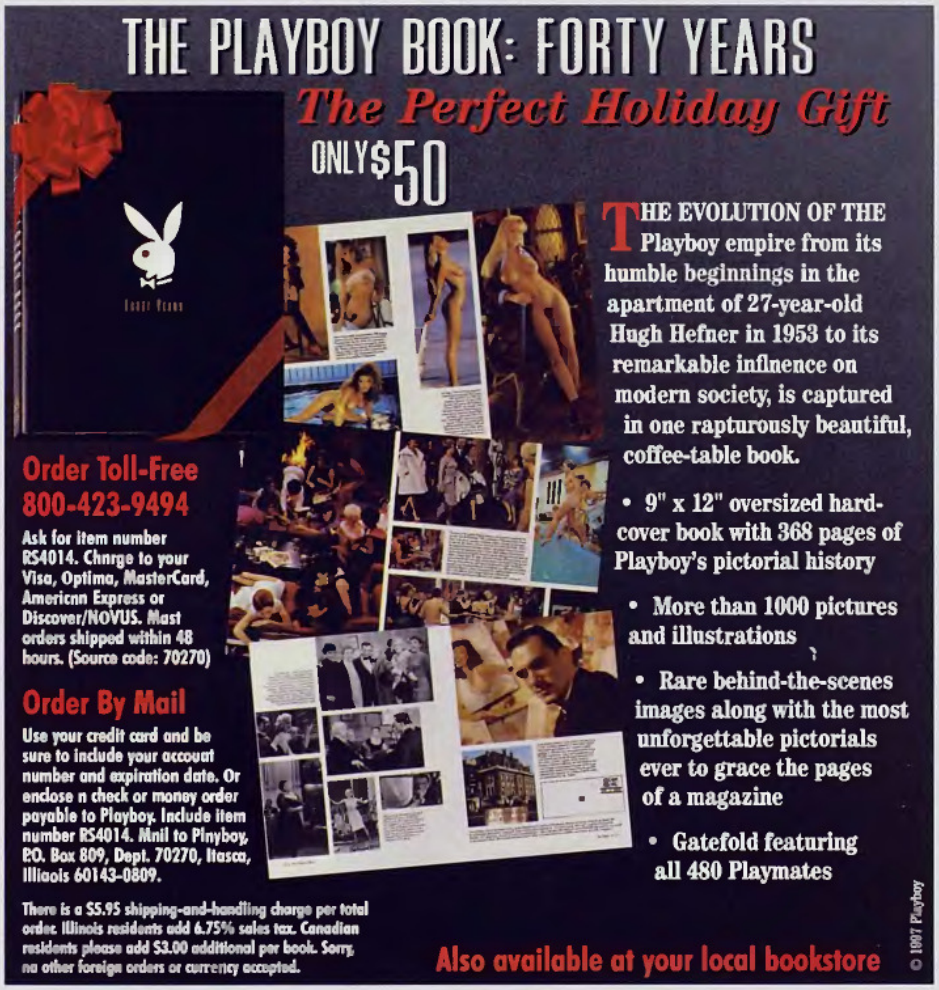
He went out of his way to explore the world of homosexuals, traveling to Times Square and the gay underworld of Chicago. He conducted interviews in hotels, prompting one manager to throw him out with the comment that he did not intend that anyone should have his mind undressed in his hotel.

Some of Kinsey's conclusions:

- 85 percent of the white male population had premarital coitus and 50 percent had extramarital coitus.
- By the age of 15, 95 percent of males had experienced some form of sexual release. (Kinsey used the term sexual outlet and noted six kinds: masturbation, nocturnal emissions, petting, heterosexual intercourse, homosexual contact and intercourse with animals.)
- 92 percent of men masturbated.
- 37 percent of men had reached orgasm at least once through homosexual contact.
- 69 percent of the white male population had some experience with prostitutes.

Kinsey was a scientist, not a preacher. He collected facts without judging behavior. "This is first of all a report on what people do," he wrote, "which raises no question of what they should do." To give you a sense of how dramatic and liberating this view was, consider the best-selling sex manual of the day.

Theodoor Van de Velde published *Ideal Marriage* in 1926. The book had sold millions of copies by the time Kinsey published his report. Van de Velde had his own sense of what was normal: "But let us first of all make unmistakably clear that by sexual intercourse, we refer exclusively to normal intercourse between opposite sexes. If we cannot avoid occasional reference to certain abnormal sexual practices, we shall emphatically state that they are abnormal. Ideal marriage permits normal, physiological activities the fullest scope, in all desirable and delectable ways; these we shall envisage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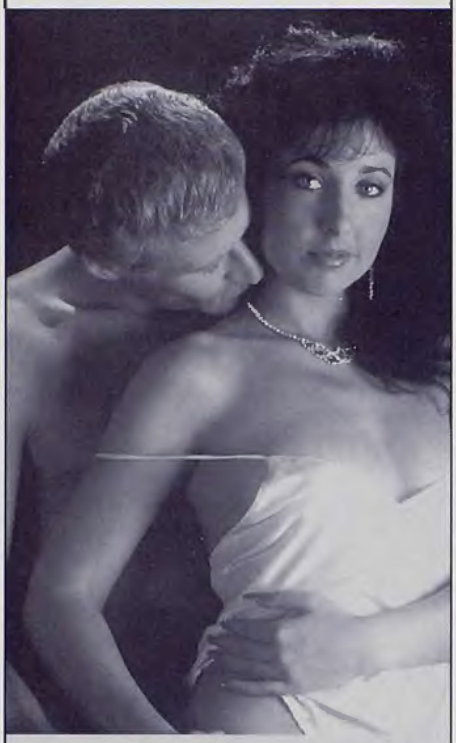

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without any prudery, but with deepest reverence for true chastity. All that is morbid, all that is perverse, we banish: For this is holy ground."

What was perverse? Van de Velde taught the world that it was perfectly appropriate to perform the genital kiss as a means of precoital arousal, but that one must stop short of orgasm or, oh God, "the hell gate of the realm of sexual perversion" would open and devour the souls of all involved. Honest. We're not making this up.

Kinsey simply noted that: "Mouth-genital contacts of some sort, with the subject as either the active or the passive member in the relationship, occur at some time in the histories of nearly 60 percent of all males."

Furthermore, there were no distinctions between erogenous zones—there were no erroneous zones: "While the genitalia include the areas that are most often involved in sexual stimulation and response, it is a mistake to think of the genitalia as the only sex organs, and a considerable error to consider a stimulation or response that involves any other area as biologically abnormal, unnatural, contrary to nature and perverse. Mouth, breast, anal or other stimulations involve the same nervous system (namely the whole nervous system)."

Kinsey's report on sexual behavior in the male prompted considerable controversy. A professor at one scientific institute told *Reader's Digest* that after "publication of one recent survey on sex, the number of illegitimate pregnancies among our girl students has been multiplied four times over."

The head of the Salvation Army said such reports become "weapons for temptation" and warned that "the effect of unchastity on the nervous system is severe. You may start out rebelling against 'stuffy old moral and religious systems' and wind up in a psychiatric hospital."

Even J. Edgar Hoover commented: "It is important to the very future of our national life that we hold fast to our faith. Man's sense of decency declares what is normal and what is not. Whenever the American people, young or old, come to believe there is no such thing as right or wrong, normal or abnormal, those who would destroy our civilization will applaud a major victory over our way of life."

Kinsey's book—an 804-page compilation of charts, statistics and interpretation intended for the scientific community—sold more than 200,000 copies in two months. Associate Wardell Pomeroy's biography *Dr. Kinsey and the Institute for Sex Research* cataloged the public reaction. *Time* reported that a grain merchant gave his mistress a copy with the inscription: "I hope this will help you to understand me better." In a greater bit of hyperbole, *Time* described a Miami Beach playboy who sent a copy each to 50 women he knew. Comedians worked Kinsey into gags. "Hotter than the Kinsey Report" became a national figure of speech. Kinsey was asked to endorse everything from religious works to bras to Simone de Beauvoir's *The Second Sex*. Mae West asked to meet him.

With a perverse appetite for records, America focused on extremes. Everyone, it seems, knew about the guy who averaged more than 30 ejaculations a week for more than 30 years, and the poor guy who had ejaculated only once in the same period of time. Americans stopped thinking in terms of normal or abnormal and began comparing themselves to averages on number of orgasms per week (around five for married males) and to minutiae such as the angle achieved by an erection (slightly above the horizontal for most, but 45 degrees above in 15 percent to 20 percent of cases). Three quarters of all white males reach orgasm after two minutes of sexual intercourse? Pull out the stopwatch, Betty.

Edward Brecher, in *The Sex Researchers*, notes that Kinsey had run into a prototype of Big Brother. While conducting research for the marriage course in 1938, Kinsey had interviewed a campus policeman, a man with an eighth-grade education, who thought Indiana students were perverts. "They would lie under trees in pairs and just pet and pet," writes Brecher. "Sexual intercourse the policeman could understand, but this interminable petting must be some form of perversion."

His research turned Kinsey into a sexual radical: In a culture where class and education dictated sexual attitudes and mores, who had the right to impose their standards on the rest of America? Who policed the sex police?

Kinsey approved of laws that protected person and property—such laws could be defended rationally. Injury was easy to define. But a wealth of other laws policed the most personal of behavior: "If society's only interest in controlling sex behavior were to protect persons, then the criminal codes concerned with assault and battery should provide adequate protection. The fact that there is a body of sex laws which are apart from the laws protecting persons is evidence of their distinct function, namely that of protecting custom. Just because they have this function, sex customs and the sex laws seem more significant and are defended with more emotion than the laws that concern property or person."

Kinsey ended the era of "hush and pretend." Surely, laws should reflect the desires of the people and be based on real facts. Throughout the book, Kinsey challenged ridiculous laws such as the U.S. Naval Academy's practice of rejecting "any candidate who showed signs of masturbation."

Morris Ernst, the lawyer who had successfully defended *Ulysses* against a U.S. Customs ban, who had fought to make the dissemination of birth control information legal, saw the meaning immediately. In 1949 he addressed a gathering of scientists:

"Our laws have attempted to abolish all sexual outlets except marital intercourse, nocturnal emissions and to some extent solitary masturbation. The first Kinsey Report says that 85 percent of all younger males are criminals, since they make use of other sexual outlets.

"Forty-four states have laws against adultery. There have been only a handful of prosecutions. Yet the Kinsey Report may well, in its final national overall figures, show that one third of all husbands should be in jail if fact and law were the same."

Ernst saw the injustice of capricious and spiteful sex laws. "For example, is there more fornication in Louisiana, where it is not a crime, than in Arkansas, where a first offense is appraised as worth $20? What about the amount of sodomy in Georgia, where the punishment is life, compared with New Hampshire, where it is not covered by a special statute? And if you have seduction in your heart, or wherever it resides, I suggest you pick Vermont or Utah rather than Georgia. It may spell a difference of 20 years of freedom to you."

At the University of Illinois, a former GI turned psychology student, deeply impressed by the Kinsey Report, wrote an editorial on the subject. Upon graduation, he continued his studies at Northwestern University. In a term paper titled "Sex Behavior and the U.S. Law," he wrote: "Somewhere along the line, sex became separated from the rest of the moral freedoms.

"Why does tolerance turn to intolerance, rationality to irrationality, when man contemplates the problem of sex?" he asked. "Why does *Webster's Collegiate Dictionary* define masturbation as 'self-pollution,' why do the lawmakers become so emotional in their legislation against sodomy, why are excellent literary works sometimes banned as obscene, why is it still against the law in some states to circulate information regarding birth control and venereal disease?

"It is impossible to undo the mistakes of centuries in a few years, but Krafft-Ebing and Freud have started the work, and Kinsey's statistics will undoubtedly help too. Let us see if we cannot begin to find our way out of this dark, emotional, taboo-ridden labyrinth, and into the fresh air and light of reason."

The student would have more to say on the subject in the decade ahead. His name was Hugh Hefner.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY

Below is a list of retailers and manufacturers you can contact for information on where to find this month's merchandise. To purchase the apparel and equipment shown on pages 24, 41–42, 44, 94–95, 114–116, 126 and 179, check the listings below to find the stores nearest you.

WIRED

Page 24: "Mouse Tracks": **PC mice:** By *Logitech*, 800-231-7717. By *Alps Electronics*, 800-950-2577. By *Eye Technology*, 602-610-1899. By *Hunter Digital*, 800-576-6873. "Safe Calling": **Digital cordless phones:** By *Lucent Technology*, 800-222-3111. By *Panasonic Co.*, 201-348-9090. By *Sanyo*, 818-998-7322. "Wild Things": **PC peripheral** by *Media Com*, 888-843-6473. **Video convertor** by *Tributaries*, 800-521-1596. **Software** by *Vivid Video*, 800-423-4227.

MANTRACK

Page 41: "The Jacket's Back": **Smoking jackets:** From Nat Sherman, 212-764-5000. By *Brioni*, 212-355-1940. "Fire When Ready": **Lighters:** *Cyber* by *Prometheus*, 213-261-7200. *Torch* by *Blazer*, 212-532-1166. "The Cocktail Hour": **Five-piece bar set** by *Asprey*, 212-688-1989. **Rocks glass** by *Cartier*, 312-266-7440. **Cocktail mixer, martini glass** and **olive picks** from Bergdorf Goodman, 212-872-8610. **Tongs** by Fortunoff. Page 42: "Soft Wheelin'": **Bike tours:** By *Backroads*, 800-GO-ACTIVE. By *Irish Cycling Safaris*, 353-1-2600749. By *Pacific Crest Mountain Bike Tours*, 800-849-6589. "Rover Comes Over": **Key holder** from Land Rover Knauz of Lake Forest, Illinois, 847-234-1700, or 800-FINE-4WD for the nearest location. "The Little Putt-Putt That Could": **Motorbike** by *Di Blasi*, 800-342-2214. Page 44: "The Young Men and the Sea": **Billfish tournament**, 850-235-6911. **Penn rod** and **Shimano Tiagra reel** available from Ed Shirley Sports, 847-966-5900.

V-TWINS

Pages 94–95: **Motorcycles:** By *Honda*, 310-532-9811. By *Ducati*, 800-231-6696. By *Buell*, 800-490-9635. By *Suzuki*, 800-828-7433. By *Harley-Davidson*, 800-443-2153.

WINTER

Pages 114–116: **Backpacks** by *Cirqueworks*, 800-313-0427. **Speed skates** from *Viking* in the Netherlands, 011-31-294-413-332 or fax: 011-31-294-414-215. **Mittens** and **mukluks** by *Steger Mukluks*, 800-685-5857. **Snowshoes** by *Atlas Snowshoe Co.*, 888-482-8527. **Helmets** by *Leedom International*, 617-440-0633. **Goggles** by *Revo*, 800-843-7386. **Snowboard boots** and **bindings** by *Switch Manufacturing*, 415-777-9415. **Skis** and **ski boots** by *Salomon/North America Inc.*, 800-225-6850. **Twin-tip skis** by *Rossignol Ski Co., Inc.*, 802-863-2511. **Snowboards** by *K2*, 800-972-4038. **Global positioning satellite receiver** by *Garmin International*, 800-800-1020.

TRUE GRIT

Page 126: **Jacket** by *Industria*, New York City, 212-366-4300. **Jersey** by *CK Calvin Klein*, at Bloomingdale's, Dillard's and Saks Fifth Avenue select stores. **Jeans** by *Lucky Brand Dungarees*, at Fred Segal, Los Angeles, 213-651-3342. **Boots** by *Frye*, 800-826-FRYE. Page 127: **Peacoat** from Banana Republic, at select stores. **Turtleneck** by *DKNY Men*, at Marshall Field's and Bloomingdale's select stores. **Jeans** from Old Navy, 800-OLD-NAVY. **Boots** by *Timberland*, 800-445-5545. **Jacket** by *Golden Bear Sportswear*, at Barneys New York, New York City, 212-826-8900. **Shirt** by *DKNY Men*, at Atrium, New York City, 212-473-9200 and DB Dungaree, Miami, 305-538-2884. **Pants** by *DKNY Men*, at Bloomingdale's and select Saks Fifth Avenue stores. **Boots** by *Kenneth Cole*, at Bloomingdale's, Nordstrom and Kenneth Cole stores, or call 800-KEN-COLE for the nearest store listing. **Jacket** by *DKNY Men*, at DB Dungaree, Miami, 305-538-2884 and Macy's stores. **Sweater** by *Industria*, New York City, 212-366-4300. **Pants** by *H.I.S.*, at mass merchandisers. **Boots** by *Frye*, 800-826-FRYE.

ON THE SCENE

Page 179: **Golf clubs** by *Taylor Made*, 800-428-7637.

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Sex in Cinema (continued from page 130)

In "Breaking the Waves" Emily Watson plays a Scottish lass who gets it on with strangers.

baring their bodies or their souls or, in some cases, both. Strangely, the director, stars and powers-that-be behind *Boogie Nights*—even the oft-exposed ex–Calvin Klein underwear model Wahlberg—refused to release even mildly suggestive stills for publication. So much for making a statement about the freedom of expression.

Otherwise, we were treated to a mixed bag of eyepoppers: gay and lesbian flicks, forthright heterosexual coupling, openly kinky sex and more male nudity than usual in movies intended for general release. Being gay was shown in a positive light in the film version of Terrence McNally's Tony-winning play *Love! Valour! Compassion!* Homosexual and lesbian themes were also treated sympathetically in such films as *Chasing Amy*, *Late Bloomers*, *Female Perversions*, *All Over Me*, *Childhood's End*, *My Best Friend's Wedding* and *Kiss Me, Guido*. Quite an array of ideas about a lifestyle that used to inspire derision on film.

The quirkier stuff seemed to surface in so-called "straight" movies, from David Lynch's bizarre *Lost Highway* (and the aforementioned *Crash*) to the maligned *Bliss* (with Craig Sheffer, Sheryl Lee and Terence Stamp in a sort of cinematic sex manual) to the totally curious *Kissed* (horny girl works in a mortuary, where she mounts recently deceased young studs). Kinkiest of all is a documentary that drew audiences and won a special jury prize at this year's Sundance Film Festival, even though many onlookers were horrified by the true-to-life shocks of Kirby Dick's *Sick: The Life and Death of Bob Flanagan, Supermasochist*. On a lighter note, Howard Stern's kinkily comic *Private Parts* may well have paved the way for further low jinks, such as the nude bowling scene in *Dream With the Fishes* or sexpot Kim Basinger's stint in *L.A. Confidential* as a Hollywood hooker surgically altered to look like Veronica Lake. And director Gregg Araki's *Nowhere* tracks Generation X excesses of all kinds through the streets of Venice, California. Dysfunctional families prevail in *The Ice Storm* (Sigourney Weaver, Kevin Kline and Joan Allen join mate swappers at a swinging Seventies "key party"). *The Myth of Fingerprints* (with Blythe Danner and Roy Scheider) has everyone home for Thanksgiving, humping away but not enjoying it much. *Going All the Way*, despite the promising title, features Jeremy Davies as a Korean War veteran who can't get it up with the girls who excite him most.

England's David Suchet and Lisa Harrow co-star in the American-made *Sunday* as a pair of middle-aged strangers coupling in Queens. More intercontinental casting occurs in director Abel Ferrara's romantic thriller *The Blackout*, which has Matthew Modine co-starring opposite German-born supermodel Claudia Schiffer and Beàtrice Dalle. *Courtesan*, lushly filmed in Italy with mostly Anglo actors, is another multinational epic. Catherine McCormack and Rufus Sewell shed their 16th century period costumes in Venice.

As always, the British came through with their fair share of offbeat eroticism. A gay dancer mates with his male shrink in *Alive & Kicking*; a transsexual (formerly Carl, now known as Kim) played by Steven Mackintosh starts to date her former school chum (Rupert Graves) in *Different for Girls*; and *Bent*, based on the critically acclaimed play, deals with the romance between two gay men in a German concentration camp during the Holocaust. Both heterosexuality and homosexuality run rampant in filmmaker Peter Greenaway's *The Pillow Book* (starring Ewan McGregor and Vivian Wu), about the art of body painting. Sting is back to his old decadent tricks in the oddball *Gentlemen Don't Eat Poets*, and Julie Walters stars in *Intimate Relations* as a lust-driven English mom who enjoys threesomes abed with her pushy teenage daughter and a macho male lodger (Rupert Graves again). There's more body English, along with glimpses of English bodies, in Mike Leigh's *Career Girls*. Comedywise, *The Full Monty* dotes on five ordinary, unemployed Englishmen

"Wow! That was super!"

who decide to raise shillings by shedding their clothes in a male strip show patterned after the Chippendales'. Topping it all off is Kenneth Branagh's elaborate, star-studded *Hamlet*, in which Branagh, as what must be the first nude melancholy Dane to reach the big screen, teams himself with Kate Winslet's Ophelia. *Breaking the Waves* brought an Oscar nomination to Emily Watson, playing a sheltered Scottish lass who gets it on with strangers to supply her paralyzed husband with vicarious kicks. From New Zealand came *Broken English*, with breakthrough roles for newcomer Aleksandra Vujcic, as a passionate Croatian girl, and Julian Arahanga, as the Maori lover her family can't accept.

Among foreign-language imports, a few movies stirred controversy without raising temperatures. Banned in its native India, director Mira Nair's *Kama Sutra* had mainly its title to suggest the famous catalog of sexual positions. But the movie did offer an erotic, elegantly photographed display of hanky-panky among royals and commoners—unusually hot stuff for an Indian epic. *Fire* also marks a first for India with its frank treatment of a lesbian relationship between two unhappily married New Delhi women. Director Chen Kaige (of *Farewell, My Concubine* fame) raised more eyebrows in China than here with *Temptress Moon*, starring Gong Li. It's a vivid saga of a depraved dynastic family with voracious appetites for opium, sex and intrigue. Imminent from Hong Kong, following its New York Film Festival opening, is *Happy Together*, a homosexual love story set in Buenos Aires with two Chinese male stars, Tony Leung Chiu-wai and Leslie Cheung. The French gave us *La Cérémonie*, with Isabelle Huppert and Sandrine Bonnaire as a murderous quasi-lesbian pair of have-nots destined to dispatch Jacqueline Bisset's well-to-do family. The Oscar-winning *Kolya* was named Best Foreign Language Film of 1996 for its provocative view of a swinging middle-aged cellist whose sex life is inhibited, if not transformed, by a five-year-old boy wonder. From Iberia comes the long-delayed Spanish *Mouth to Mouth*, a comedy about phone sex that's amusing but hardly groundbreaking.

What next? Such forthcoming movies as *Species 2*, *Virus*, *Titanic*, *Home Alone 3* and a remake of *Great Expectations* don't exactly raise hopes for getting audiences' gonads galloping. Neither, alas, does a so-so sequel called *Another 9½ Weeks* (Mickey Rourke co-stars with Angie Everhart). Maybe someone will finally release the new version of *Lolita*, which doesn't involve crashed planes, trains, farm machines or luxury liners but does flirt with the more explosive issue of underage sex. Stay tuned.

EXTREME MACHINE

(continued from page 128)

like Pasadena-born luge rider Pamela Zoolalian, is the only distaff competitor in her sport at the X Games. "As a woman I try to show the performance, the movement, the dancing in the sky," says Wegrath. "What's hard for me are all those helicopter moves that they do. They're really painful, really hard on your body. Circulation becomes cut off or there's too much blood rushing to a particular part of the body—it swells up and it physically hurts. And I'm not so much into that pain thing."

•

Sky-surfers disdain helmets in favor of hearing the sound of the wind. The pitch of the wind indicates when the board is centered beneath the jumper. Of course, in the event of a chute malfunction, a helmet wouldn't help much.

"We try to keep the risk as small as possible because it's just too nice to live," says Wegrath. "They have special riggers, special pilots, automatic secondary chutes that open even if you pass out. It's very safe. My boyfriend and I kissed and opened a bottle of champagne during one jump."

Troy Hartman, who just won the gold medal for the sky-surfing competition, recalls how his parents, informed that their son had a passion for skydiving he couldn't resist, thought he was crazy. "Not because of the jumping," he says, "but because of the money. It costs a lot. They knew it was safe. They just thought I was wasting my time and money." Gazing on a row of unpacked chutes, lined up like silk squid, Hartman, 26, professes no fear. But he quietly mentions the dream. "In the five years that I've been jumping I've had the dream twice. We all have it, no matter what. The dream starts with your parachute not coming out. You hit the ground and then you sit up. And you're sitting there, wiping yourself off, looking around. Everyone's ignoring you, just walking back to pack their chutes. And you're like, Huh? Isn't anybody going to come over here and

HOW IS THIS SUPPOSED TO MAKE ME FEEL?! "IF FOUND, PLEASE RETURN TO CINDY CRAWFORD"??! HOW AM I SUPPOSED TO TRUST YOU AFTER THIS?
SKELTON

help me with this? You just get up and walk off."

•

In the spirit of T-ball, five-pitch or YMCA basketball, every athlete who manages to compete in the X Games receives a commemorative gold medal. Everyone is a winner, so what is the point?

"We just want to spend 12 million bucks," Jack Wienert says. "No, here's the deal. You know what the last images were in NBC's closing ceremonies for the 1996 Olympics? Faces of alternative athletes. Those were our kids. We have approximately 40 hours of outstanding programming that nobody else has. We have all the rights. We don't have to negotiate with anyone about anything, as opposed to traditional sports. No one dictates to us." Luxuriating in his chair like a couch potato waiting for his favorite TV show to start, Wienert sums it up: "The real value of the X Games for ESPN is that we were first."

"If you can't make it for a one-on-one consultation, don't miss me on my Web site at http://www.upmount/global/fmm.org."

BRETT FAVRE

(continued from page 68)

come home and find dinner cooked, everything rosy. But we hardly do anything together. Before you live with someone you're always trying to get together. After, you're always going different directions. She goes to work out, I go play golf. So when guys say they can't wait to be married, I tell them it's not what they think. You might be all over each other the first year, but there will be times when you can't stand each other, and more times when you go your separate ways. And this is a marriage I love. Wearing this ring . . . it makes me feel like I've arrived a little bit as a man. I'm more of a grown man now.

PLAYBOY: Do you want more kids? Are you thinking of raising a little QB of your own?

FAVRE: I want to have a couple of boys. We've been trying, but Deanna got sick and the doctor said that if we want more children we'd better have them fast. She may have to have surgery, have her ovaries out. That was a blow to us, hearing that. Brittany wants a little brother. She wrote us a note the other day. *I want a baby brother*. With a picture of her holding the baby. *I will take care of it*, she wrote. And your heart just [*he touches his chest*]. I told her, "Brittany, we're working on it."

PLAYBOY: Have you told your daughter where babies come from?

FAVRE: No way. I couldn't. Of course Deanna says, "*I'm* not telling her, you tell her."

PLAYBOY: Back in Mississippi, your family had a terrible time last year. Your sister, Brandi, a former Miss Teen Mississippi, was involved in a drive-by shooting.

FAVRE: She was giving another girl and the girl's boyfriend a ride home. The boyfriend had had an argument with another guy at a party, and the boyfriend shot at him from the car. Brandi told the truth and she was fine.

PLAYBOY: Your older brother, Scott, had more serious trouble.

FAVRE: Scott and Mark Haverty, my best friend, were in the same car. Scott was driving. They stopped on a train track.

PLAYBOY: A train hit them. Mark Haverty died. Your brother recovered from his injuries, but the police said he was driving drunk. He was convicted and sentenced for causing Mark's death.

FAVRE: But Mark's family testified on Scott's behalf. That's unusual in a vehicular manslaughter case. They felt Scott had suffered enough. It could have happened to a lot of guys. So Scott was sentenced to 15 years, with 14 of it suspended. He got a year of house arrest. He had to wear an ankle bracelet that told the cops where he was.

PLAYBOY: Should Scott have arranged for a designated driver?

FAVRE: This was a mistake between two

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buddies. I mean, there's nothing good about drinking and driving, but who hasn't done it? They were unlucky. It could just as easily have been Scott who was killed. If I had been home that night it could have been me.

PLAYBOY: Then, last May, Scott was arrested again. He was charged with violating his probation. What happened?

FAVRE: Hell, Scott didn't do anything wrong. It was Memorial Day. His probation officer said he could visit the family. He was going over there to help my dad fix the fishing boat. It's only two and a half miles, but there was a roadblock. Now, whoever heard of a roadblock at 7:30 in the morning? But there it was. The police told him he was driving with a suspended license. He had been notified by mail, like they said, but we get so much mail at my parents' house, and most of it's for me. My mom got the letter but didn't open it. So that morning they arrested Scott. Handcuffed him. He called me in Green Bay. Said they were sending him to prison. He was crying on the phone. He said he wanted to kill himself. I said, "Bullshit. It's a misunderstanding." But the next afternoon, my brother was gone. The judge says he's going to prison for 13 years. Thirteen years! That's like death. We're hoping the judge will hear our side. There's a glimmer of hope he'll give Scott a lesser sentence. I can imagine what he's thinking in a prison cell right now. He's thinking about Mark. If they'd taken a different turn that night, everything would be OK. Our mom's doing bad. Seeing your son go to prison, that's hard to take.

PLAYBOY: She had one son in prison and one in the Super Bowl.

FAVRE: I feel guilty about that. Maybe I should just sit instead of playing, show more remorse and compassion. But that won't help Scott. So I occupy myself. I played golf most days until training camp started. Now here I am in my fairy-tale world playing football while Scott sits in prison, and I have done more bad things than he's ever dreamed of. I just wish I had my brother back. I wish I had my best friend Mark back, too. When I'm thinking about that and people talk about the Super Bowl, I want to slap them. I would give up my ring in a heartbeat to trade places with my brother. [*In early August Scott Favre was released from the Hancock County jail after a hearing determined he had been wrongfully jailed.*]

PLAYBOY: Was it difficult for Scott, being your older brother?

FAVRE: We never talked about it. Back when he was the high school quarterback, I wanted to be just like him. I wanted to *be* him. Later on, maybe it was the other way. I'm sure we all wish we could be a Super Bowl quarterback. Sometimes I felt bad when people asked him how it felt to be my brother, like it was some honor. He told them that he beat

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me at golf.

PLAYBOY: How have you managed to win two MVPs and a Super Bowl with so much on your mind?

FAVRE: Sometimes when I'm alone in my truck I ask myself that question. I think I have had to grow up more than most 28-year-olds. I'm still cheerful and happy in the locker room or when Deanna and I have guests over. But sometimes it feels like I'm faking it. At our team meeting today I looked around at the guys laughing. That was me a few years ago, when the worst thing that could happen was an interception. The games are still great. Playing football on Sunday, I'm gone. That might be why I perform so well. It's so good to get lost in the game for three hours.

PLAYBOY: Football is your escape?

FAVRE: Maybe that's how I got in trouble with pain pills. When the game ends you have to go back to thinking about all the damn things in your life. The pills help you not think.

PLAYBOY: Do you have phobias?

FAVRE: I'm a little scared of the dark. It was so pitch black at night where I grew up, I like a little light on when I sleep.

PLAYBOY: The two-time MVP sleeps with a night light?

FAVRE: I'll leave the TV on. I usually watch TV until it watches me.

PLAYBOY: Anything funny about being a football hero?

FAVRE: People send you strange things. My second year in Green Bay I started getting hate mail and love mail. I really felt I'd arrived when girls started sending naked pictures. One was wearing nothing but a cowboy hat.

PLAYBOY: No nude cheeseheads?

FAVRE: Actors are funny, too. Charlie Sheen and David Spade are friends of mine. Darius Rucker from Hootie & the Blowfish, too. The athletes all wish they could sing and dance, and the singers and actors wish they could play sports.

PLAYBOY: Can you dance?

FAVRE: I can moonwalk a bit. I watch MTV and dance to the videos. It's pretty awful.

PLAYBOY: Your childhood home is now a tourist attraction.

FAVRE: Things are changing. My mom redid the room my brothers and I grew up in. She took down all our sports posters, even my poster of McMahon and Walter Payton. At least she didn't throw it away. She got all our old stuff laminated. Fans drive up and down our little road nonstop. We finally paved it. I never thought we'd have a real road. The county wouldn't do it, so we paid for it: half a mile of paved road for $40,000.

PLAYBOY: What do you and Irv talk about? He must have popped his lid when you won the Super Bowl.

FAVRE: He never said so. My dad and I were never big talkers. He never gave me the birds-and-the-bees talk.

PLAYBOY: Mom did that?

FAVRE: No, I got by on hearsay.

PLAYBOY: Do you and your dad talk only about football?

FAVRE: We're both hardheaded. Not very sentimental. My father and I have never sat down and had a long talk like you and I are doing. But we get along. It's a great relationship. Last year after we won the NFC championship game—we're going to the Super Bowl!—Irv came to the locker room. He was crying. I was still on a high from the game, laughing and hollering, but he had tears in his eyes and I remember he hit me. Kind of punched me and said, "Good job, good job."

PLAYBOY: How was he after the Super Bowl?

FAVRE: Back to form. He told me, "Next year you've got to be even better."

PLAYBOY: Whom did you root for in the Super Bowls you didn't make?

FAVRE: I haven't watched one since I got to the NFL. If I'm not playing, I don't want to see it.

PLAYBOY: You called Reggie White one of the top five players ever. Who are the other four?

FAVRE: Joe Montana and Jerry Rice. Bart Starr, Dick Butkus, Ray Nitschke.

PLAYBOY: That's five. Want to keep going?

FAVRE: Deion Sanders. Lynn Swann, Roger Staubach, Archie Manning, Mike Singletary. Ray Guy, the great punter. Let's see, who else? Johnny Unitas, George Blanda, Deacon Jones, L.C. Greenwood, Walter Payton.

PLAYBOY: Does Deion belong in that group?

FAVRE: Yes. I don't attack Deion's ass when we play. He's too good. Is he a showboat? No, because it isn't showboating when you can get the job done. It's style. Deion has style and he'll do anything for a teammate. He bought clothes for me in Atlanta. I was a complete unknown. Deion takes one look at my clothes and says, "I'll show you how to dress." He bought me two tailored suits.

PLAYBOY: Turning you into the clothes-horse you are today.

FAVRE: I prefer walking around in my underwear, but I can wear a tuxedo. And I still have those two tailored suits.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any good memories of the rehab center?

FAVRE: I learned to play piano. Started off with one hand, then put them together. Just trying to do it makes you look at real musicians with amazement. Football is easy, that shit is hard.

PLAYBOY: What did you play?

FAVRE: I learned to play *Ode to Joy*.

PLAYBOY: How much more can you achieve in the NFL?

FAVRE: Winning another Super Bowl. Going into the Hall of Fame. I expect to be in the Hall of Fame. But mostly I hope that in 20 or 30 years people will say, "That goddamn Favre, you had to watch yourself around him. He'd throw ice or put something in your jock, but on Sunday that son of a bitch was ready to play."

"Jimmy never uses bad language, Mom. He uses cute little code words for everything we do, like 69 and head and. . . ."

TABLOID TEMPTRESS

(continued from page 80)

pool-management business in Delray Beach, Florida, while Suzen does her consulting for Federated National and National Capital, companies that own and operate hotels and shopping centers.

However, she admits, "These last few months have been tough on me. I see things written about me that are completely untrue. I can't even defend myself." On April 30 and May 1 of this year everything went right for Suzen Johnson and everything went wrong. There, in her suite at New York's Regency Hotel, Frank Gifford and Suzen finally met again. Suzen credits destiny, saying she had always known that they would be together. "I knew it, just like I know my own name. I know now, too, that had this whole thing not blown up the way it did in New York, I would still be seeing him. I just feel we would be together."

—PAT BOOTH

JUST BETWEEN US GIRLS

our writer tries to turn a tabloid

When I invited her to my home, Suzen Johnson did not come alone. She came with what turned out to be a "minder," Candace Trunzo, a news editor from *Globe*, the tabloid that had published stills of a videotape that showed Frank Gifford, cavorting with Johnson, 47. It was Trunzo's mission to make sure Suzen did not say the wrong thing.

Sometime earlier this year, a "friend" of Suzen's told *Globe* about the relationship between Suzen and Frank. *Globe* approached Suzen, told her it had the story and asked for her cooperation. At first she resisted, but then, as she told me, because "everybody was going to do something," decided to work with the tabloid. It's been reported that *Globe* paid Suzen at least $75,000 for her story.

Suzen called Frank to say she was coming to New York in April. They talked of meeting. Suzen checked into suite 521 of the Regency Hotel in Manhattan and stayed there for a week. Once she arrived, she called Gifford and told him where she was. Gifford's office is just around the corner from the Regency. The *Globe* representative told me the tabloid had picked up the hotel bill.

On April 30 and May 1 Frank Gifford and Suzen Johnson were videotaped kissing, eating strawberries, drinking wine, engaging in oral sex and having intercourse in the hotel suite. Gifford did not use a condom.

Globe says it was forced to print stills from the video it had obtained because the Giffords initially denied its story and threatened to sue.

So who made the video? Had anyone entrapped Frank Gifford? It was with these questions in mind that I sat down with Suzen and Candace. My determination to get answers was equaled only by the determination of those two ladies not to answer.

It was about three quarters of the way through the interview that I asked her point-blank, "Did you know there were cameras in the room?" Suzen shook her head from side to side, clearly indicating "no," while she said, "I——"

At this point Trunzo said, "She can't answer that. She can't discuss any of her feelings for *Globe*, and she can't discuss anything about the cameras or anything like that."

I had my answer, by gesture if not by word. The shake of Suzen's head from side to side meant Johnson did not know she was being videotaped.

I tried again. "OK, so how did you feel when you were being taped?"

SUZEN: I can't even answer that because my answer will say whether or not I knew.

TRUNZO: You know there are aspects of this in terms of *Globe*'s involvement, the cameras and all that, that we just can't discuss.

I waited half an hour before I tried asking again.

PLAYBOY: When she went into the hotel were the cameras there?

TRUNZO: I think we are getting into something I can't speak about.

SUZEN: I never saw any cameras.

TRUNZO: Don't put yourself in that position. You don't want to be in that position.

PLAYBOY [*to Trunzo*]: OK, let's have some fun with this. You pose a question that Suzen can answer. Ask the pertinent question, the seminal question. Ask a negative question that she can answer in a positive way.

TRUNZO: Did you set Frank Gifford up to have sex with you at the Regency Hotel?

SUZEN: Absolutely not. Why would I do that to anybody? I wouldn't want anybody to do it to me. What would be the point?

TRUNZO [*to Suzen*]: You have to answer that question by saying that you had no expectations whether or not he was coming to see you in the hotel or that he was going to be anywhere else for that matter. [*To* PLAYBOY] He is the one who suggested that he come up to the hotel, and he is the one who put the moves on her.

SUZEN: Let me ask you this. Would you have done something, knowing that some sort of camera was watching you? Could anybody—either of you—be with somebody?

TRUNZO: Well, it all depends on the circumstances.

SUZEN: I don't know what sort of circumstance, unless I was an actress in a movie or something.

One thing is certain. In tabloid heaven there is much to hide. Said Suzen when I asked her what she will do when asked these questions by others in the media, "Well, I hope I will have a lot of coaching from attorneys and Candace, because I don't want to say the wrong things."

So, what happened, who knew, when did they know? There are several rumors circulating. One has it that private investigators videotaped the encounter. (But for whom?) The tape found its way to *Globe* and *Globe* persuaded Suzen to come onboard after the fact.

But here's what I think: *Globe* editors discovered the Gifford–Johnson telephone relationship and got Suzen to agree to let them write about it.

Globe told her that it would need some proof of the relationship. It would be too easy for Gifford to deny. They suggested that the meeting both Frank and Suzen had wanted for so long be arranged. It was. Next, *Globe* might have said it would arrange some evidence that the meeting had indeed taken place, but that Suzen shouldn't worry about that part of things. A photograph of his entering her hotel room taken from the corridor outside, another of his leaving? Something like that, she might have thought.

Was Frank entrapped? Well, he went to the room of his own free will. He seems to have initiated the lovemaking. But would the meeting have taken place without the tabloid? What would you do, gentle reader, if you were Frank, after all those years of pent-up telephone sex, and you'd just seen the Suzen Johnson cover? Once he had crossed the threshold of suite 521, he went for the touchdown.

LOSER

(continued from page 72)

When Lana went to the storage locker, she found survival equipment, wigs, masks, silver and gold.

and timed the walking distance from the building to where Tim would be when the bomb went off."

Nichols most likely saw the second-floor day care center, with the cribs against the windows and the display of posters finger-painted by toddlers. Perhaps that's why he seemed to balk at the purchase of the nitromethane. During McVeigh's trial Michael Fortier's wife, Lori, testified that Nichols was with McVeigh, "but Terry was afraid to go in, so Tim did it alone."

TERRY HOLDS UP A GUN DEALER

Nichols forged ahead—if McVeigh's account is to be believed—on his own initiative. While McVeigh was in Ohio at a gun show, Nichols apparently carried out the planned robbery of Roger Moore. McVeigh told his defense team he was in Ohio when his father got a call from Nichols. According to McVeigh, Nichols had agreed not to call McVeigh's father, perhaps to avoid any record that could implicate him. The defense documents state: "Tim returned Terry's call and told him to never call Tim's father's house again. Tim said Terry was so elated he wanted to call."

But the robbery, McVeigh would later complain to Michael Fortier, was another Nichols screwup. "Terry had gotten tired, so he untied Bob [Roger Moore] and had Bob help him load the weapons," Fortier testified. Terry "retied Bob up, drove to where he had parked his truck, reloaded the weapons and stolen goods into his vehicle and then drove away."

Lori Fortier added her testimony to the account, telling the court McVeigh "was upset that Terry didn't kill Bob."

A MYSTERY TRIP TO THE PHILIPPINES

After the robbery, Nichols was busy. He rented a new storage unit in Council Grove, Kansas to store the guns and other valuables believed to have been taken from Moore. He sent McVeigh a letter containing $2000 in cash and a key to the unit.

Nichols then prepared to go again to the Philippines. Before he left he spent several days in Las Vegas visiting his son. He slept on the couch in his ex-wife Lana Padilla's house. Padilla, in her book *By Blood Betrayed*, notes that Nichols acted oddly in the days preceding his departure. She writes, "He walked around the house, and slept with a loaded revolver tucked in the waistband of his jeans. It was just one of the changes in him that made me nervous."

As Lana and Josh said goodbye to Terry at the airport, he gave Lana a brown paper bag and told her that if he didn't return in 60 days, she was to open the bag and follow the instructions. Padilla says the curious circumstances under which he left led her to open the bag. Inside was a note to McVeigh, two sets of handwritten instructions and Nichols' life insurance policy (which had the beneficiary changed from Lana to Marife).

The note Nichols left for McVeigh instructed him to "clear everything out of CG 37 by 01 Feb 95 or pay to keep it longer." It also instructed McVeigh to "liquidate 40." (CG 37 and 40 were references to rented storage sheds in Council Grove, Kansas.) The note went on to say: "Your [sic] on your own. Go for it!" It concluded with a cryptic postscript: "As for heat—none that I know. This letter would be for the purpose of my death."

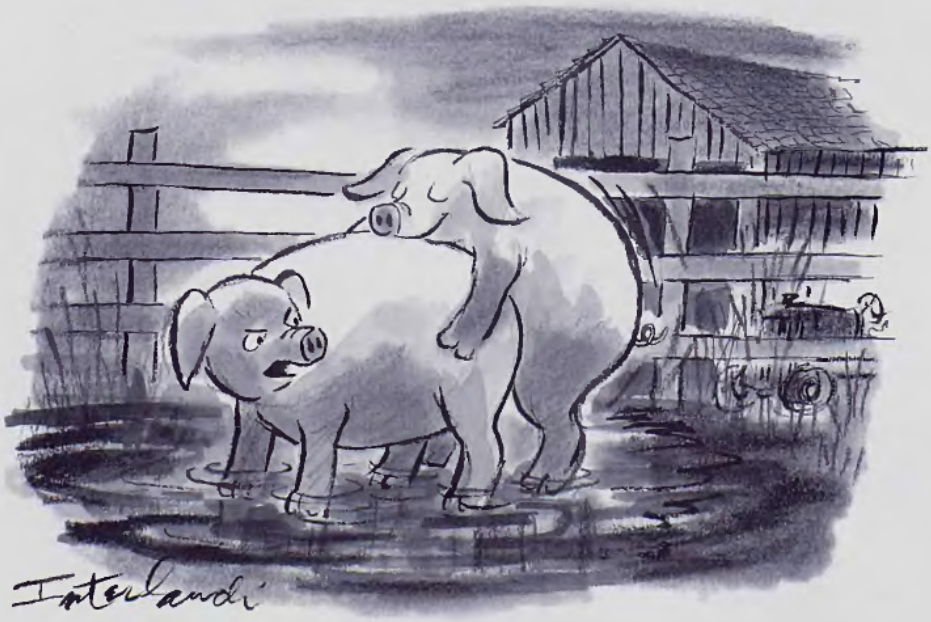
In another letter (headed "Read and do immediately") Lana found a reference to a plastic bag that Nichols had taped behind a utensil drawer in her kitchen. In the bag she found $20,000 in cash. When Lana later went to look in a storage locker Nichols had rented before leaving, she says she found camping and survival equipment, wigs, masks, pantyhose, gold bars and silver bullion "stacked neatly in boxes" along with what appeared to be a quantity of jade stones. She estimated it to be worth around $60,000.

Nichols' trip to the Philippines—and the letter left behind for McVeigh—has been interpreted in various ways. Mark Hamm, in his book *Apocalypse in Oklahoma*, suggests that Terry had come to a personal reckoning: "He apparently wanted Marife and Nicole back, or he would kill himself." Lana, for her part, read the letter to McVeigh as a suicide note. It's possible that Nichols was trying to get away from McVeigh—and the bomb plot. Terry may have even feared that Jason's natural father would seek revenge for the child's death. And the defense team for McVeigh investigated reports that Nichols may have met in the Philippines with international terrorists—possibly Ramzi Yousef, the accused mastermind of the World Trade Center bombing, who was supposedly in Cebu City at this time.

Padilla said she tried to contact Nichols in the Philippines. Upon his return in mid-January 1995, he asked Padilla about the money, but she refused to return it all, insisting she needed to set some aside for their son. Nichols, though angered, bowed to her wishes and then left town, clearing out the storage shed.

MAYBE THE BOMB'S A BAD IDEA

Nichols drove to Kansas and met McVeigh. According to the chronology they rented a motel room in Junction City for a few days to talk. They worked a gun show together, perhaps selling some of the firearms kept in storage. Nichols made another payment on a storage unit. But a month later, he told Padilla that he and McVeigh had had a falling-out. In February Nichols bought a house in Herington, Kansas. About this time Terry apparently wanted out of the bomb plan. By April 7, according to a



"Pig out—if you don't mind!"

PLAYMATE NEWS

PLAYMATES IN CYBERSPACE

Those of you who are nostalgic for the Playboy Club days, when an order of a dry martini and a steak sandwich would prompt a beautiful young woman to do the Bunny dip, can join a virtual club—the Playboy Cyber Club—at http://cyber.playboy.com. You can become a member for $6.95 a month, $18 a quarter or $60 annually. As a member you'll be able to participate in live nightly chats with Playmates. Click on to 500-plus individual Playmate home pages, which include never-before-seen photographs. See the Data Sheet and the article that ran with each Playmate pictorial. Check into Centerfold Collectibles to purchase merchandise, autographs and memorabilia. Moving along to Quick Time, see footage of Playmates from Playboy Home Videos and Playboy TV. The Playboy Photo Library includes pictures from our photo collection. Visit chat rooms where your fellow club members are hanging out. As with any great club, the clientele and the menu change regularly. But in cyberspace, you'll have to grill your own steak and mix your own martini.

PLAYBOY was the first national magazine on the Web. In August 1994 we unveiled the Playboy Home Page. We currently entertain more than 150,000 visitors a day.

PLAYMATE BIRTHDAYS — NOVEMBER

Susie Scott—Miss May 1983 will be 34 on November 2.
Marianne Gaba—Miss September 1959 will be 58 on November 13.
Monique St. Pierre—Miss November 1978 will be 44 on November 25.
Joni Mattis—Miss November 1960 will be 59 on November 28.
Karin Taylor—Miss June 1996 will be 26 on November 28.

CARRIE STEVENS:

"Posing in PLAYBOY mode me feel more beautiful than any designer clothes I modeled. What a gift."

PLAYMATE ZODIAC

Although Miss December 1956 Lisa Winters was unofficially called the first Playmate of the Year, the tradition actually began with Miss December 1959 Ellen Stratton. Ellen, the 1960 Playmate of the Year, was a Bunny at the Chicago Playboy Club. Interestingly, most Playmates of the Year first appeared in the magazine's November or December issues. There has never been a PMOY who first appeared in a June or July edition. Which makes us wonder about the crazy, hazy, lazy days of summer.

Miss March 1992 Tylyn John (left, at right) and 1995 PMOY Julie Cialini rev up at the Pujöl Motorcycle Co.'s grand-opening celebration in Las Angeles. PLAYBOY offered a Hat Bike Giveaway of a custom Titan Gecko motorcycle complete with the Rabbit Head logo. What a ride! Just before they spiked the ball at the First Annual Celebrity Volleyball Challenge at the Ocean Club in East Quogue, New York, we took a picture of (above, left to right) Julie Cialini; Miss November 1992 Stephanie Adams; Ian Ralfini, president of the Nordoff-Robbins Music Therapy Foundation; Miss August 1993 Jennifer Lavoie; and Miss April 1997 Kelly Monaco.

PLAYMATES 101: Who are the anniversary Playmates?

When Hef created the Playmates of the Month, no one thought of anniversaries, but things changed.

5th: Joyce Nizzari
10th: Sharon Rogers
15th: Leslie Bianchini
20th: Nancy Cameron
25th: Candy Loving
30th: Penny Baker
35th: Fawna MacLaren
40th: Anna-Marie Goddard

Penny Baker

PLAYMATE NEWS

FAN MAIL

I've heard that 1982 PMOY Shannon Tweed has been cast as a Navy Seal in the TNT movie *Shadow Warriors*, starring Carl Weathers and Hulk Hogan. It's scheduled to air this month, and rumor has it, may become a series. When I was in the Navy, I briefed Seals for classified missions. I'm a big fan of Shannon Tweed, but I can't picture her hip-high in mud, carrying an H&K with black-and-green camouflage on her pretty face. That won't keep me from catching Shannon's Seal stint anyway.—Patrick Murray, playboy2@ix.netcom.com

If you're an inexperienced autograph seeker planning to attend the next Glamourcon or any other Playmate event, you'll benefit from these hints:

(1) Take your own pen to autograph opportunities.

(2) Use a Sharpie permanent black marker. It's the universal pen for autograph collectors because it's quick drying and doesn't bleed.

(3) If you've requested an autograph on a piece of clothing, observe rules number one and two, then use your best judgment when washing your prized possession.—Philip Janus, Lake Ridge, Virginia

I had an autographed T-shirt that I took to my mother, who is a seamstress. She embroidered over the autograph, so now I can wash it and not worry. The autograph lives on.—Edward Bennett, edward@rahul.net

How about using Playmates' names for geographical features on Mars? Scientists would have more than 500 from which to choose. It's in the stars.—Tushar Mithaiwala, Hanover Park, Illinois

—— Merle Pertile 1941–1997 ——

Miss January 1962 Merle Pertile died last winter in Lake Arrowhead, California. Her Playmate layout was a result of her appearances on TV's *Playboy Penthouse*, which originated in Chicago.

Merle was a native Californian and returned to the West Coast after her Playmate shoot to do other TV shows, including *77 Sunset Strip* and *The Tab Hunter Show*. Said former TV star Peter Brown (*Laredo, The Lawman*): "Merle Pertile was the first love of my life. She gave me a wonderful daughter." We bid her goodbye.

LAURA LYONS:
"People still ask me about Hef. He's a wonderful, caring man, and I think that's what people should know about him."

QUOTE UNQUOTE

"I consider being a redhead a blessing. I feel special and I get noticed a lot. In fact, it got me a layout in PLAYBOY. Some people make fun of redheads, but the teasing just makes us stronger. There are no other reds in my family, though I do have a gorgeous, blonde, blue-eyed, younger sister who is Playmate material."—LAURA RICHMOND, Miss September 1988

"I'd wanted to be a Playmate since I discovered my dad's PLAYBOY when I was in first grade—just a quick peek. I don't think he ever knew, but my mom did. It took nerve to send in my photos to PLAYBOY. I had wanted to do it for a long time. After I found out I'd been chosen, everything moved so quickly, I didn't have a chance to jump up and down."—HOLLY WITT, Miss November 1995

PLAYMATE GOSSIP

Miss February 1995 **Lisa Marie Scott** appears in three Playboy-produced videos: *The Glass Cage*, *Ringer* and *Corporate Ladder*. . . .

The deadline for becoming a charter member of the **Playboy Playmate Alumni Association Support Team** has been extended until Thanksgiving, for holiday gift-giving. . . . Miss June 1986 **Rebecca Ferratti** was one of the original American Gladiators. She's played a warrior in *Gor* and *Outlaw of Gor* and a cyborg in *Cyborg Three*. She made you laugh in *Ace Ventura, Pet Detective* and more recently in *The Misery Brothers*. Get her comic book, *Dinosaur Mansion*, in which she stars. . . . Miss September 1971 **Crystal Smith** (now Wright) is involved in developing a Web site for homeless job seekers called the Internet Job Resource Center. It's being promoted by celebrity spokespersons **Willie Nelson** and **Rita Coolidge**. . . . Miss November 1996 **Ulrika Ericsson** and Miss August 1995 **Rachel Jeán Marteen** (above) outdrew even the horses at the Belmont Stakes this past June. . . . Miss March 1996 **Priscilla Taylor** is co-hosting the syndicated TV show *Love Shack*, a Nineties version of the *Dating Game*. . . . After her guest appearance on *Beverly Hills 90210*, look for Miss June 1997 **Carrie Stevens** in an Icehouse beer commercial. . . . PMOY 1995 **Julie Cialini** received so much fan mail from her June *Playmate News* item that answering it has turned into a full-time job.

Ulrika and Rachel Jeán

polygraph notation in the defense chronology, Nichols was "adamant that he does not want to be involved on the day of the bombing."

WE CAN STILL BE FRIENDS

But Nichols still met and helped McVeigh, according to the documents. On April 14, five days before the bombing, McVeigh called Nichols and arranged a meeting at Geary State Fishing Lake near Junction City, Kansas. At that meeting, they talked for two hours, catching up on old business. Nichols gave McVeigh some cash and informed him that Marife was back from the Philippines. They apparently agreed (at least in McVeigh's mind) to meet two days later, on Easter.

Early that Sunday McVeigh drove to Geary Lake and waited. Nichols, who either had forgotten or ignored the plan to meet, had gone to church with his wife and daughter. Back home, Marife cooked a large dinner and the family sat down. McVeigh, meanwhile, drove his battered 1977 Mercury Marquis into Herington and called Nichols from a nearby gas station, using a phone card that was later traced. (Nichols subsequently told FBI agents during questioning that McVeigh had called him from Oklahoma City and asked him to come pick him up, claiming his car had broken down. But the phone card records tell a different story.)

Terry's son, Josh, who was visiting over Easter break, later recalled that Tim yelled so loud he could be heard ten feet across the room. Nichols left immediately, without finishing dinner. "I asked him if I could go but he said no," Josh remembered. Nichols jumped into his blue GMC pickup and took off. He and McVeigh apparently met a few minutes later, and then headed to Oklahoma City, McVeigh in the Mercury, Nichols in his truck.

In Oklahoma City, McVeigh dropped off his car and removed the license plate. The absence of that plate would later attract the attention of a state trooper and result in McVeigh's arrest.

Two years later, during McVeigh's trial, the jury would be shown a security-camera-tape image of a blue GMC pickup driving past the Regency Tower apartment complex in Oklahoma City on Easter Sunday 1995. The apartment building was about a block from the site of the blast.

Nichols told the FBI that as he and McVeigh drove back to Kansas, McVeigh told him: "Something big is going to happen." Could Nichols not have known what McVeigh was referring to?

CAN I HELP YOU WITH THAT FERTILIZER?

Two days later, April 18, McVeigh drove his newly rented Ryder truck to the Pizza Hut in Herington, across the street from their storage unit, and waited for Nichols. The plan was to meet at six A.M., leave Nichols' GMC at the Pizza Hut and take the Ryder truck to the storage unit. But Nichols was late. McVeigh eventually drove to the storage shed by himself.

According to the chronology, McVeigh was loading the truck with empty barrels, 50-pound boxes of gel explosive and 20 bags of fertilizer when Nichols drove up. Nichols told McVeigh that he wanted to wait at least until sunrise to finish loading the truck. But McVeigh refused, so together they loaded 70 more bags of fertilizer and three barrels of nitromethane.

In the storage shed they left a duffel bag, McVeigh's mini-.30 rifle, extra ammunition for the rifle, rations, a smoke grenade, a hand grenade, a tear-gas grenade, a shortwave radio, two changes of clothing for McVeigh and three license plates. Some believe that the missing Mercury plate was left there for McVeigh to pick up later. Then, in separate vehicles, they drove to Geary Lake.

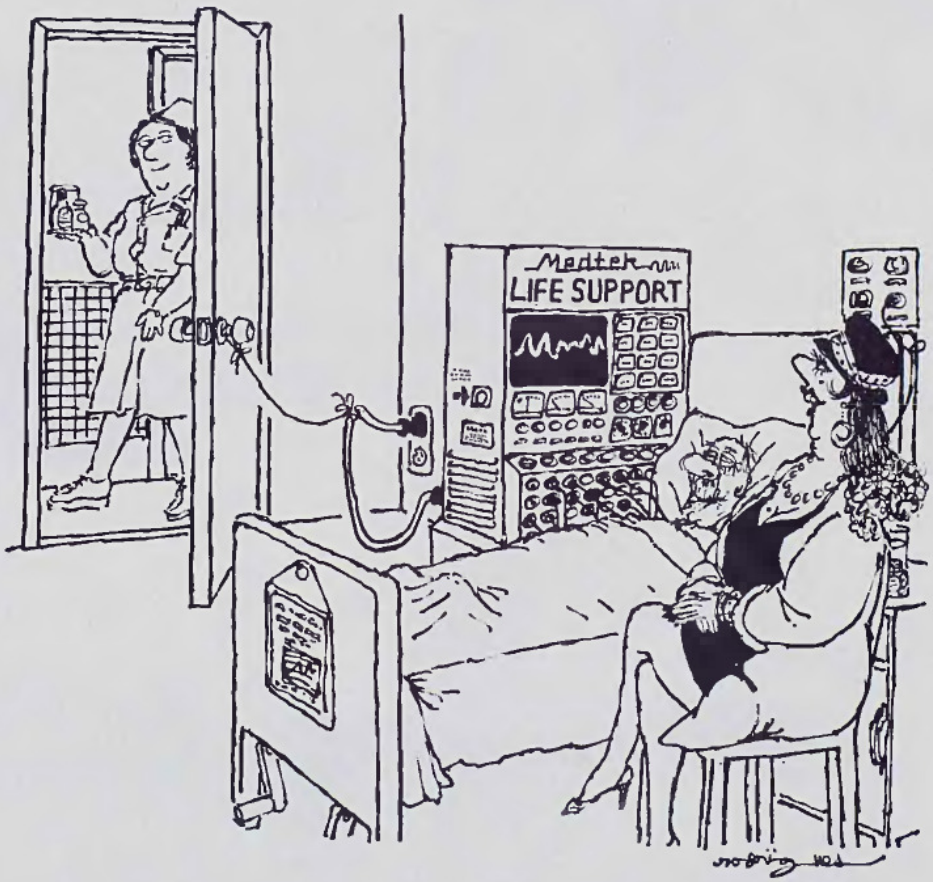
The defense chronology clearly states that Nichols helped McVeigh build the bomb at the lake. The two measured out buckets of nitromethane and fertilizer, weighing them on a bathroom scale to get the proper mix. McVeigh noticed a couple arrive about 50 yards away. When they finished, Terry nailed down the barrels and Tim changed clothes. Afterward, McVeigh gave Nichols his dirty clothing to get rid of. Then the two shook hands and said goodbye. Nichols wished McVeigh good luck.

THE DAYS AFTER

After hearing reports linking him to the bombing, Nichols went to the Herington police station on the afternoon of April 21, 1995. A subsequent search of his house turned up detonation cord, blasting caps, a hand-drawn map of Oklahoma City, 33 guns, a disassembled fuel meter and many other items, some of which will be introduced as evidence in Nichols' trial. Before FBI agents began their search, Nichols said he hoped they would not "mistake household items" for bomb-producing materials. He told agents that the containers of ground ammonium nitrate they were to find in his house were plant food he sold at gun shows.

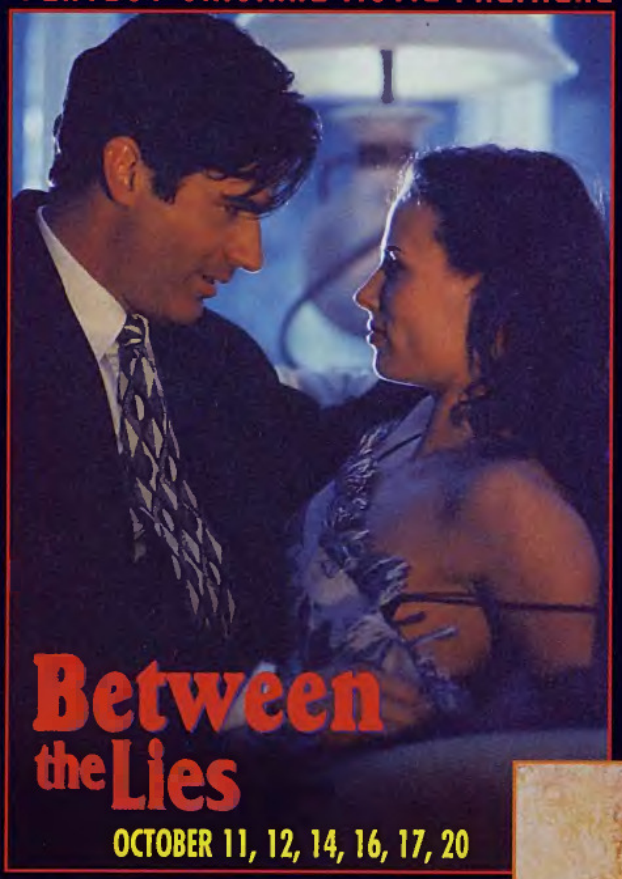
After nine hours of questioning, Nichols was arrested. The *Los Angeles Times* reported that two weeks after his arrest, he told a jail guard that "it looks like maybe [McVeigh] did it, and I think I may have accidentally helped him."

Jury selection was scheduled to start in late September.



"Nurse, I'd like a little . . . uh . . . privacy with my husband. Could you please close the door?"

PLAYBOY ORIGINAL MOVIE PREMIERE



Between the Lies

OCTOBER 11, 12, 14, 16, 17, 20

PLAYMATE HOSTS

Layla Roberts
Miss October

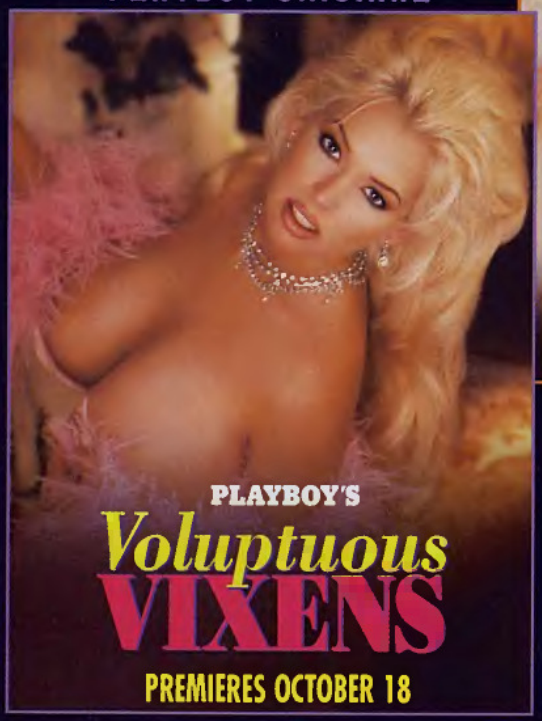
Inga Drozdova
Miss November

more than you ever imagined...

Playboy TV is brimming with tricks and treats in October. Come to the costume party of your dreams when well-endowed beauties bare all in a Playboy Original, *Voluptuous Vixens*. Then meet action and danger face to face in the adult movie, *Night Hunger*. And in Playboy's Original Program, *Best of Adult Stars Close Up: Come & Get It*, listen up and look on as today's hottest adult entertainers share their most intimate secrets. Catch a burning case of primal passion when a semi-human couple gets insatiable in the adult movie, *Satyr*. And in Playboy's Original Movie, *Between the Lies*, see how sweet revenge can be for an infidelity investigator hot on the case of a former client's wife. The goody bag is full this month with Playboy TV's 24-hour bold and bewitching entertainment.

ORIGINAL PROGRAM

PLAYBOY ORIGINAL



ADULT MOVIES

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www.playboy.com/entertainment

Playboy TV is available from your local cable television operator or home satellite, DIRECTV or PRIMESTAR dealer.

erotic entertainment at its best

—GOLF CLUBS THAT FIT TO A TEE—

You wouldn't buy a suit off the rack without having it fitted, right? So why buy a new set of clubs that aren't custom-tailored? The pros do it and so can you. First, let's get the terminology straight. Custom-fitted clubs are not the same as custom-made clubs, which aren't available in stores. Custom fitting gets you the Taylor Made, Top-Flite, Titleist or Cobra clubs you've been eyeing at the pro shop built to your specifications—usually at no extra cost. Here are the six factors to consider when ordering. The most important is length, because clubs that are too long or too short induce bad posture. Shaft material—such as steel or graphite—and flex are also important. Lie angle is the angle between the shaft and the sole of the club head, and this determines whether the club head is parallel to the ground at impact. Grip size is important because it's the foundation of the golf swing. Finally, there's loft, the angle of the club face to the ground. Unlike the other measurements, loft does not affect the way you swing at or strike the ball, but it does influence ball flight. On woods, you usually have a choice of lofts. It is rare to change the loft of irons, but one company's five may be another company's four or six. The fitting process consists of two parts: static measurements, such as length and grip size, and dynamic fitting, which requires you to hit shots. Fitters who rely solely on charts and measurements don't take into account your position at impact or your club head speed. Expect to hit several shots using special tape that records where your club makes impact with the ground, as well as where on the face you strike the ball. Using this information, and by observing your swing, the pro determines your lie angle and shaft needs. PCA teaching pros take club-fitting courses while earning their credentials. Most pros will do a fitting for free if you are buying clubs, or they'll charge a nominal fee of $15 to $30. Some off-course stores have pros, but many do not. Salespeople might be certified by manufacturers to do fittings, but their expertise can vary. Keep an eye out, too, for manufacturers' sales reps who do free fittings. Top-Flite has six vans that visit tournaments and driving ranges. There is no charge for custom orders, and clubs are delivered within 72 hours. Ping sends reps to more than 20 tour events and golf expos and does complimentary fittings at its factory in Phoenix. Clubs are delivered within a few weeks. "Most people are not aware that they can easily get custom clubs," says Keith Lyford, director of the Stratton Golf Schools in Stratton Mountain, Vermont and Scottsdale, Arizona. "Golfers who use ill-fitting clubs get to the point where they can't progress anymore." —LARRY OLMSTED

GEORGE GEORGIOU

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 167.

Taylor Made's Burner Tour irons feature a thinner top line, slightly smaller head and traditional lofts and lies. They can be custom-fitted at no extra charge. The price for an eight-club set (three through pitching wedge) is $1200 with graphite Bubble shafts. One and two irons are $150 each.

Why We Love Models

When supermodels IMAN (below left) and LINDA EVANGELISTA glammed it up at the Metropolitan Museum's Costume Institute gala, it was easy to see how fashion can turn into art. Iman does fund-raising for the Children's Defense Fund and Linda pitches for Clairol Ultress. All that glitters here is bold.

MARION CURTIS/DMI

© ROGER KAPLAN/CELEBRITY PHOTO

Best Dressed

Look for ASHLEY JUDD in *The Locusts* with Vince Vaughn and *Kiss the Girls* with Morgan Freeman. Or save yourself the price of two tickets and check out her fabulous dress right here.

Pop Tart

U2's *Pop* has gone platinum, but BONO doesn't feel like a pop star. The hype around the Popmart tour didn't prevent U2 from playing a benefit in Sarajevo. Next up is his likely film debut in *Million-Dollar Hotel*, which he wrote.

© KEN SETTLE

© TIM JAHNS

See-Through

LISA ANN PARSON has been featured on TV in *Deader Than Ever* and *Daytona Blues* and in the film *Showgirls*. She also made a national commercial for Pentax cameras. Lisa clicks with us, too.

On the Rocks

New model ERIN KEMP has been working with glamour photographers in southern California. And the results are in.

© PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE INC.

Striking a Match

Check out MATCHBOX 20's gold CD, *Yourself or Someone Like You*, for the latest on lousy relationships, done to toe-tapping music. It'll give you a hot foot.

© TIM JAHNS

Who Wears Short Shorts?

SHELLY STRASNER was in the ABC Movie of the Week *Broken Crown*. She has appeared in episodes of both *Silk Stalkings* and *Renegade*. Shelly has popped her top.

DOUGLAS STIEGLEITER

PEN PALS

According to Waterman, its new Phileas pens and mechanical pencils are the kind of writing instruments Jules Verne's Phileas Fogg may have used while traveling around the world in 80 days. Duotone with a hint of art deco in the styling, the fountain pen ($38), roller ball pen ($32) and ballpoint and pencil ($27 each) would appeal to the frugal side of Fogg and allow him to spend more on champagne. For where to buy, call 800-523-2486.

MESSAGE IN A BOTTLE

There are dozens of newsletters devoted to the collecting of wine in the bottle, but there's probably only one that focuses on wine books. In addition to reviewing rare tomes on the glories of the grape, *The Wayward Tendrils Newsletter* contains bits of vinephemera and a "wanted" column. (Anyone have a copy of *Italy's Noble Red Wines* to sell?) A year's subscription (four issues) costs $15, sent to *The Wayward Tendrils* at P.O. Box 9023, Santa Rosa, California 95405.

GOOD CLEAN FUN

From soap on a rope to waterproof telephones, shower gadgets keep getting better. Our favorite new bathing contraption is the flexible showerhead by Teledyne Water Pik (the company that invented the Original Shower Massage more than 20 years ago). The 15-inch adjustable arm attaches to any standard half-inch shower arm and accommodates almost any height or angle. It delivers up to 2800 massaging pulses a minute and has six settings: pause, center spray, pulse, turbopulse, spray-pulse combo and outside spray. Washing behind your ears has never been such a blast. Price: $50. Call Teledyne at 800-525-2774 for information.

LET THE GOOD TIMES FLOW

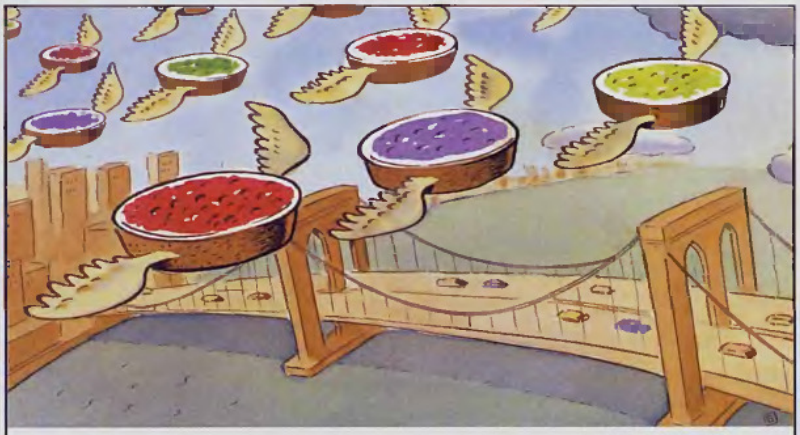
Raise your glass to these new liquors. Above, left to right: At $250 a bottle, the limited-edition Herradura Selección Suprema is the tequila to sip. Its unique decanter is housed in a handmade bark case. Stolichnaya Gold is an 80-proof quadruple-distilled vodka that's delicious—and only about $25. Seventy-proof Redrum, a blend of Virgin Island rum and tropical flavors, can be mixed or downed straight. Price: about $15. Try Leyden, a $20 Dutch gin that's triple-distilled and drier than the Sahara, as the foundation for your next martini. To honor the 60th anniversary of B&B Liqueur, the company has produced an Anniversary Edition blended with 60-year-old Otard cognac. Just $90.

PLAYBOY GETS PINNED

You've had PLAYBOY on your mind for years; now wear your allegiance on your lapel. A collection of four Special Editions, Ltd. pins featuring a magazine cover, a nonnude centerfold, an illustration or photo from a recent issue and a historic piece of art is $19.95. The same price gets you another foursome that includes Marilyn Monroe's PLAYBOY centerfold, a Rabbit Head design, the Playboy After Hours Chicago skyline and a picture of Hef from PLAYBOY's photo archives. Call Li'L Pix Pins at 888-PIXPINS to order a set.

THE CIGAR BUCK STOPS HERE

Premium-cigar smokers who want to put their money where their mouth is should check out Pop Art's handcrafted sterling silver money clips. Each features an authentic cigar band, such as Bolivar from Havana (pictured here). Others include Hoyo De Monterrey, Havana; Punch, Havana; and Fuente, Dominican Republic. Want something even more unique? Pop Art also makes one-of-a-kind keepsake money clips from the band off your favorite smoke. Price: $95 each (plus postage) from Pop Art at 800-567-6727.



LET THEM EAT CHEESECAKE

Junior's Restaurant, the Brooklyn institution that sells about 5000 cheesecakes a week, has sprouted wings. Mail orders for its famous product in flavors ranging from plain to black forest are now being filled with a promised two-day (or sooner) delivery. An eight-inch three-pounder is $24.95 (plus shipping and handling) from 800-9-JUNIOR. There's even a tasty fat-free version for gourmands who want a guiltless holiday indulgence.

PETTY FOR YOUR THOUGHTS

"For me, the Petty Girls were the stuff that dreams are made of," says Hef in the foreword he wrote for *Petty: The Classic Pin-Up Art of George Petty* ($50), published by Gramercy Books. The 192-page book features Petty's art from *Esquire*, pin-up calendars, swimwear ads, World War Two posters and more. Call the PLAYBOY catalog at 800-423-9494 and ask for item number QL2376.

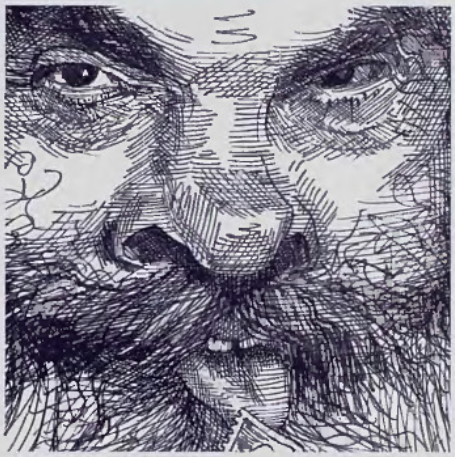
WE'LL DRINK TO THAT

A wedding isn't a wedding without a flowing champagne fountain, and a party isn't a party without *Champagne: The Game*, a new diversion by Pressman Toy Corp. After stacking each of the 55 miniature champagne glasses into a pyramid, players take turns trying to remove them one at a time without knocking over the red glass on top. If you're successful, keep going. If not, start over. (Have the loser restack the glasses.) The winner is whoever has the most glasses when the red glass falls. Sound easy? Play after you've had a few glasses of bubbly. Price: $15. Call 800-800-0298 for where to buy.

NEXT MONTH

OH MISS CANADA

HOLIDAY FICTION



WEIL'S ADVICE

HURRAH FOR THE BRA

OH CANADA!—AND OH, WHAT A WOMAN! FORMER MISS CANADA **DANIELLE HOUSE** IS A KNOCKOUT IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE. FIND OUT WHY IN THIS AWARD-BUSTING PICTORIAL

KURT VONNEGUT—THE GREAT COSMIC ADVENTURER HAS WRITTEN WHAT HE PLEDGES WILL BE HIS LAST WORK OF FICTION. DON'T MISS OUR EXTRAORDINARY EXCERPT FROM *TIMEQUAKE*

ANDREW WEIL—A BEST-SELLING ALTERNATIVE-HEALTH MAVEN HAS SOME POINTED ADVICE FOR MEN ABOUT FITNESS. ARE ABS SO IMPORTANT? IS MUSCLE MANIA HEALTHY? ARTICLE BY **DAVID SHEFF**

HOLIDAY FICTION—OUR LINEUP FEATURES LITERARY HEAVYWEIGHTS **JOYCE CAROL OATES,** ON THE RAUNCHY DEATH OF A MAN OF LETTERS, AND **THOM JONES,** ON A RIOTOUS VISIT TO A MENTAL HOSPITAL

COLLEGE BASKETBALL PREVIEW—HUNDREDS OF TEAMS HAVE HOOP DREAMS THIS SEASON, BUT ONLY THE STRONG WILL SURVIVE. WHAT WILL IT BE? A WILDCATS REPEAT? A KANSAS KO? CHECK OUT THE FORECAST FROM SPORTS EDITOR **GARY COLE**

INSIDE THE MANSION—WHO BETTER TO GIVE YOU AN INTIMATE TOUR OF THE PLAYBOY MANSION THAN THE WRITING TEAM FROM *KING OF THE HILL*?

ROBERT DOWNEY JR.—CRITICALLY CHEERED AND PUBLICLY HUMILIATED, DOWNEY HAS HAD QUITE A LIFE. DON'T MISS HIS CANDID TAKES ON DRUGS, DIRECTORS AND THE INFAMOUS INCIDENT IN AN OUTRAGEOUS PLAYBOY INTERVIEW BY **MICHAEL FLEMING**

CHRIS ROCK—THE *SNL* GRAD HAS A HIT CD (*ROLL WITH THE NEW*), A FAMED GIG (AS LIL' PENNY) AND AN HBO TALK SHOW UNDER HIS BELT. **NELSON GEORGE** ROLLS WITH ROCK IN THIS MONTH'S 20 QUESTIONS

RAP WARS—EVEN BEFORE THE DEATHS OF TUPAC SHAKUR AND THE NOTORIOUS B.I.G., THE RAP WORLD WAS DRIVEN BY VIOLENCE. WILL THE EAST COAST–WEST COAST WARS EVER END? AND WHAT DOES THE MUSIC HAVE TO DO WITH IT? **ALEC FOEGE** INVESTIGATES

PLUS: CATCHING UP WITH 25TH ANNIVERSARY PLAYMATE **CANDY LOVING,** A STEAMY LOOK AT THE YEAR'S **SEX STARS,** AND A LINGERING LOOK AT THAT UPLIFTING UNDERGARMENT IN **THE HISTORY OF THE BRA**

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